The Saturday Evening
POST
February 14, 1959 — 15¢

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MY HUSBAND, ARTHUR MURRAY

By Kathryn Murray

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MR. AND MRS. COE'S NEW KITCHEN HAS AN ORIENTAL FLAVOR AND A CUSTOM FLOOR—

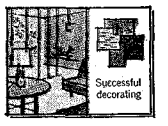
Armstrong Vinyl Corlon was installed by experts—and looks it every inch

A professional craftsman put down the Coes' new Corlon floor, and it's perfect in every detail. Panels of Granette No. 6187 are outlined with black and white borders, using two of the many shapes in inexpensive new Vinyl Decorator Inlays. A dramatic design!

There's not a crack to trap spilled things in this floor. That's because the smooth, six-foot-wide sheets of Vinyl Corlon were tightly joined when they were put down, and the custom fitting was expertly done. Vinyl Corlon comes in several designs and is one of the easiest floors to care for.

No more tired feet for busy Mrs. Coe. Her new Vinyl Corlon floor was installed with Armstrong Cushion-Eze Underlayment. It has a layer of soft foam that cushions footsteps for real comfort. Have your flooring dealer demonstrate this inexpensive luxury.

SEND 25¢ FOR NEW BOOK, "SUCCESSFUL DECORATING," 32 pages of ideas in color for every room. A description of this beautiful Open-Plan Kitchen is available free. Write Armstrong Cork Co., 5902 Madison St., Lancaster, Pa. In Canada, Dept. 29-J, Box 919, Montreal, P.Q.



Armstrong

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FLOORS

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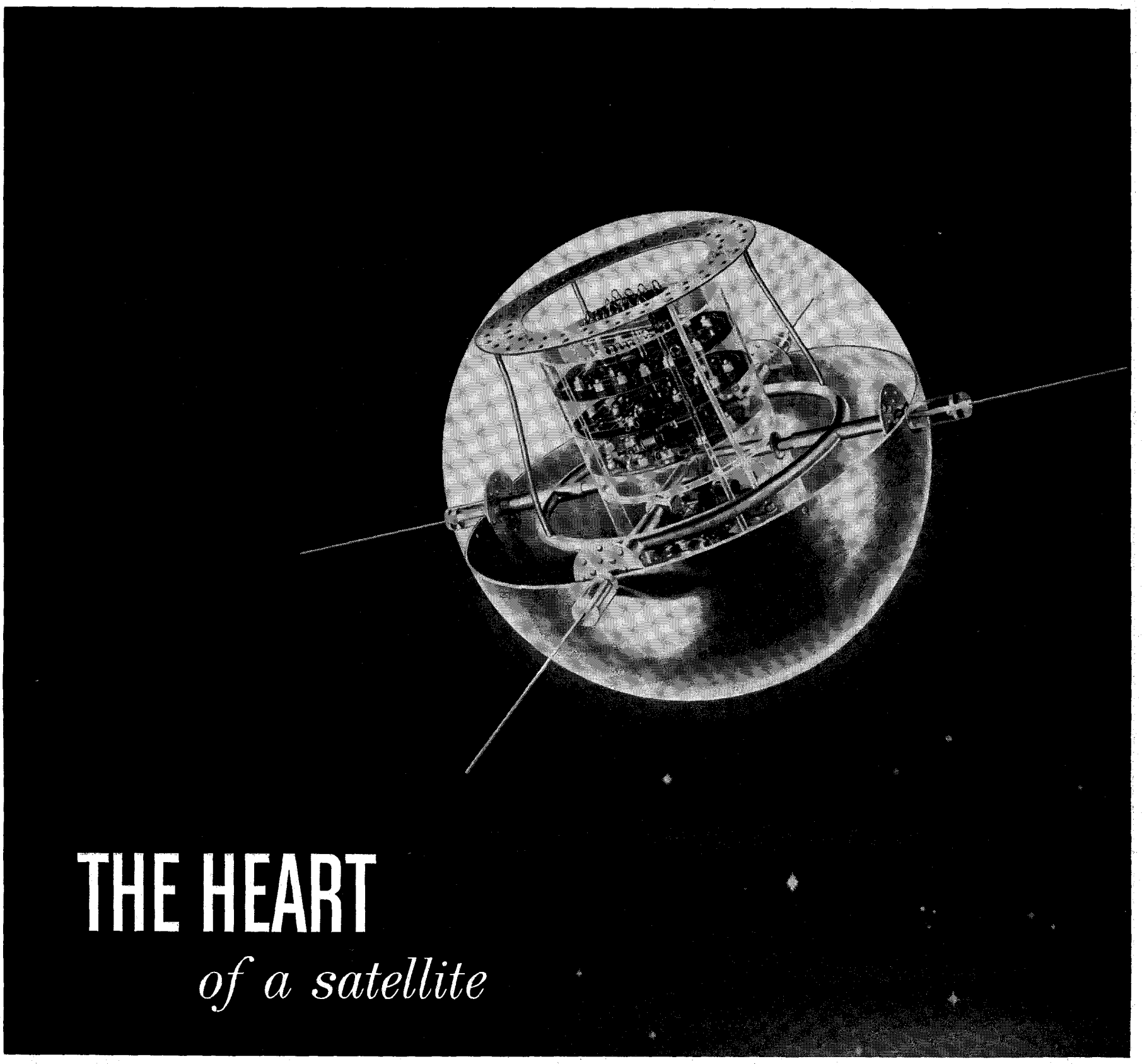

THE HEART *of a satellite*

Two Bell Laboratories inventions, the Transistor and the Bell Solar Battery, are important elements of the Vanguard satellite.

An astonishing amount of equipment can be packed into an artificial earth satellite. There are devices to measure the temperatures of outer space, for example, and determine meteorite density, or cosmic ray activity.

Then there are also two small but powerful radios equipped with transistors—the tiny amplifiers invented at Bell Telephone Laboratories—and batteries to power them.

In the Vanguard satellite, shown in the picture above, all of this equipment is in the cylindrical core in the center.

Miniaturization—still a new word—is the reason why small satellites can do big jobs. Hundreds of pounds of equipment have been reduced in size, or "miniaturized," so that they weigh only a few pounds, and take up little room.

The transistor is a good example of this. About the size of a lima bean, it can do the job of a vacuum tube fifty times larger. It needs so little power that very small batteries can be used. And it's rugged and durable.

The qualities that make the use of transistors imperative in satellites are also used to advantage in more and more new telephone equipment. For example, transistors now help millions of telephone customers to dial their own long distance calls directly. And those who are hard of hearing can order transistor-equipped telephones with adjustable volume control.

Small as it is, the transistor has already won a big place for itself, and has an even bigger future . . . in the heart of many a satellite yet to orbit, and in the heart of tomorrow's better telephone service. Thus Bell System science finds new ways to new worlds of communication.

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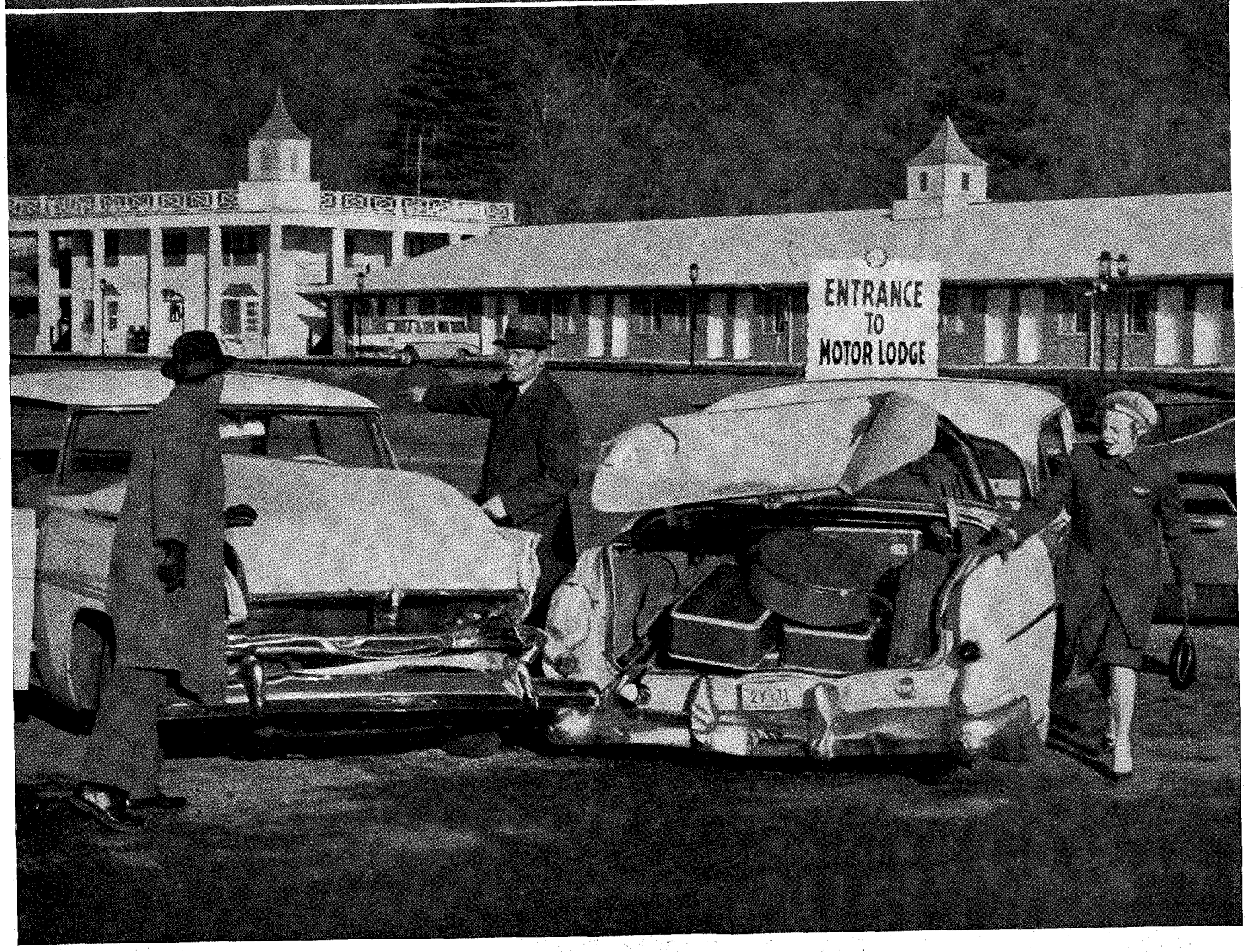

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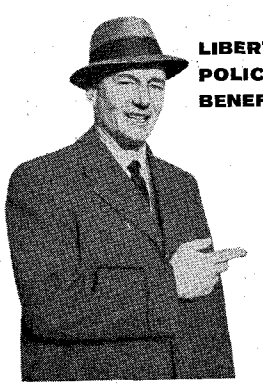

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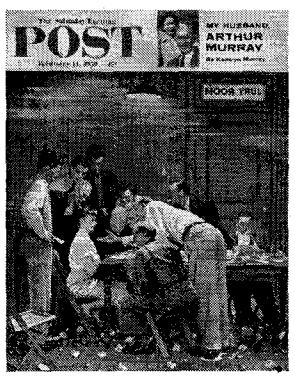

THE COVER

There isn't space here to review the evidence, but the case before the jurors is probably some such matter as a contractor building a house with a dry cellar and later the cellar leaked like a screen door. The score is 11 to 1, which would be decisive in a ball game, but this isn't a ball game. The lady is an adult American citizen in her right mind, and by good gracious nobody is going to tell *her* how to vote. "But, ma'am, you're not being logical!" "My dear sir, I know how I *feel*, don't I?" Painter Norman Rockwell (also see Keeping Posted, page 88) says he can't imagine who will win, despite the fact that he himself is on the jury; that's he in the blue shirt behind the lady, exuding logic. He says he is there because he's thrifty—doesn't have to pay himself a model's fee.

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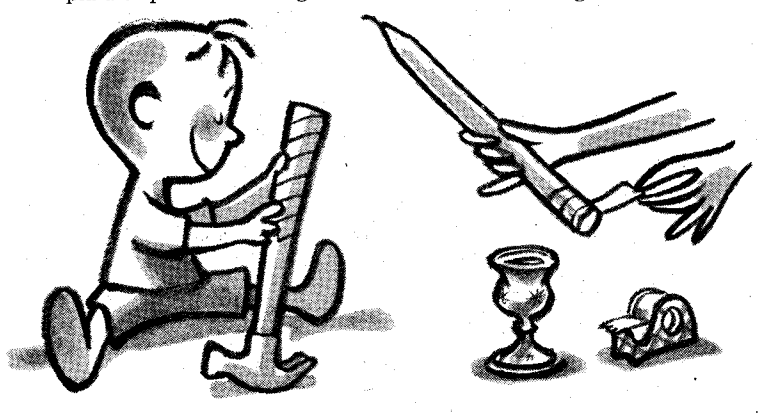

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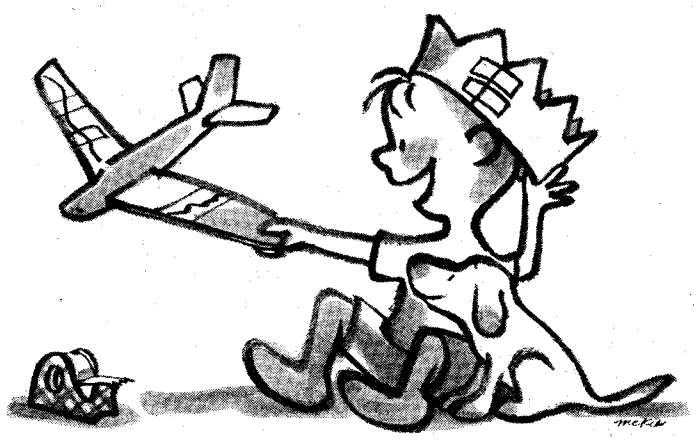

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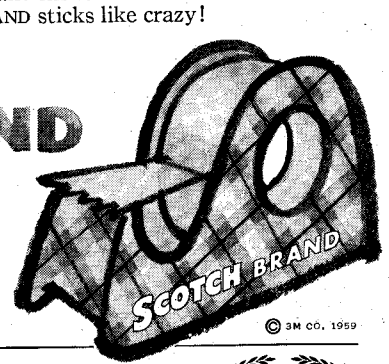

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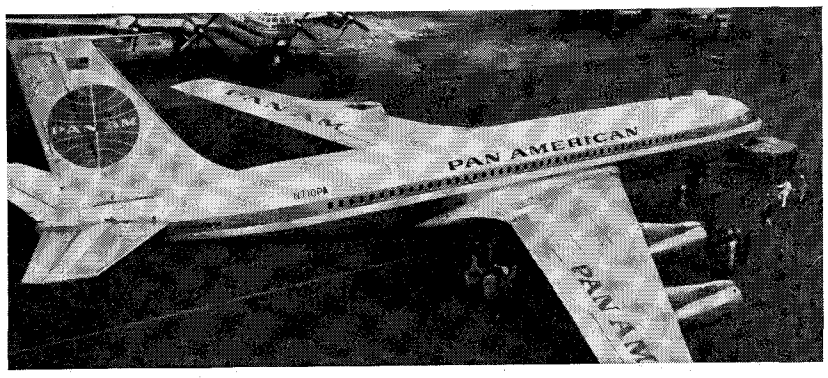
Letters

HOW MANY WINDOWS?



One side (above) has 44 windows . . .

. . . and the other (below) has 54.

Dear Sirs:

In your January tenth issue [SO YOU'RE FLYING JET TO EUROPE], Clay Blair, Jr., reported:

"The fifty-four small windows along each side of the fuselage give the 707 a vague resemblance to a landlocked ocean liner."

Actually, at least in the Post's photograph, the Boeing 707 has only forty-four small windows on the one visible side of the fuselage, and I assume the other side has a like number.

JOHN S. KENT
Trenton, N.J.

● *Both author Blair and reader Kent made false, though contrary, assumptions. Blair boarded the plane on the left side, which has fifty-four windows (see photo). But the galley, which has no windows, is on the right and takes up the space of ten openings.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

The article by Clay Blair, Jr. . . . was indeed most interesting . . . a first-class account of air travel in this modern age.

CYRIL R. SMITH
Manchester, England

Dear Sirs:

I enjoyed your article. However, I must violently disagree with and lodge a protest about a caption which reads ". . . Because of their noise, Idlewild restricts jets to a runway which exits over Jamaica Bay."

My wife and I cordially extend to you an invitation to spend an evening with us at our home—any evening—and we guarantee that at some time during your visit, probably at a time when you are convinced that it is not going to happen, a 707 on the wing, rising into the sky under full power and headed for the Atlantic Ocean, will sail over our home with a screech that will almost make you swear that the world is coming to an end.

I really must agree with the caption on the opposite page that reads ". . . the noise is still formidable."

M. D. BIER
Cedarhurst, N.Y.

● *As the author stated, jets take off over land only when a Jamaica Bay exit is unsafe. Now that four airlines fly jets from Idlewild, small wonder that Cedarhurst skies are somewhat "screechier."* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Author Blair states that he was the 1210th passenger on the twenty-third crossing, and in the very next paragraph remarks that ". . . Every flight . . . has been booked almost to capacity."

Unless I'm a dunce, twenty-three into 1210 is an average of some fifty-two passengers per crossing, or less than half of capacity. What's left out here?

ROBERT JOHNSON
Kenova, W. Va.

● *We'll wear the dunce cap. Blair was really about the 2500th paying passenger to cross the ocean by jet. He was the 1210th to leave Idlewild.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

• Having just read with great interest your article . . . I hope you will forgive me if, as a representative of the other current transatlantic jet operator, British Overseas Airways Corporation, I make a comment. . . .

Reference is made in the article to the original Comet 1. The B.O.A.C. Comet 4, which was the first pure jet aircraft to operate commercially in transatlantic service . . . is a completely redesigned aircraft as compared with the Comet 1, which was put into service in 1952.

The Comet 4, which operates under the same regulations at Idlewild as the Boeing 707, has had no problems regard-

(Continued on Page 6)

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So you can buy exactly the amount of insurance you need and enjoy a maximum discount on every dollar's worth. The graphs at right show you how M-f-L differs from the so-called "step" plan.

Besides lowering rates and giving new More-for-Less discounts, Travelers *guarantees life insurance costs and benefits.* See your Travelers agent or broker for the protection you need at today's new, low cost.

New rates and the M-f-L discount are not available as yet in Canada.
In Kansas, rates vary as required by state regulations.

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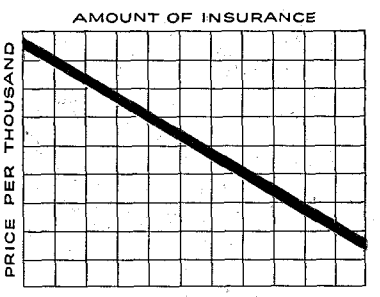
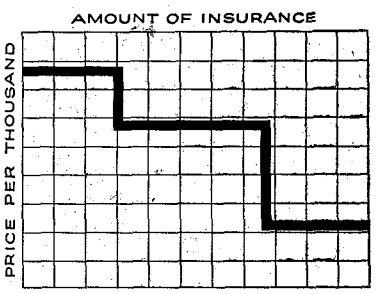


The "Step" Plan



The red line shows how your price per dollar's worth of insurance goes down with every dollar's worth you buy over $2,500. Under Travelers More-for-Less Plan, you can buy exactly the amount of insurance you need and enjoy the maximum discount on every dollar's worth.

Contrast this with the "step" system, which grants full discounts only at arbitrary amounts like $5,000 or $10,000 or $15,000. To get a full discount, you must buy at *exactly* one of these steps. And this might be more or less insurance than you need.

Free! Helpful Information

Perry T. Carter, Vice President
The Travelers, Dept. 1 S,
Hartford 15, Connecticut

Please send me "How to Reduce Your Life Insurance Costs."

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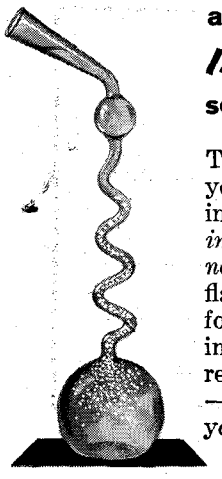

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Letters (Continued from Page 4)

ing the use of preferential runways. In addition, since the Comet 4 went into commercial service . . . it has never had to make an intermediate stop between New York and London due to fuel limitations.

G. A. WYNN-WYNNE
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Clay Blair, Jr.'s article, So YOU'RE FLYING JET TO EUROPE [Jan. 10] states that after 1000 hours of flight testing, the first 707 was systematically destroyed to measure its ability to withstand severe stress.

Not so. I am a mechanic in the shop at Boeing that [maintains] the 707 prototype. It is still flying.

The plane that was destroyed was a KC-135.

JESSE R. CARPENTER
Kent, Wash.

● *Right. The guinea pig was the KC-135, military predecessor of the 707. An official statement from the airline led Blair astray.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

The economy class should have been presented in a . . . more favorable light. For one thing, the noise level during the flight is very low. During takeoff, the "voice of authority" . . . subsides quickly once the plane is off the ground. And it is the type of noise which does not leave any residuary tingle in the passenger's ear.

Mr. Blair uses the expression "narrow aisle". . . . Granted that you can't promenade hand in hand *à deux*, but would one want to do that at 32,000 feet?

WALTER J. VOGEL
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Blair appears to have a dismal outlook on life and limited knowledge of air transportation.

He should be charged with malfeasance of duty—he neglected to knock New York City on the way out to the airport.

LEO E. MEYERS
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

I certainly envy Mr. Clay Blair, Jr., his jet ride to Paris and would like to congratulate him on an interesting article. I'm glad he didn't try to cover up the discomforts and inconveniences of commercial jet travel.

JAMES F. CHESLEY
Lieutenant, U. S. Navy
Annapolis, Md.

Dear Sirs:

I have flown on a National jet . . . from New York to Miami. . . .

I'm definitely sold on jet travel and I'm sure others will agree with me.

IRENE BATES
E. Hartford, Conn.

Bringing Johnny "Home"

Dear Sirs:

I, JOHNNY TORCH, AMERICAN [by John Torch Cantelmo, as told to Frank Cameron, Jan. 10] was one of the most heartwarming [articles] ever printed in your magazine.

Mr. Cantelmo and family and Mrs. Ross did a real service to their nation and Whittier by bringing a good citizen "home."

DAVE REED
Whittier, Calif.

Riley's Not for Boiling

Dear Sirs:

How come a guy named Jack Riley serves up a fancy steak dinner on a Friday night? [TAKE-CHARGE GUY, by Williams Forrest, Jan. 10.] My friends, Hogan, Finnegan, Ryan and Murphy, of the local Irish Benevolent Society, are

aghast. They suggest boiling the spalpeen in oil.

JAY H. SCHMIDT
Millburn, N.J.

● *Author Forrest says Riley's an Ulsterman.* —ED.

Invasion of Privacy?

Dear Sirs:

Your YOU BE THE JUDGE feature [by Florence K. Palmer] on page 66 of the December 20 issue is in direct error regarding the law of privacy in Georgia. Such a letter [regarding nonpayment of debt] from a creditor to a debtor's employer has never been held to be actionable in Georgia. . . .

This same case which you rely upon was *reversed* in the Supreme Court of Georgia a short time after it was affirmed by the Court of Appeals.

ROBERT W. GERSON, *student*
Lamar School of Law
Emory University
Atlanta, Ga.

● *Reader Gerson is correct. When the Georgia Court of Appeals denied a rehearing, author Palmer mistakenly assumed that the case was closed.* —ED.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–Frank Ross; Pan American World Airways. • 17–Larry Fried. • 18–Two by Larry Fried; anonymous. • 19–Wide World; two from United Press International; anonymous. • 20, 21–Coby Whitmore. • 22–Donald H. Clark; Bill Shrout; Eugene Shinn. 23–Donald H. Clark; Bob and Ira Spring; two by Bill Shrout. • 24–Earl Mayan. 25–Larry Keighley; Wide World; United Press International. • 26–United Press International. • 27–Wide World; two by Gus Pasquarella; Sacramento Police Department. • 28, 29–Frank Ross. • 30–Alexander Gardner from Library of Congress. 31–Lynn Buckham. • 32, 33–Robert Riggs. • 34, 35–John Titchen. • 36, 37–Sam Bates. 41–Mac Conner. • 46–Gene Lester. • 88–Harry Saltzman; anonymous; Norman Rockwell; from Jack Gee.

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To become registered, the Representative has to pass an examination on his knowledge about the securities business. His personal integrity and business background, of course, are carefully scrutinized.

Facts are his stock in trade

Member Firms, altogether, spend millions of dollars on research to get facts for investors. A Registered Representative, or Partner, of a Member Firm will be glad to share his knowledge as well as his experience with you. Without cost, of course. He'll help you buy or sell. And, from time to time, you can ask him to review your securities with you.

Many investors start with the convenient Monthly Investment Plan—by which you can invest regularly in stock on the Exchange for as little as $40 every three months up to $1000 a month.

A word of caution

Probably you don't need to be told that investing doesn't go with get-rich-quick ideas. Stock and bond prices go down as well as up. Not every company makes a profit or pays interest or dividends. It's good sense to invest only the money you can spare after living expenses and possible emergencies are provided for.

There's a remarkable booklet entitled "DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS," published by Members of the Exchange. It is packed with information about investing, including the records of some 365 common stocks on the New York Stock Exchange that have paid a cash dividend every year for 25 years or more. When you visit your nearby Member Firm, ask for this booklet. Or mail the coupon below for your free copy. Who knows, maybe you—like John and Joan—will want to become part-owner of some famous American company with the goal of enjoying an extra income.

Send for free booklet. Mail to your local Member Firm of the Stock Exchange, or to the New York Stock Exchange, Dept.9D, P. O. Box 1070, New York 5, New York.

Please send me, free, "DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS, *a basic guide for common stock investment.*"

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ARROW *PAR*

ARROW *RADNOR E*

You'll need both of these shirts this spring

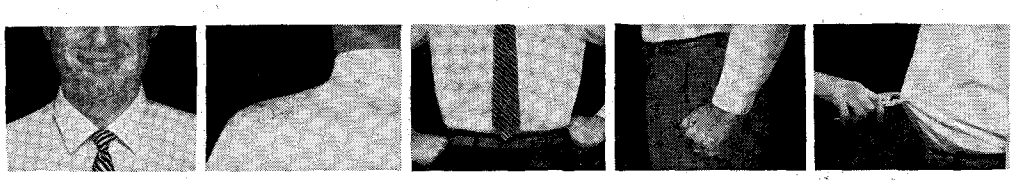
The Par and Radnor E—high style and Arrow tailoring at a very thoughtful price

It's easy to get into a routine way of dressing . . . but it's dull. Luckily it's just as easy to get *out* of the rut. You can do it with both of these shirts.

The *Par* has a soft, widespread collar with permanent stays . . . keeps its handsome appearance throughout the day, and it's probably the most comfortable collar you've ever worn. The *Par* is available with French or regular cuffs.

The *Radnor E* with French cuffs couldn't lose its neatness in a hurricane. The smart rounded collar is held in place with a pin through eyelets. Both shirts are impeccably tailored of superb lustrous "Sanforized" broadcloth.

As in every Arrow, you get perfection of fit and detail that is unchallenged by any other shirt. But the price is a very modest $4. The All-Silk Ties, $2.50. *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*



MEN PREFER ARROW 5-TO-1 because of perfect collar fit, shoulder line contour, Mitoga tailoring to conform with natural body lines, tapered sleeves, anchored buttons, and "Sanforized" labeled fabrics.

ARROW

first in fashion

Arrow shirts also available in 100% cotton wash and wear, and Dacron and cotton.

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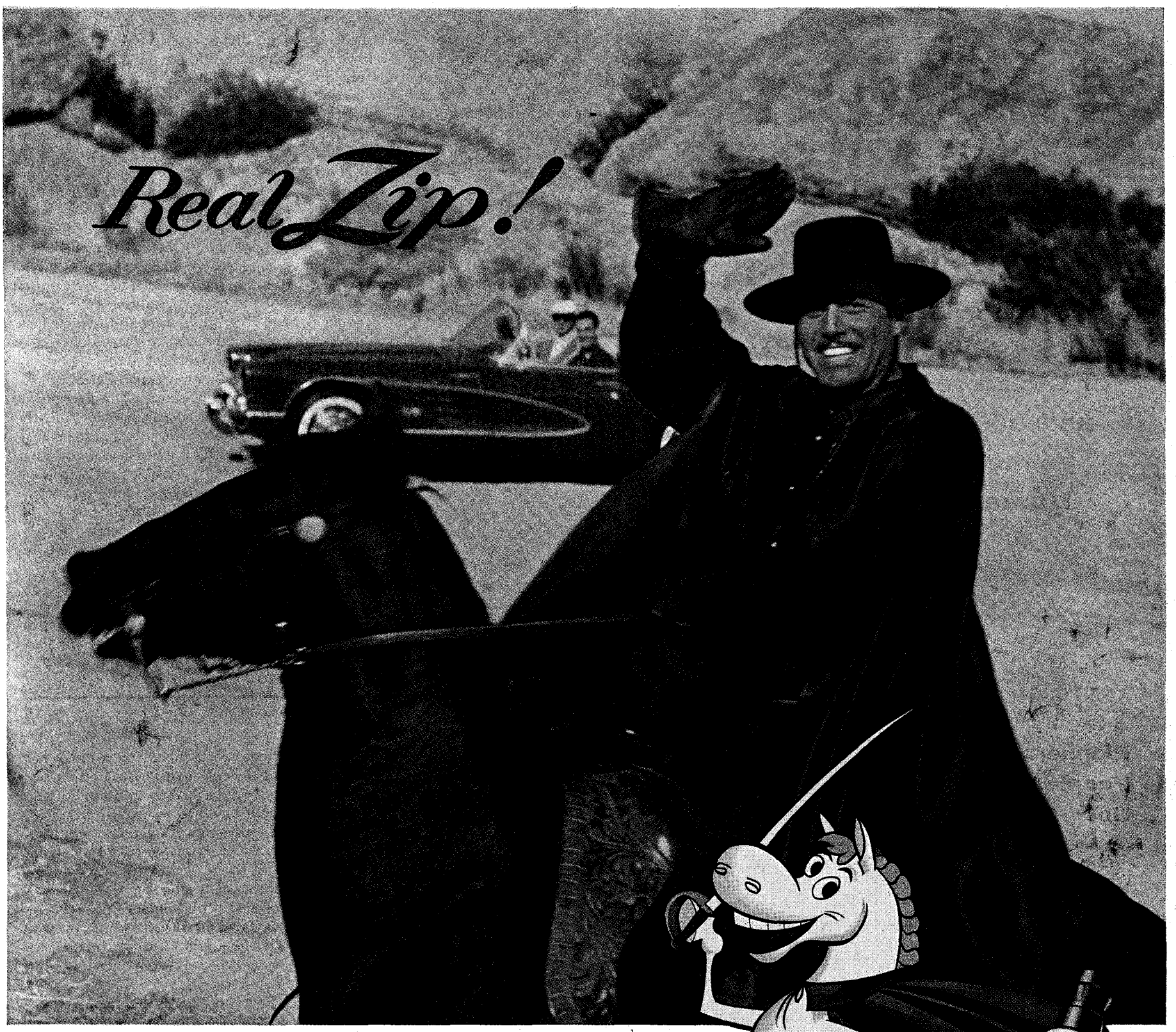

Guy Williams, action star of Walt Disney Studios' ZORRO and the new Corvette, action symbol of Chevrolet's "go," remind you that ACtion starts with AC! You'll see AC's "Sparky" in commercials on ZORRO weekly on ABC-TV.

WHEN YOU REPLACE SPARK PLUGS...★

ASK FOR AC...USED ON MORE NEW CARS THAN ANY OTHER BRAND!

★ To maintain top horsepower change to a new set of AC Hot Tip Spark Plugs at least every 10,000 miles.

AC HOT TIP SPARK PLUGS

AC SPARK PLUG ⚛ THE ELECTRONICS DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

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Editorials

We Tolerate Democracies or Dictators, as Nation's Interest Demands

Apparently following Dr. Milton Eisenhower's advice to embrace democrats and brush off dictators, the State Department recognized the regime set up by Fidel Castro in Cuba before Castro had even arrived at the capital. Immediately the Castro regime proceeded to demonstrate its democratic attributes by bumping off some of Batista's followers without trial and announcing the trial of hundreds of "war criminals." Since Nuremberg, the doctrine that a general in a lost cause is *ipso facto* a war criminal is presumably democratic. Nevertheless, Castro's acts, plus certain items in his history, might suggest the wisdom of letting the dust settle before deciding that Castro was just the democrat to embrace.

There appears to be considerable confusion in the ranks of those who think we should eschew dictators and embrace democrats. Some of those who took a lofty line toward Perón have no compunction about offering aid to Sukarno, who is doing a fair job at dictating in Indonesia. Others want us to recognize Mao Tse-tung's dictatorship over Red China—a dictatorship which even Yugoslavia's dictator Tito has criticized as too tough—but are horror-stricken because we haven't kicked dictator Trujillo, of the Dominican Republic, in the teeth.

What it all shakes down to is that an adult country shakes hands with democrats or dictators, whichever is in the national interest of the United States. We are polite to Franco because we need missile bases in Spain. We refuse to deal with Red China because of its threat to our security in the Pacific. We are generous to Tito because we hope to ferment continued discord between his type of Communism and the old family brand put out by Moscow. We tolerate Trujillo and tolerated Batista because, with the Communists penetrating Latin America, it is a good idea to deal with men who can keep the Red penetrators under control.

Why we were so promptly cordial to Castro is more difficult to understand. As mentioned above, he has been trying and shooting his erstwhile rivals in true dictator style. He seized British property on the ground that the British Government had sent arms to Batista, as it had a perfect right to do. If the standard of "by their fruits ye shall know them" is still in force, Castro wouldn't rate high as a democrat. Indeed the Soviet press greets his victory as a fatal blow to "American imperialism" in Cuba.

But so squeamish has everybody become about dictators—except for Red ones like Mao, Khrushchev and Tito—that a Latin American who overthrows a dictator is automatically embraced as a democrat. In England, which once would have sent a sharp demand to Castro to give back that property or else, the London Daily Telegraph rebuked the government for giving arms to Batista in the first place. And the United States, whose embargo on arms to the Batista regime is to a considerable extent responsible for Castro's triumph, has appeared indifferent to the precise nature of his regime.

Our advice, for what it is worth, is to forget "images" and judge these regimes according to their impact on the national interest of the United States. Once that simple standard is raised, it will be a lot easier to decide whom to embrace and whom to brush off.

Planners Forget That People Want Homes, Not "Housing"!

A few months ago the citizens of Worcester, Massachusetts, were mildly startled to learn that some 1100 of its families would shortly have to be uprooted to make room for a proposed ten-mile segment of the new Federal highway system.

What is happening in Worcester, of course, is happening in cities, towns and hamlets all over the country. Before the $50,000,000,000 network of roads is finished, thousands of familiar old neighborhoods as well as millions of homes will be erased from the map forever. If Worcester has to relocate 1100 families, it is a cinch that at least 4000 people are involved in that city alone. If we apply this yardstick to the 170,000,000 people in this country, it shows that around 3,400,000 are due to get eviction notices from the Federal planners in the next ten years or so.

This rough figure is based on the Federal superhighway program only. To get a complete picture we would need to lump in the effects of other highway construction, local, county, state and Federal, as well as the cataclysmic changes being wrought by the slum clearers under the Federal urban-redevelopment program.

The greater part of this upheaval is probably unavoidable. New highways do indeed have to be built. Decaying cities do have to use drastic surgery in some cases in order to make themselves economically healthy. But the danger is that the planners and developers will try to go too far too fast. The New York Times did a study of the problem and discovered that storekeepers evicted to make room for redevelopment projects face a five-to-one likelihood of being finished. And sociologists have come to the uncomfortable conclusion that it usually takes more than new bricks and mortar to change slum psychology.

Dr. Martin James, of the Department of Art, Brooklyn College, recently warned that every time a notable building falls to the wreckers "some anchor of neighborhood sentiment (and therefore stability) is swept away . . ." The Architectural Forum has spoken out against the misuse of the "drastic government powers," which "can not only evict people from their existing homes—and stores—but can also change beyond recognition the neighborhoods with which people are familiar."

The hot-eyed planners who dream of everything done over in nice new geometrical concrete and asphalt should temper their necessary improvements with the knowledge that decent homes and pleasant living can be, and frequently are, associated with neighborhoods that look unimpressive at first glance. People get to feel fond of the shabby little drugstore on the corner or the dusty vacant lot where the kids play stick ball. But it is pretty hard to feel much warmth toward the sterile concrete ramp leading up to the expressway that has knocked out every familiar scene in the vicinity.

I'm Glad I Don't Have to Wear Lace on My Cuffs

By JOHN HEATH BROWNELL

With women's fashions in a wild state of flux, men's fashion designers are maintaining the status quo. In a short period of time, women's dresses have dipped into every era from that of hooped skirts to the flapper '20's. But the men's fashion designers know that I'm perfectly happy with my narrow-lapel blue serge and four-in-hand.

For instance, I'd just as soon not have men's fashions revive the pantaloons and frocked coat of the Revolutionary War days. Morning breakfast is hectic enough at our house without having a lot of lace at the cuffs to drag through the butter. And a subway train full of men with dangling swords and periwigs might create enough bad temper to make everyone go back to walking.

A toga, I'm afraid, would get rather sooty after a morning's wear—even a gray-flannel toga. People would be forever stepping on your hemline, and all that arm drapery would be unwieldy at a hot-dog counter.

One of the most practical styles for this day and age, of course, would be the suit of armor. Except that you'd have to keep lifting your visor and yelling at people—and you'd clank. Moreover, if you began to put on weight and grew out of your suit, you'd have to go down to a local blacksmith's to have it let out.

The celluloid collar, the plus-fours and the swallow-tailed coat are all from eras I hope they don't revive. And I don't know who would look *de rigueur* in a leopard skin or loin cloth with briefcase and horn-rimmed glasses.

Men's clothes have happily reached the apex of convenience, good looks and no nonsense. It will take firmness to resist the carryings-on of the apostles of change. But I'm sure if we just consider what man has had to go through to arrive at this state of freedom, we'll stick with the dull blue serge.

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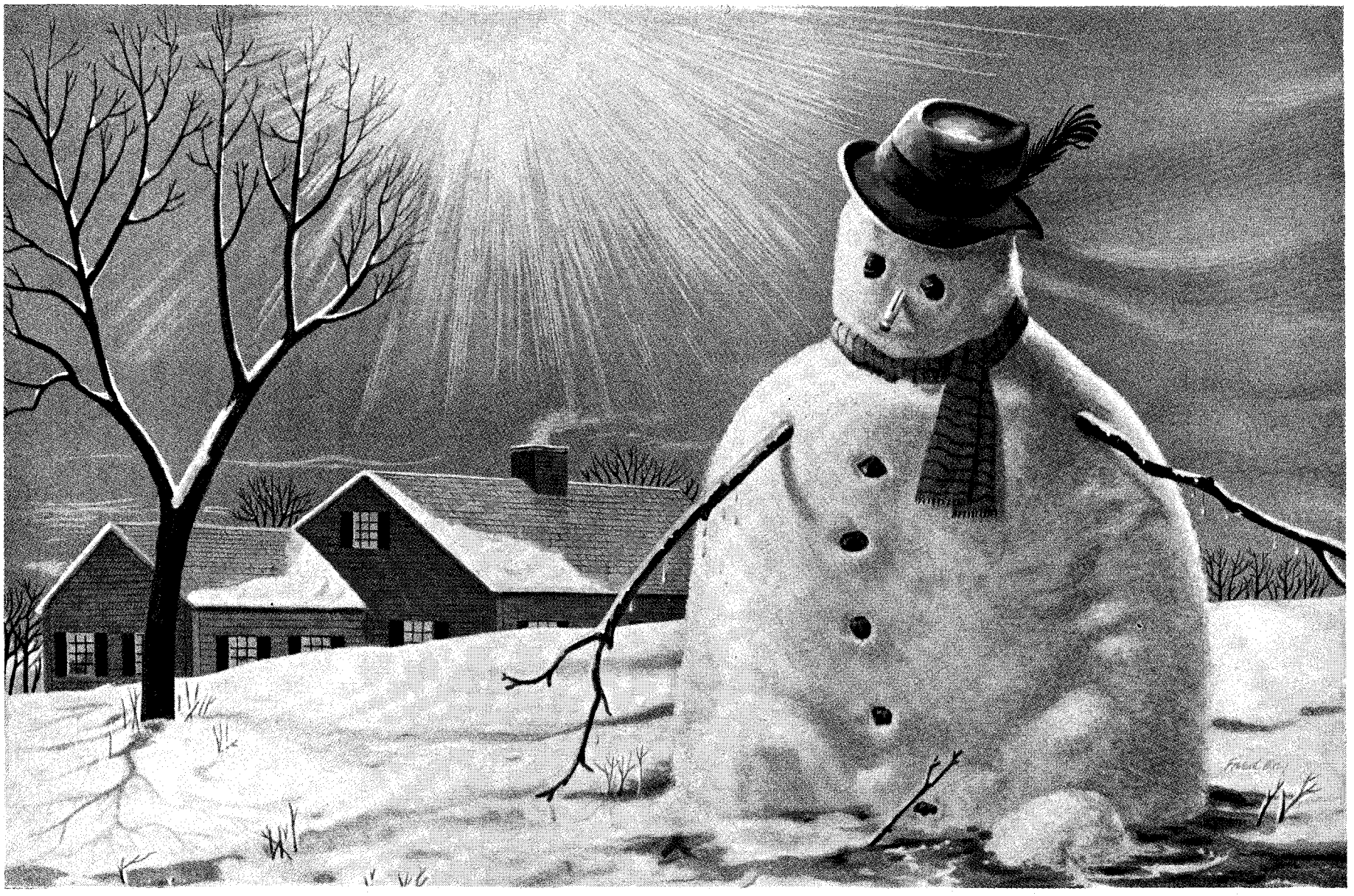

His pounds melt away—yours won't

SHOULD someone recommend a "wonder diet" to you . . . one that's guaranteed to make excess pounds vanish in a week or so . . . beware of the advice. Pounds never "melt away" . . . *except those of the snowman!*

How should you tackle the problem of reducing? First, face the fact that overweight—in more than 95 percent of the cases—is caused by eating and drinking too much. To curb your appetite and change your eating habits *permanently*, a lot of will power is required.

Next, you should get your doctor's advice. He will put you on a diet to remove weight at a safe rate. He will also see that your diet includes all the essential nutrients you need—especially proteins, vitamins and minerals—for body upkeep, repair and health.

Though calorie-laden foods (rich desserts, gravies, dressings, fried foods) will be restricted, you will be pleasantly surprised at the varied, appetizing meals you can have while reducing.

Your doctor may also recommend sensible, regular exercise—such as walking. Exercise alone won't solve your weight problem. But it will help keep your body "in tone" and use up some calories that would be deposited as fat.

Reducing and keeping your weight down will be worth all the effort required. That is because excess pounds burden the *entire* body, especially the heart.

For example, it has been estimated that every 20 pounds of excess weight requires the body to develop about 12 extra miles of blood vessels. Consequently, the work of the heart is greatly increased as it must exert more and more force to pump blood through these additional vessels.

Overweight also tends to shorten life. At age 20 and beyond, those who are considerably overweight have a mortality rate at least 50 percent higher than those of average weight.

Moreover, diseases of the heart and blood vessels—including coronary artery disease and high blood pressure—develop earlier in overweight people than in people of average weight. So do diabetes and arthritis, as well as gall bladder and liver troubles.

So, if you bring your weight down and keep it down *permanently*, you can expect to have more vigor, more stamina, better looks, better health—and perhaps added years of life in which to enjoy them.

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Please mail me a free copy of your booklet "*How to Control Your Weight*," 2-59-E.

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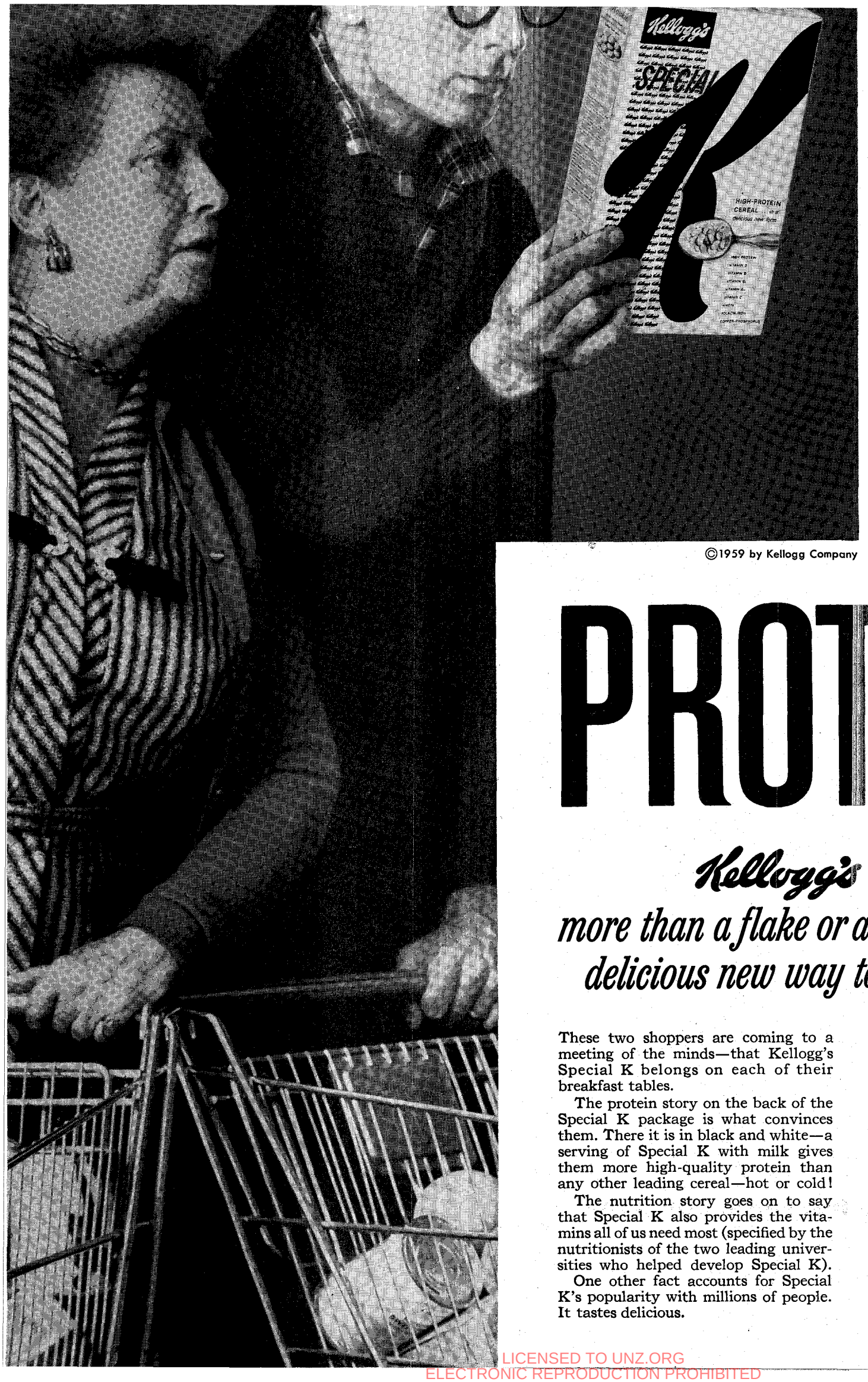
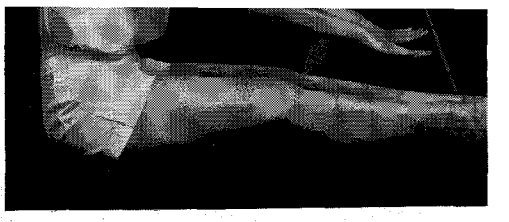


©1959 by Kellogg Company



On a diet? Special K fits in beautifully with any diet. Only 105 calories per ounce.

Special K Handi-Pak. Now at your grocer's. Contains eight personal-portion packages, individually wrapped.

PROTEIN!

Kellogg's Special K—

more than a flake or a puff—a wonderfully delicious new way to get your protein

These two shoppers are coming to a meeting of the minds—that Kellogg's Special K belongs on each of their breakfast tables.

The protein story on the back of the Special K package is what convinces them. There it is in black and white—a serving of Special K with milk gives them more high-quality protein than any other leading cereal—hot or cold!

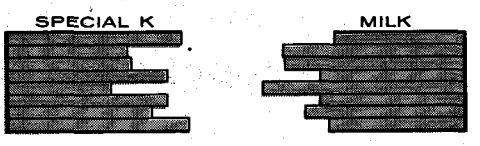
The nutrition story goes on to say that Special K also provides the vitamins all of us need most (specified by the nutritionists of the two leading universities who helped develop Special K).

One other fact accounts for Special K's popularity with millions of people. It tastes delicious.

Look for the package with the big red K on the front and all the protein inside. Special K.

Kellogg's *OF BATTLE CREEK*

KELLOGG'S SPECIAL K and MILK
PERFECT PROTEIN PARTNERS



The chart shows how the eight (8) essential protein components of Special K and milk fit together to form a biologically complete protein—the kind that builds, maintains and repairs body tissues!

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The fastest way to get there is to FLY...the finest way to fly is by DOUGLAS

the most respected name in aviation

That's why more people and more airlines fly DOUGLAS "DC" airliners than all others combined!

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The man who knows his way around is going to go places mighty proudly in his new car of The *Forward* Look. It has the unmistakable, sleek, finned look that set the trend for modern cars. In styling too—you get the good things first from Chrysler Corporation!

Cars that can do *what they look like they can do*

Built for the 1 man in 4 who wants a little bit more.
The quality Cars of The *Forward* Look
from Chrysler Corporation . . . A drive will bring
out the difference great engineering makes.

PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DESOTO • CHRYSLER • IMPERIAL

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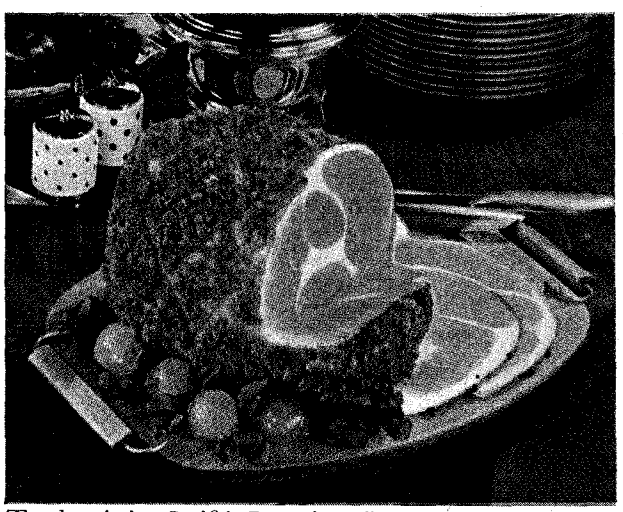
Eating out gives ~~life~~ hearts a lift!



Tender, juicy Swift's Premium Ham makes the meal!

♥ On St. Valentine's Day, or *any* day, there are three little words every lady loves to hear—"Let's dine out!"

Try them on your best girl! Watch her respond to your thoughtfulness. It's a wonderful way to a woman's heart!

This is National Dine-Out Month . . . eat out often!

Good eating places put quality first . . . so does

Swift
104TH YEAR
To Serve Your Family Better

In cooperation with National Restaurant Association

One of a series of advertisements prepared by Swift & Company in cooperation with the National Restaurant Association.

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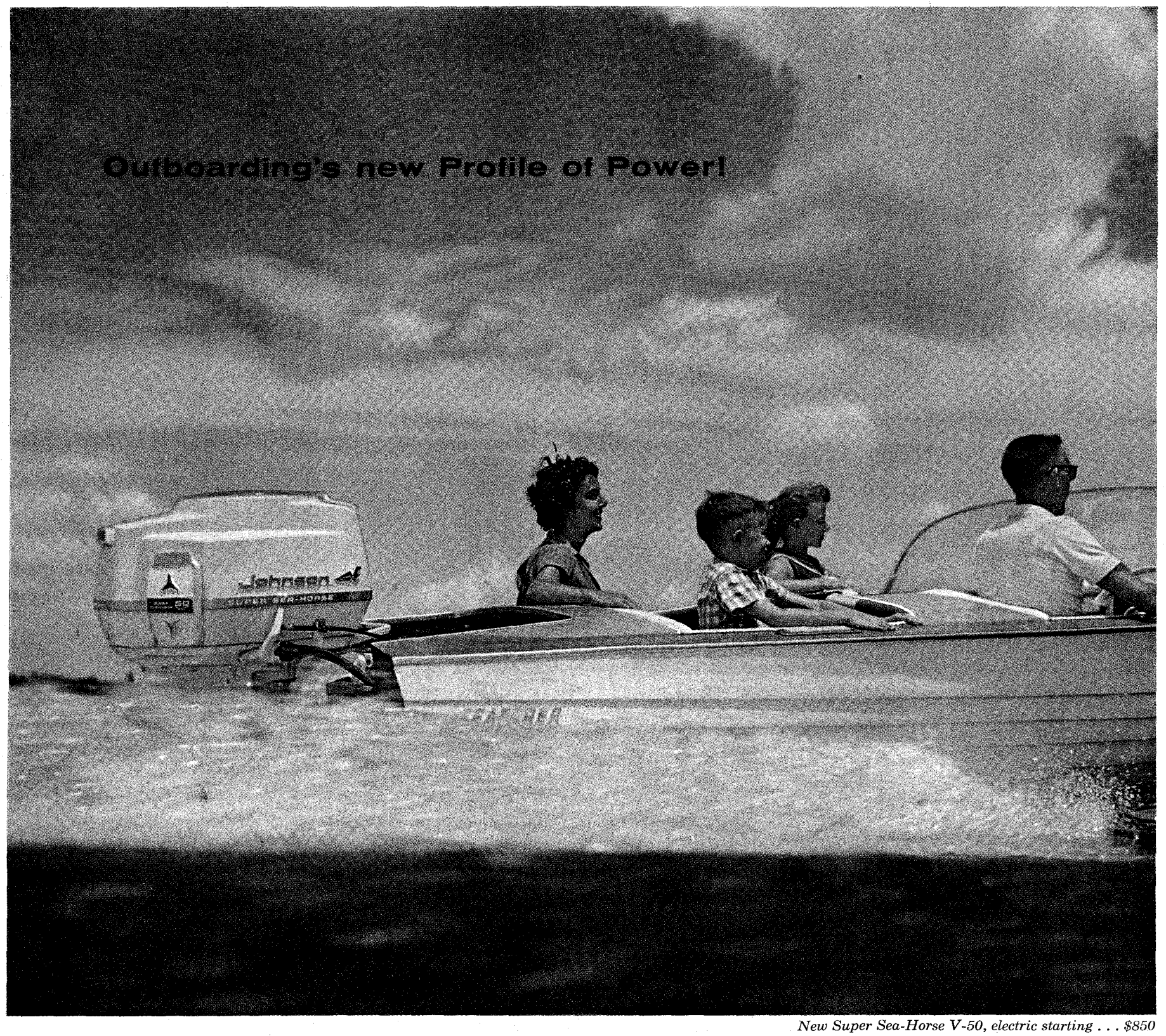

New Super Sea-Horse V-50, electric starting . . . $850

NEW AND EXCLUSIVE WITH THE '59 SEA-HORSES!

Dynautical Design

goes better with your boat...makes your boat go better!

Look . . . !

Your first glance tells you there was never an outboard motor like this. It's Johnson's new Dynautical Design — clean and trim as a clipper ship—outboarding's new *profile of power!*

But what you see is only a part of Dynautical Design. Inside as well as outside, this is the most functional piece of fine machinery you can put on a boat. It even looks efficient!

These new '59 Sea-Horses are the smoothest running, most dependable motors in Johnson history: the magnificent V-50, the fast-moving 35, the versatile 18, the 10, 5½ and 3 hp. Electric starting is available on Super V-50s, 35s and 18s. Full forward-neutral-reverse gearshift is built into every model down through the 5½. Prices start at $160, f.o.b. factory, subject to change.

With all this to choose from, your Johnson dealer can fit you out with a Sea-Horse that's right for your boating needs. Look him up under "Outboard Motors" in the Yellow Pages. This is the year of the *two-millionth* Sea-Horse—more proof than ever that, when it comes to outboard motors, *Johnson knows best!*

FREE 1959 SEA-HORSE CATALOG!

Write Johnson Motors, 518 Pershing Road, Waukegan, Illinois. In Canada, Peterborough, Ontario.

Johnson *First in dependability*

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At his main studio in Manhattan, Arthur instructs a class of student teachers. But he no longer gives personal lessons to his customers.

My Husband, Arthur Murray

Part One: ARTHUR COURTS A FLAPPER

A lady who, in her fifties, is a successful TV dancing star, tells the intimate story of her canny husband, the world's most successful dance teacher.

By KATHRYN MURRAY
as told to
Betty Hannah Hoffman

My husband, Arthur, has been the giant in his field for thirty-five years. As far back as 1927, when a British dance instructor wanted a description of a new American craze, he telephoned the world's foremost authority on ballroom dancing. In his quiet, rather hesitant voice, Arthur asked the Londoner to hold the phone. Then he moved the receiver close to a phonograph, and as an Arthur Murray girl stamped out the black bottom, my husband gave instructions and the beat. He's been setting the tempo of the nation's $150,000,000-a-year dance-lesson business ever since.

Transatlantic calls were rare in those days. It is typical of Arthur's talent for promotion that the Englishman picked up the tab for the fifteen-minute call—it came to $375—while Arthur made the news headlines.

I came into Arthur's life during the flapper era and, shortly after our marriage, began to enjoy dancing at his mid-Manhattan studio on 43rd Street. We had one studio then and a handful of teachers; today there are 8000 teachers in 450 studios in this country and in England, Canada, Bermuda, Puerto Rico, Mexico, Australia, South Africa and Germany.

"Over the years," says Kathryn, "I've learned to stand up to Arthur. I can be just as stubborn as he is."

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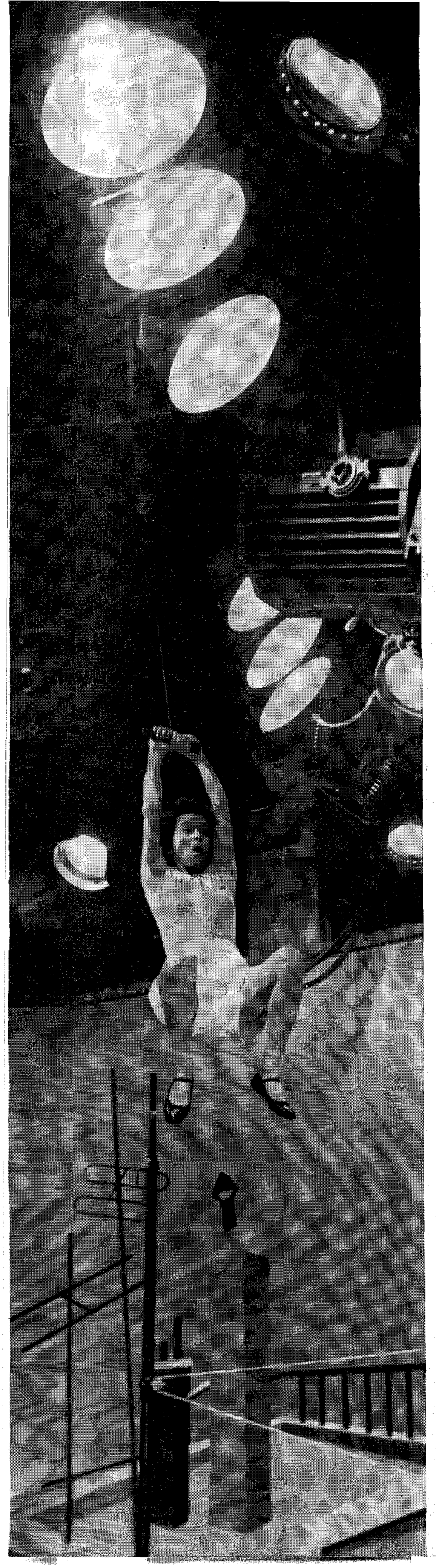

Murray—who happens to be a nondrinker—often gives cocktail parties for his famous friends. From left: Comic Jack E. Leonard, actress Jayne Meadows, her husband Steve Allen, Arthur and Kathryn.

Kathryn, 52 and a grandmother, does many demanding acrobatic turns on the TV show. "Ever since I became a human jump rope," she says, "grandmothers have been flocking to our studios."

1925: Newlywed Arthur and Kathryn went on a three-month honeymoon to Europe. She was "naïve," he was "critical," and when they returned she fled to her parents.

But in the beginning we had one ballroom with a brightly waxed floor curtained into private cubicles, and one large phonograph that needed attention after every record. Our teachers ran to the machine after each number and squabbled over whether to play a fox trot or a waltz. Arthur never taught the Charleston until it had been accepted by the best people, and he didn't hurry to teach Latin-American dances either. But after he gave them the nod our studios were teaching the *rumba* to five Argentine millionaires at once.

Society people liked to take their lessons at ten in the morning and usually came three mornings a week. Forty-third Street was choked with our pupils' limousines. I remember one fashionable matron who came in a Rolls-Royce with chauffeur; an hour later, her daughter came in another Rolls with her own chauffeur. Arthur roamed the studio constantly, passing his hand over light bulbs to make sure they'd been dusted, adjusting windows, emptying ash trays and, in emergencies, running the elevator or the switchboard.

One day, passing a dance cubicle, he was startled to hear a girl squeal, "Catch me, Mr. Ginzberg!" He flung open the curtain just in time to see an Arthur Murray girl land in the outstretched arms of a surprised-looking shoe salesman. She had been an adagio dancer; Arthur told her no acrobatics were permitted, and she soon left us.

I can remember the consternation when Mrs. Merriweather Post Davies, of the Post cereal millions, found that she could not book her usual teacher one afternoon. Being a gracious, charming person, she consented to dance with another instructor. But feathers flew when she discovered that her favorite partner had been booked by her cook.

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Mrs. Davies brought her daughter Eleanor to the studio and told Arthur she wanted him to teach her personally, explaining, "I want her to be a heavenly dancer." Arthur had not taken pupils for years, but allowed himself to be persuaded. The lessons would be charged at four times the usual rate.

Arrangements for a daily lesson were made, and each day Eleanor appeared in a different outfit. Arthur notices clothes, and after the twenty-fourth lesson he remarked, "You know, I've never seen you in the same dress twice." Three days later the lessons came to an end; Eleanor had run out of changes.

Bradley Martin, the banker, began taking lessons in the '20's and still comes regularly, although he is now in his seventies. The late Robert Young, of the New York Central, and his wife came, and the Kennedys of Boston, and Harvey Firestone, an inveterate dancer. Later, beautiful Eleanor Searle was our receptionist before she married Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney. Vincente Minnelli, the DeWitt Wallaces, of Reader's Digest, and Lowell Thomas were faithful students. Philip Wylie, the author, is one of our most satisfied customers, and after an evening jitterbugging with him I can testify that he can kick as high as the tables.

During the years we have greatly improved our teaching techniques, but in the 1920's we had no training classes, as such. Experienced teachers taught the newer ones when they had time. Now our trainees put in 400 hours of instruction before they face a pupil.

One of our first teachers was Ethel Fistere, a petite flame-haired girl just out of college. One night Arthur stepped into her cubicle and watched her doing a slow tango with Michael Lerner of the Lerner stores.

When they had finished, he said to Mr. Lerner, "Now dance that alone." As he expected, the clothing-store magnate shifted helplessly from one foot to the other. Arthur stuttered badly in those days, especially when he was vexed.

"Mr. L-L-Lerner," he sputtered, "you-you've b-b-been wasting your ti-ti-time and money. Miss Fistere has been l-l-leading you."

He offered to give the clothing-store magnate another teacher and free lessons. Mike Lerner, who knew Arthur well, just laughed and said he was satisfied. But Arthur wasn't. Now all our students dance alone frequently, and are tested on their ability to dance without the aid of a partner.

Arthur has always believed in handsome, attractive studios, decorated by experts. In the '20's, when Spanish and Italian palaces were springing up at Palm Beach, our New York studio became a Florentine show place decorated with heavy walnut furniture, red velvet seats, gold fringe and massive carved doors. In the late '30's, Arthur switched to Early American, and then, in the '40's, to Dorothy Draper modern, which we have today.

Real doors replaced curtains on the private-instruction cubicles, but Arthur installed portholes so he could cruise about the studio and keep an eye on lessons. He still does that, although most of our instruction is given now in big, open ballrooms; Arthur can spot a good teacher by the way he watches his pupil instead of himself in the floor-to-ceiling mirrors.

(Continued on Page 42)

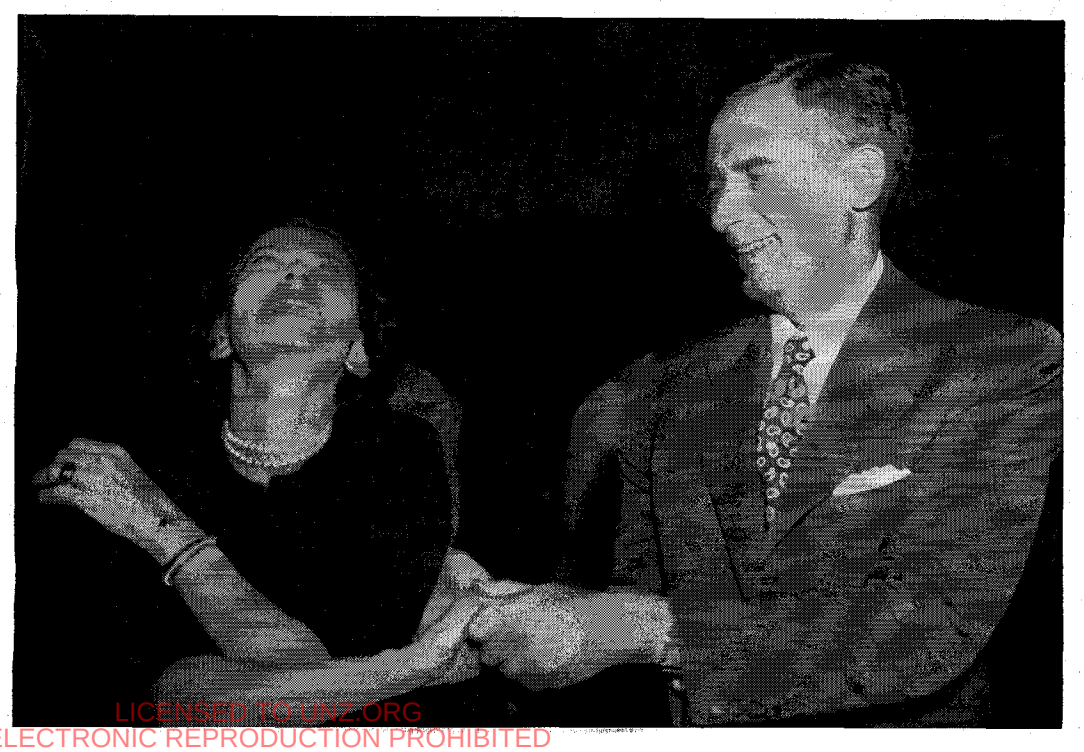
AMONG ARTHUR'S STUDENTS ARE MANY FAMOUS PEOPLE

Hollywood director Vincente Minnelli, here with his ex-wife Judy Garland, was a faithful student, says Kathryn.

Murray-trained Winthrop Rockefeller (dancing with Mary Martin, above) once led a conga line across the lobby of Rockefeller Center.

At right is Eleanor Searle, once a Murray studio receptionist, with Murray graduate Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, whom she married and later divorced.

Kathryn's partner below is Philip Wylie, Post author and novelist. She says he is "one of our most satisfied customers. He can kick as high as the tables."



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The Manhattan Witch

He knew she was
casting a spell over him.
He didn't mind at all.

By Richard Cooper

"I hope nothing went wrong," she said.

It was a little after two o'clock on a rainy Sunday afternoon when Henry Armbruster, just back from the corner newsstand, entered the self-service elevator in the apartment house where he lived and absently pushed the button for the eleventh floor. Since Henry's apartment was on the tenth floor, this was an error, an error that in after years was to make Henry wonder whether witchcraft was really a thing of the past. But later that evening, in thinking over what had happened, he laid the blame to his being tired and depressed.

Ordinarily when Henry's spirits were low he found solace in summoning up a shimmering pink-and-gold vision of Susan Webster, his boss's private secretary. He would bask in ecstatic contemplation of the sunny days ahead when Susan would have joined her life to his, forgetting, almost, the disturbing fact that Susan's response to the dreams he spun for her was something less than rapturous, or the worrisome fact that she seemed to know every up-and-coming bright young man in the city of New York.

But that Sunday afternoon the dream would not be roused. As the elevator stopped at the eleventh floor and the door slid open, Henry blinked his tired eyes and steeled himself against the thought of the unfinished office homework awaiting him, the scrambled mass of cookbooks piled high on his desk.

He turned to the left as he usually did and went down the hall to the usual door. The usual key, however, failed to work. Puzzled, Henry tried another key, and still another. He was jingling through his key ring looking for one more key when the door was opened from the inside by a slender dark-haired girl wearing slim black toreador pants and a black sweater.

"Oh," she said, "it's you."

"Hello, there," Henry said. He recognized the girl as his occasional fellow passenger in the elevator on his way to and from work. "I must have pushed the wrong button in the elevator. I'm sorry to bother you."

"That's all right," the girl said. "You didn't see anything of a boy wandering around with a newspaper, did you? It's been raining so hard I called to have one brought up."

Henry thrust out his paper. "Be my guest."

"Oh, I couldn't," the girl said. "But you be my guest, why don't you? And bring your paper along. I'll make some coffee."

A tiny spasm of guilt stabbed Henry. Should a man who was halfway engaged to one girl go visiting alone in another girl's apartment? But surely he was only being neighborly. "A cup of coffee would taste pretty good, at that," he said.

"Wonderful," the girl said. "Let me take your things. By the way, I'm Abigail Phillips, also known as Abbie."

Henry introduced himself. "Strange about that elevator," he said. "I've never pushed the wrong button before. It's a natural mistake, I suppose. This is the eleventh floor and I live on the tenth."

"Yes, I know," Abbie said. "I've seen you in the elevator quite a lot. Go in and sit down. I'll get the coffee."

Henry went into Abbie's living room. The furniture was low and modern. Colorfully abstract paintings hung on the white walls. As Abbie came in from the kitchen with a tray of coffee and cookies, Henry started to sit down on the sofa.

"Look out for the cat," Abbie said.

Henry jumped aside as a huge black cat glided off the sofa and into the kitchen. "What a beautiful animal," Henry said.

"I suppose so," Abbie said.

"You don't sound very enthusiastic."

Abbie shrugged. "I guess I'm neutral when it comes to cats." (Continued on Page 64)

Illustrated by Coby Whitmore

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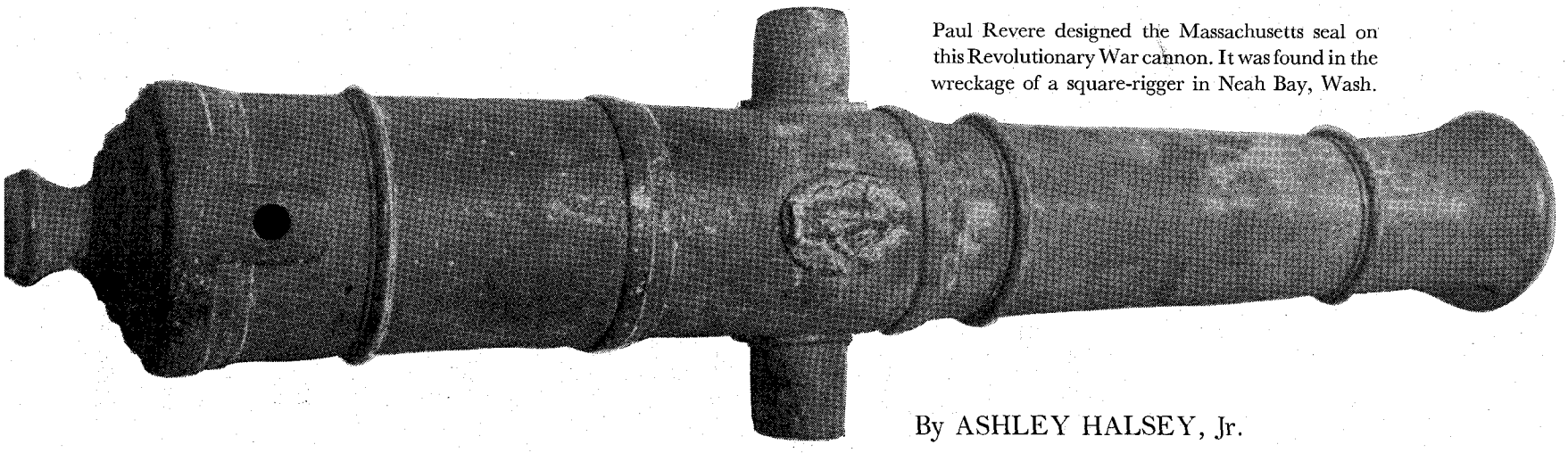


Paul Revere designed the Massachusetts seal on this Revolutionary War cannon. It was found in the wreckage of a square-rigger in Neah Bay, Wash.

By ASHLEY HALSEY, Jr.

Tales of the Cannon Hunters

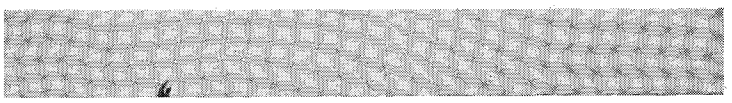
These enthusiasts seek prizes from sunken ships and ancient forts. And, by any method short of stealing, they bring back the deadly weapons of another age.

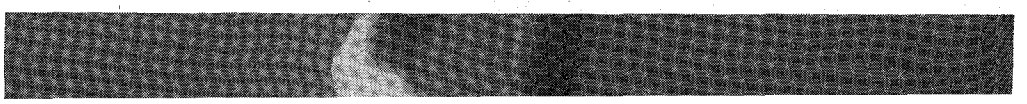
An unusual traffic accident upset Donald H. Clark's summer vacation. A school of gigantic codfish collided with a sea sled bearing two of Clark's companions. At the time, the sled was being towed 180 feet under the sea off Vancouver Island. Clark, a sixty-seven-year-old forestry expert, was directing the towboat. He watched in dismay as the two frogmen with their oxygen tanks popped to the surface, battered and bruised.

The sled, an underwater raft with submarine diving controls, emerged badly damaged. Clark shook his head sadly. The accident halted a fervid quest along the sea bottom for antique cannon.

When the codfish swam head-on into the act, the cannon hunters were already receiving fishy glances from another direction. Rival Canadian cannon reclaimers and historians at Victoria, British Columbia, raised a public outcry against the interlopers from the United States. A Royal Canadian Mounted Police patrol boat nosed into the area to see what went on. International complications threatened. The cannon unquestionably lay in Canadian waters—Clayoquot Sound near Tofino, to be exact. But they had gone to the bottom in a ship flying United States colors. This was John Jacob Astor's famous fur-trading craft, the Tonquin, out of New York. The Tonquin crew settled Astoria in 1811, a move which later helped to establish United States sovereignty over the Northwest, and then sailed northward to barter for furs. Irate Indians seized the ship, and the last surviving sailor blew up the magazine.

The codfish, by beating the Royal Canadian Mounted Police to the draw, averted an immediate international crisis over the Tonquin





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At old Fort Walla Walla, Washington, site of CHAOS' first official hunt, the group's founder, Donald Clark (center), and two Seattle colleagues, search the ruins for more lost ordnance.

Here Clark, a forestry expert, determines the age of a piece of wood the hunters removed from one of the fort's ruined walls.

cannon. Later another United States group took over the quest. This expedition, headed by Dr. George W. Cottrell, a Portland, Oregon, physician, in his yacht Cimba, included a small seaplane for spotting shipwrecks from the air and three frogmen to whom codfish apparently were allergic. Unhindered by finny interference, the frogmen located a wreck, either the Tonquin or another trading ship. From it they hauled up two big guns, each seven feet long—and gently lowered them back into the depths. The iron was so rusted, Doctor Cottrell reported, that it would have disintegrated rapidly upon exposure to the air. The deed satisfied both American cannon-hunting instinct and Canadian honor.

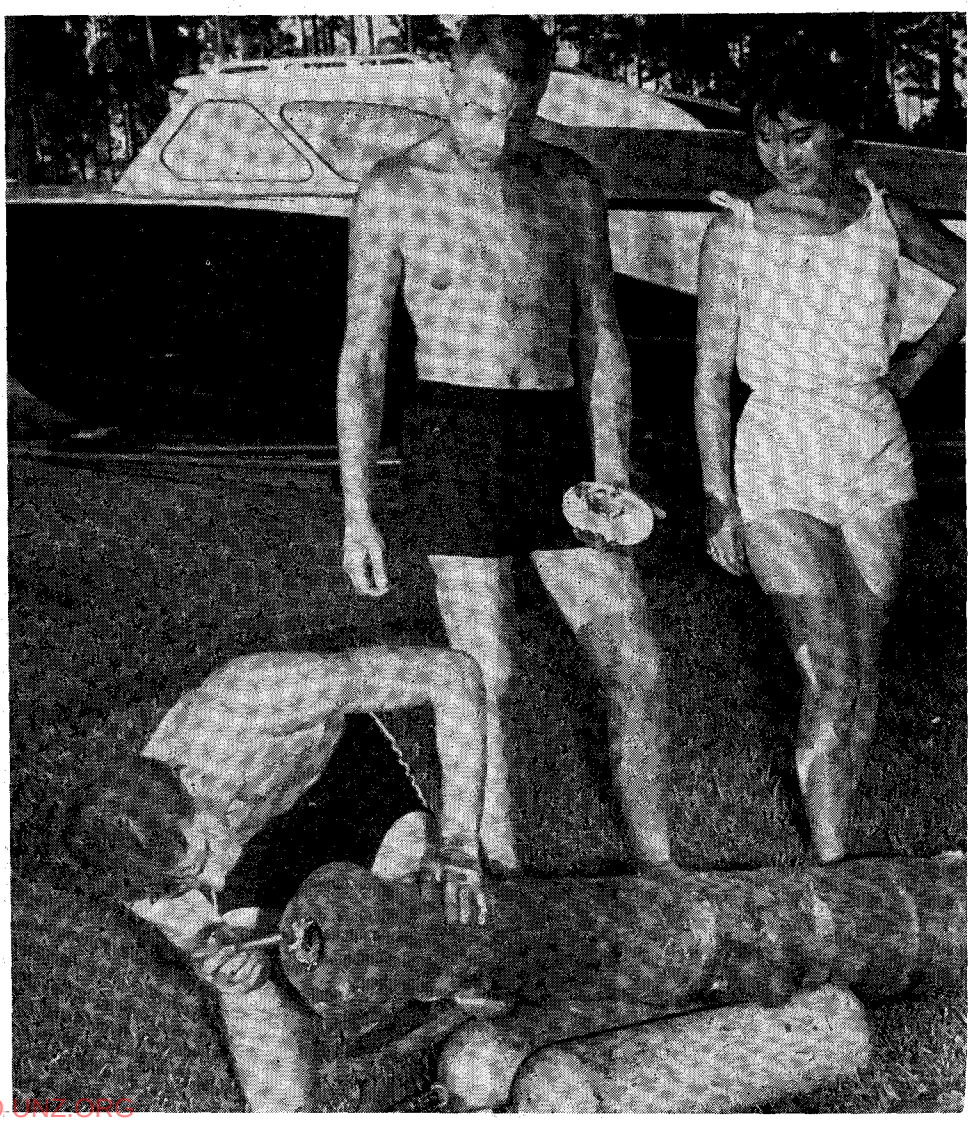
A depth of 180 feet is by no means the farthest extreme to which Clark, Cottrell and their cronies have gone to recover antique artillery. Some have climbed mountains, flown thousands of miles, and otherwise demonstrated a tenacity usually associated with nothing less than the recovery of gems and gold or the rescue of fair maidens from peril.

All it takes to set off a search by the cannon-worshiping cult is a whispered rumor of abandoned and forlorn old guns. The group operates as a highly unorganized organization. Officially the Cannon Hunters Association of Seattle, it is appropriately known for short as CHAOS. As it has members in thirty states and ten other lands, its gleeful motto is "CHAOS Everywhere."

To the uninitiated, meaning most of the world, the idea of hunting for artillery as a hobby or pastime may come as a surprise. Clark and hundreds of others, however, see nothing strange about it. "What greater thrill can there be

(Continued on Page 56)

The hunters haul their heavily encrusted prize ashore. The markings on the barrel identify it as a British iron six-pounder of a type first made in 1716.



Before beginning the tedious preservation process, Eugene Shinn finishes chipping off the remaining marine growth.

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The infuriated fist caught him across the left eye.

MOMENT of ANGER

By JOHN RHODES STURDY

He thought
he was getting old,
until a younger
man threw
a punch at him. . . .

During the day someone had hurriedly slapped fresh paint on the worn spots of the Tessier Junction station house, and men had been set to work cleaning up the yards. At Tessier Junction it was well known that David Scott, president of the railroad, was a stickler for tidiness, and so they sweated a good deal to produce extra polish for his unexpected visit.

When his business car came in that evening, riding the head end of a freight from the East, they were all there on the platform to greet him—the superintendent, the station agent, yardmaster, master mechanic, half a dozen others. Figuratively speaking, at least, they had their hats in their hands.

Scott stepped down from his car, wearing a dark topcoat, with a black Homburg covering his steel-gray hair, his lean face perhaps more sharply lined than when they had last seen him, but his light blue eyes just as bright and piercing as ever.

The officials shook hands in order of precedence, starting with the division superintendent. The president's manner was brisk, but he did not miss anyone, and even an oiler, who happened to come along the platform at that moment, was stopped with the same firm handshake. The man almost flushed with pleasure at the acknowledgment.

"I'm here on personal business," Scott told the superintendent. "To see my father."

They might have thought it strange that Scott, Senior, was not on the platform, because surely someone had notified the old man. But, knowing his father, Scott himself was not surprised. (Continued on Page 68)

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AND NOW, THE ATOMIC BRAIN

By STEVEN M. SPENCER

Isotopes, or "thinking atoms," are helping to solve some of science's knottiest riddles. Already they have become one of industry's most fantastic tools.

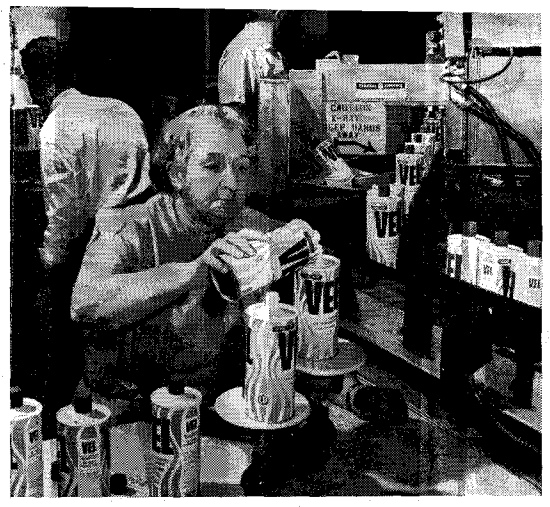
We have become so preoccupied with the atom's brawn—for bombs or for power—that we have paid too little attention to its gentler and subtler talents as a brain. And yet a world eager to use atomic energy to achieve the more abundant life can expect far greater benefits during the next decade from the small parcels of "thinking atoms" called isotopes than from the huge and costly nuclear power plants.

Reactors are, to be sure, springing up on almost every continent. But it will be five to ten years before many countries are economically plugged into nuclear electricity. In the meantime, however, the atomic brain, serving as a keen sixth sense and a delicately responsive control instrument, is hard at work and earning its way in more tasks than most of us are aware of.

Isotopes are busily guiding, and in some cases improving, scores of industrial processes, from the production of oil, steel, linoleum and paper to the canning of baby foods and the making of cigarettes. They are measuring engine wear in automobiles and, by remote pickup, the snowfall and potential water supply in the high Sierras. As X-ray devices they are finding welding flaws in merchant ships and looking for bothersome bubbles in solid rocket fuel. As tracers they are testing laundry soaps, tranquilizers and chest liniments.

Isotopes can fit into the split-second team play of automated production lines, or they can work solo as trouble shooters. In the latter role they have been particularly efficient at sleuthing through the labyrinth of pipes and stills that make up an oil refinery.

Dr. Glenn M. Webb, director of hydrocarbon research for the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, told me of an incident that occurred one day at the Whiting plant. Something went wrong in the big catalytic cracking unit and its associated fractionating tower. It was a serious blockage someplace—probably in the tower—but no one could tell exactly where. The tower is 100 feet high, its "innards" completely enclosed, and a million gallons of petroleum products (Continued on Page 83)



An isotopic level gauge in the assembly line above rejects improperly filled detergent containers. A woman worker then brings contents up to weight by hand.

The tiny atomic power plant called Snap III generates electricity from the isotope polonium, with an output expected to equal that of 1450 pounds of batteries.

The switch signal light above is illuminated by radioactive isotopes. It will continue to glow for ten years, thus eliminating the costly servicing of ordinary lamps.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Samuel Lubell is unique among political seers on two counts. He has never allowed success to go to his legs—he rings doorbells himself across the length and breadth of the land instead of sending hirelings to do the leg work or use the telephones, while he ponders the results in some distant ivory tower. His record for predicting election results is unequaled.

The current article is one of a number of post-election analyses that Mr. Lubell has done for the Post. By rail and by air, Mr. Lubell traveled all over the country immediately after last November's elections to ask people why they voted as they did. The findings he gives you here present a penetrating explanation of why voters gave the Democrats so many sensational triumphs.

Mr. Lubell's most famous book is The Future of American Politics. It is used as a textbook in political-science courses in universities throughout the country. Mr. Lubell began his career as a political prophet and analyst in the Post more than eighteen years ago. Today he is the director of the Opinion Reporting Workshop of the Graduate School of Journalism at Columbia University.

—THE EDITORS

ARE THE REPUBLICANS THROUGH?

A famous political analyst tells why America gave the Democrats their 1958 landslide, and predicts what those same voters may do in 1960.

By
SAMUEL
LUBELL

Anyone wishing to speculate on the 1960 presidential race might begin by chatting with Fred Crow of Muncie, Indiana. Last spring Crow, a fifty-three-year-old carpenter with a wife and a grown son, was laid off for five weeks. During that time he drew unemployment checks which tided him over. Still, he was stung into feeling that "the Republicans were out to choke labor." On November fourth, for the first time in his life, he voted the straight Democratic ticket.

Republican Gov. Nelson Rockefeller, of New York, scored his upset partly because discontented voters saw no meaningful choice between the two parties, says Lubell.

Lubell attributes the victory of Pennsylvania's Sen. Hugh Scott to resentment in both parties over the tax policies of his Democratic opponent, ex-Governor George M. Leader.

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Detroit factory workers collect unemployment benefits during a 1958 layoff. According to Lubell, the recession was only one contributing cause of the G.O.P.'s defeat.

Crow's anger over the recession, which was clearly shared by several million other voters, becomes particularly significant when contrasted with his reaction to the great depression. The 1930's were tough years for Crow. Bouncing between jobs, he unloaded banana boats in Florida, tried installing furnaces, drove a truck at eighteen dollars a week. But he stayed off relief, which to him was important. "I'd been brought up to think it was terrible if someone in your family went to the poorhouse," he explained. "Roosevelt made people expect relief. It was pride with me to vote against him every time. I stuck Republican until this fall."

Crow's 1958 conversion exemplifies the most significant feature of the last election—how much easier it has become to shift the party allegiance of the American voter. A quarter of a century ago all the hammerings of the harsh depression failed to shake Crow's Republican loyalty; yet last year this loyalty splintered under the slap of a moderate economic setback.

Like Fred Crow, the electorate in general seems to have undergone a curious quickening of its voting reflexes. Between President Eisenhower's sweep of forty-one states in 1956 and last November's debacle, the Republican share of the popular vote dropped thirteen per cent. This was almost as heavy a voting switch as was developed during the entire sixteen years between the peak of Roosevelt's popularity in 1936 and the collapse of the New Deal coalition in 1952.

Clearly, Sputnik and Little Rock and even the recession provide only part of the explanation of last fall's astonishing Democratic sweep. For the rest of the answer we must look to the strange new restlessness of the American voter, which has quickened voting change to a tempo never before known in our history.

All the old rules of American politics must be re-examined. Currently, for example, the election of a Democratic President in 1960 would seem inevitable. Yet the triumphs of Rockefeller in New York and Goldwater in Arizona show how quickly voters' frustrations can be turned against a new target.

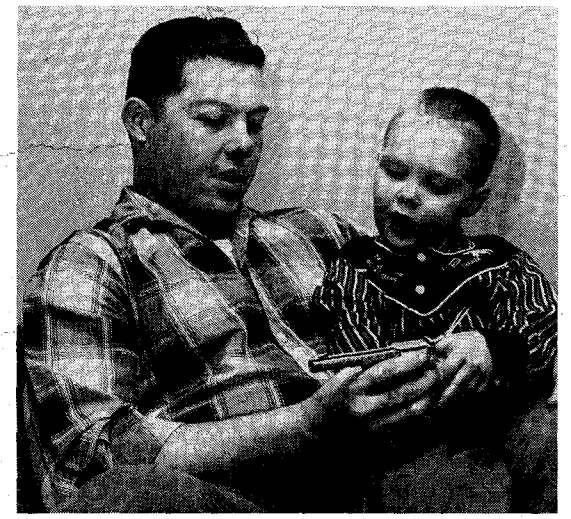
The November balloting has been widely hailed as foreshadowing a "leftward" political turn, as if it heralded the second coming of Franklin Roosevelt. But was the election really a mandate for more abundant spending, as the stock market seems to believe? Did the vote toll the death of conservatism? Has the G.O.P., as so many commentators warn, no choice now but to recast itself in the image of "liberalism" or face oblivion?

In my own judgment the answer to all three of those questions is "no." It is wrong to view November's ballot upheaval as a reassertion of the past, as if it had been brought about by the return to New Dealism of all the onetime supporters of Roosevelt and Truman. Actually, the Republicans last fall held congressional districts which had been Democratic as late as 1948 and 1954, even while suffering spectacular losses in districts which the New Deal never was able to breach.

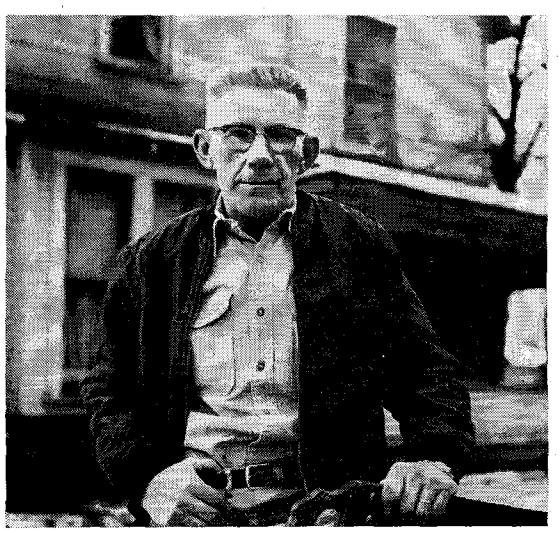
In 1936, when the G.O.P. representation in Congress hit its all-time low, eighty-nine districts held fast for the Republicans. Of those, twenty went Democratic last fall. Five had shifted in 1956, but at least eleven had not sent a Democrat to Washington for thirty to forty years. It was not only in Maine and Vermont, but all over the country that lifelong Republicans voted Democratic for the first time.

Why? There was never any doubt at any time during the campaign that the Democrats would strengthen their hold in Congress. The surprising thing was that the expected G.O.P. losses developed into so utter a rout. And it is this near-collapse of Republicanism that must be scrutinized if we are to understand what the future may bring politically.

Is the G.O.P. crumbling so fast that a new one-party dominance is being born? Or are we witnessing the (Continued on Page 59)



Richard Sandberg, of Olathe, Kans. He voted Democratic because he was working only four days a week.



Fred Crow, of Muncie, Ind. A lifelong Republican until last fall, he felt that the G.O.P. was "out to choke labor."

Charles Alva Green. He helped lead a labor effort to beat Arizona's Republican Senator Goldwater, but the attempted "purge" backfired and Goldwater won.

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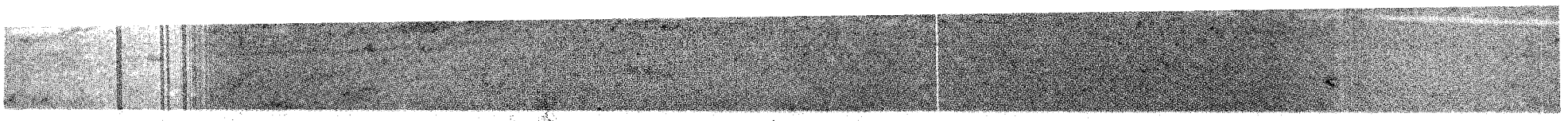
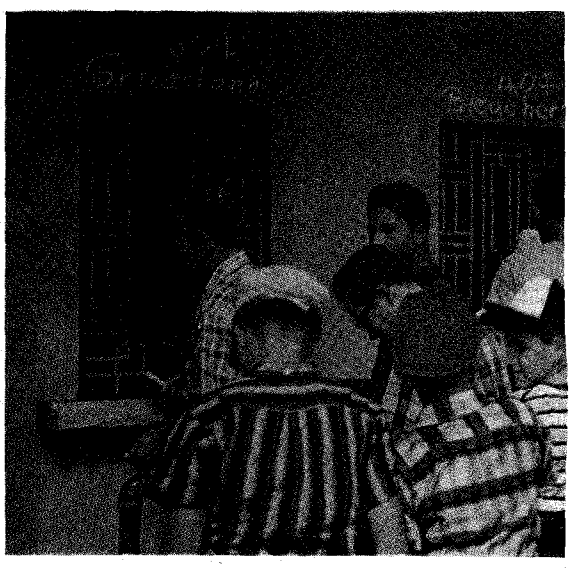


Nineteen-year-old Marcial Allen at bat for the Caguas Criollos. A potential big-leaguer, he spends his summers playing for a Milwaukee Braves' farm team.

Baseball's Hothouse

By HARRY T. PAXTON

Puerto Rican fans are as knowledgeable as their U.S. counterparts, says the author—but livelier. By Puerto Rican standards, seats are not cheap; but paid admissions exceeded 500,000 last year.



San Francisco Giants' scout Pedro Zorrilla (right, below) with prize find, rookie star Orlando Cepeda.

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Photographs by Frank Ross

Cepeda, the island's baseball idol, with admirers. He is 1958's National League Rookie of the Year.

Above is the Caguas team's versatile Vic Power. He ranked fifth in American League batting last year.

Big-league scouts are flocking to Puerto Rico, where warm winters mean year-round baseball and plenty of able young players. A Post editor reports on the scramble for talent.

San Juan, Puerto Rico.

Back in 1927 a lithe young Puerto Rican named Pedro Cepeda was happy to pick up $3.50 weekends with a local semipro baseball team. In subsequent years Pedro Cepeda—the last name is pronounced "se-PAY-duh"—became one of the island's most celebrated ballplayers. However, this skill never earned him more than fifty dollars a week.

This winter one of the sights around the Puerto Rican metropolis of San Juan has been Pedro's graceful son, Orlando Manuel Cepeda, cruising along in his sky-blue de luxe hardtop. The youthful Orlando can well afford to maintain this automobile, as well as a new house and a wardrobe featuring expensive sport shirts and slacks. He has been pocketing about $800 a month playing winter-league ball in his home country, and in the spring he will go back for his second season with the San Francisco Giants. He has been asking for a $20,000 salary. Financially, that may be only the beginning for this remarkable twenty-one-year-old athlete, who shapes up as one of the most gifted of today's ballplayers.

The Cepeda father-and-son story points up what has been happening in Puerto Rico and other Caribbean lands. The mild semitropical climate that delights tourists also enables baseball to flourish here as a year-round sport. Since World War II—and especially since baseball dropped the color line, which used to rule out many of the Caribbean ballplayers—these island countries to the southeast of Florida have become an increasingly important source of talent for the professional teams of the United States. Puerto Rico alone had seven native sons in the big leagues last year—Cepeda, Vic Power, Ruben Gomez, Roberto Clemente, (Continued on Page 80)

Sandlot baseball, Puerto Rican style. For organized amateur teams in seventy-six island communities, the government has built well-equipped diamonds.

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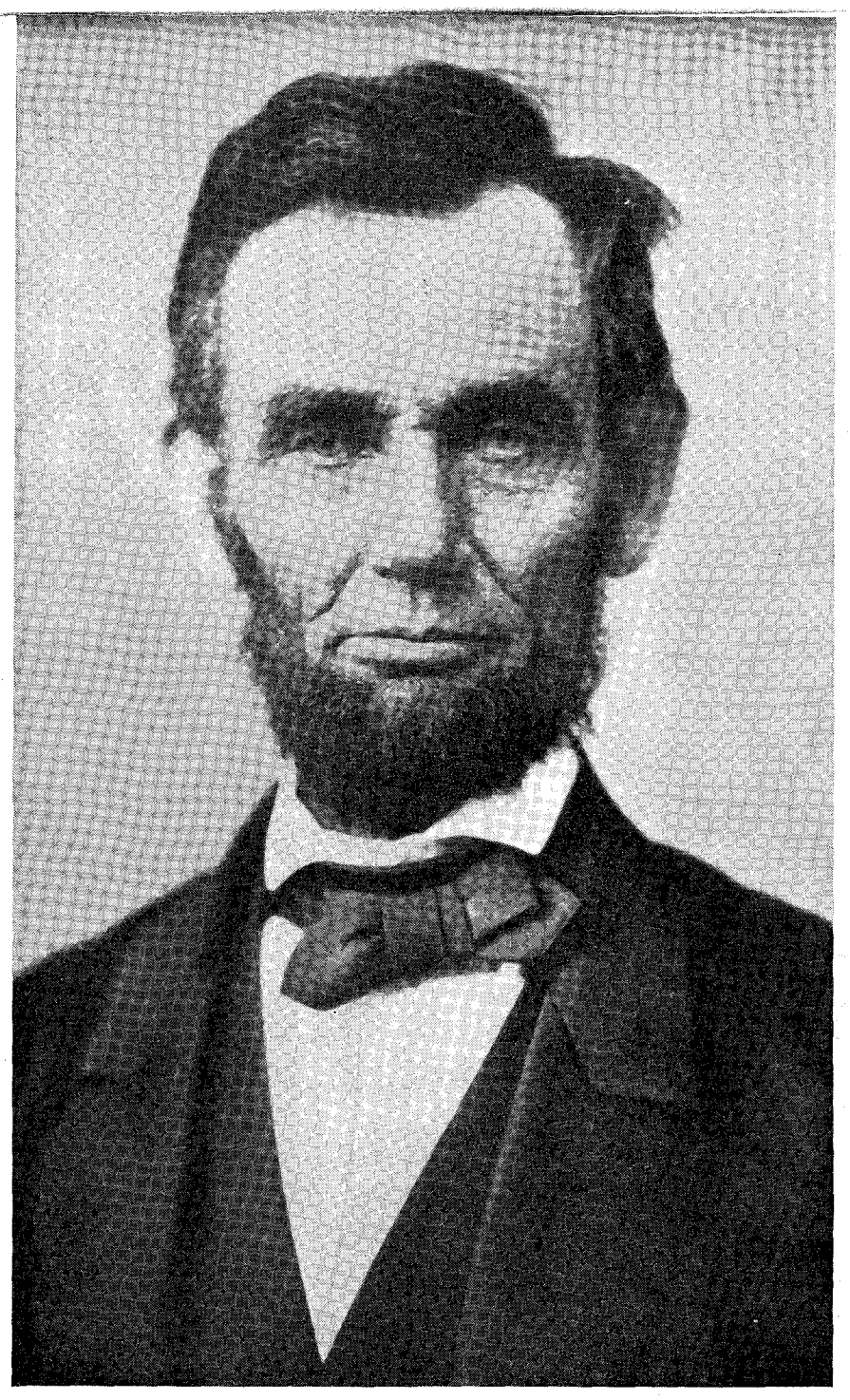

This portrait of President Lincoln is thought to have been taken only four days before he delivered the Gettysburg Address, on November 19, 1863.

Lincoln The Literary Genius

A distinguished critic, reporting on one of Abe's extra talents, portrays a Lincoln whom most people have overlooked.

By JACQUES BARZUN

A great man of the past is hard to know, because his legend, which is a sort of friendly caricature, hides him like a disguise. He is one thing to the man in the street and another to those who study him closely—and who seldom agree. And when a man is so great that not one but half a dozen legends are familiar to all who recognize his name, he becomes once more a mystery, almost as if he were an unknown.

This is the situation that Lincoln occupies in the United States on the 150th anniversary of his birth. Everybody knows who he was and what he did. But what was he like? For most people, Lincoln remains the rail splitter, the shrewd country lawyer, the cracker-barrel philosopher and humorist, the statesman who saved the Union, and the compassionate leader who saved many a soldier from death by court-martial, only to meet his own end as a martyr.

Not being a Lincoln scholar, I have no wish to deal with any of these images of Lincoln. I want only to help celebrate his sesquicentennial year by bringing out a Lincoln who I am sure is real though unseen. The Lincoln I know and revere is a historical figure who should stand—I will not say, instead of, but by the side of, all the others. No one need forget the golden legends, yet anyone may find it rewarding to move them aside a little so as to get a glimpse of the unsuspected Lincoln I have so vividly in mind.

I refer to Lincoln the artist, the maker of a style that is unique in English prose and doubly astonishing in the history of American literature, for nothing led up to it. The Lincoln who speaks to me through the written word is a figure no longer to be described wholly or mainly by the old adjectives, shrewd, humorous or saintly, but rather as one combining the traits that biography reports in certain artists among the greatest—passionate, gloomy, seeming-cold, and conscious of superiority.

These elements in Lincoln's make-up have been noticed before, but they take on a new meaning in the light of the new motive I detect in his prose. For his style, the plain, undecorated language in which he addresses posterity, is no mere knack with words. It is the manifestation of a mode of thought, of an outlook which colors every act of the writer's and tells us how he rated life. Only let his choice of words, the rhythm and shape of his utterances, linger in the ear, and you begin to feel as he did and, hence, to discern unplumbed depths in the quiet intent of a conscious artist.

(Continued on Page 62)

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Romance in the Rough

By WILLARD TEMPLE

It was part of his job to trick her into loving him.

The cottage at first glance seemed smaller than the luxurious car that pulled up in the dusty driveway. Shingles were absent from the roof, the paint on the worn clapboard was peeling and blistered. The five men in the car eyed the cottage with distaste, and from behind the wheel, General Wilbur Paxton, U.S.A., Ret., stared at it as though it were a ridge bristling with hostile machine guns.

"Let's go," he said briskly. "Gentlemen, we will overwhelm her with a display of force."

Descending from the car, the directors of the Oakhurst Golf and Country Club marched upon the cottage. The general pounded on the worn door, then stepped back to await the appearance of the enemy.

The door, when it opened, revealed a petite young woman with chestnut hair, and a fair complexion. Blue pedal pushers clung to the graceful curves of her legs, she wore a checkered blue-and-white blouse. Her lips smiled at the delegation, her eyes did not.

"Miss Cowan," said the general, "may I introduce myself and colleagues?"

"Oh, I've seen all your pictures in the paper," Miss Cowan said. "Leading citizens of the community. I'm terribly impressed."

She did not look impressed. "The house is a mess this early on a Sunday morning," she said, "but if you'd like to come in ——"

"We'd rather not disturb you," the general said. "You know why we're here, Miss Cowan. Eight weeks ago we made you a fair offer for the purchase of your house and land. Your reply, may I say, was ribald."

Miss Cowan's lips twitched. "I'm sorry if I shocked you ——"

"Since that time, three succeeding offers have been made," the general said. "Our letters have gone unanswered. You have refused to discuss the situation over the telephone. Our legal representative attempted to call upon you and you threw golf balls at him."

"I'm a bad shot," Miss Cowan said. "I missed him."

(Continued on Page 48)

"Get out!" Ann said.
"I hate you!"

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Two engines were dead, and the skipper was unconscious.
So the kid at the controls flew on . . .

MAROONED IN THE SKY

By ALICE LENT COVERT

Illustrated by Robert Riggs

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The crippled C-97 was wallowing badly. It took all the kid's strength to steady it. After a little, he turned his head and glanced at the gaping, jagged hole in the wing, where the right outboard engine should have been. He could not see the right inboard, only the tip of the feathered prop where it extended, knifelike, into his line of vision, taunting mutely of its uselessness.

In the aircraft commander's seat, the skipper slumped unconscious against his shoulder harness. He had an ugly grayish pallor, and his chest heaved spasmodically with the raggedness of his breathing.

Into the kid's earphones a voice said urgently, "Tower to Dutchboy three-five. What are your intentions?"

"I'm letting down to three thousand, above the field, and bailing out my crew." The craft yawed violently and he exerted desperate pressure on the control column. Across the air silence, ground control said, on an insistent note, "Dutchboy three-five, are you still reading me?"

"I'm busy," said the kid.

During the descent, he gave the crew detailed bail-out instructions, assigning Sergeant Duke, the engineer, as jump master. There were no questions, no panic. They were all experienced MATS crew members, methodically making preparations—each securing his own position, then checking his own and one another's parachutes and harness.

At three thousand, the kid gently banked the buffeting craft, staring back over the left wing as it dipped below the horizon, watching as, one by one, three parachutes blossomed, and drifted from sight under the fuselage. "All away, sir," said the sergeant on interphone.

"Good. See you around."

The sergeant stalled, checking final adjustment and settings at the engineer's console. "Sir, what about you? If the skipper's still out, do you think you can ——"

"Listen," said the kid, "I've got me a hankering to be a hero, sergeant. You trying to crab my act?"

"No," replied the sergeant, and gave a quiet little laugh. "Only I haven't got anything (Continued on Page 52)

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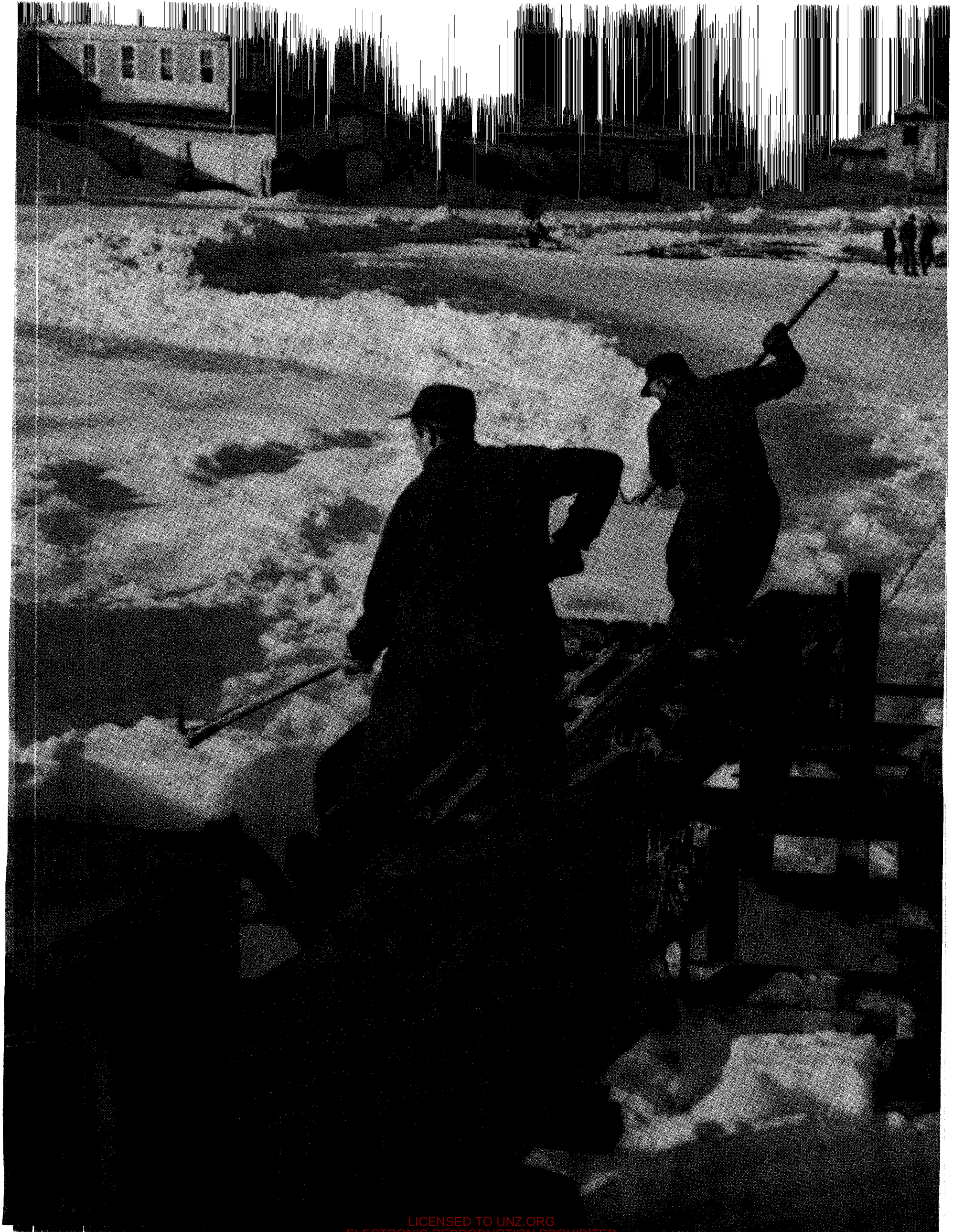

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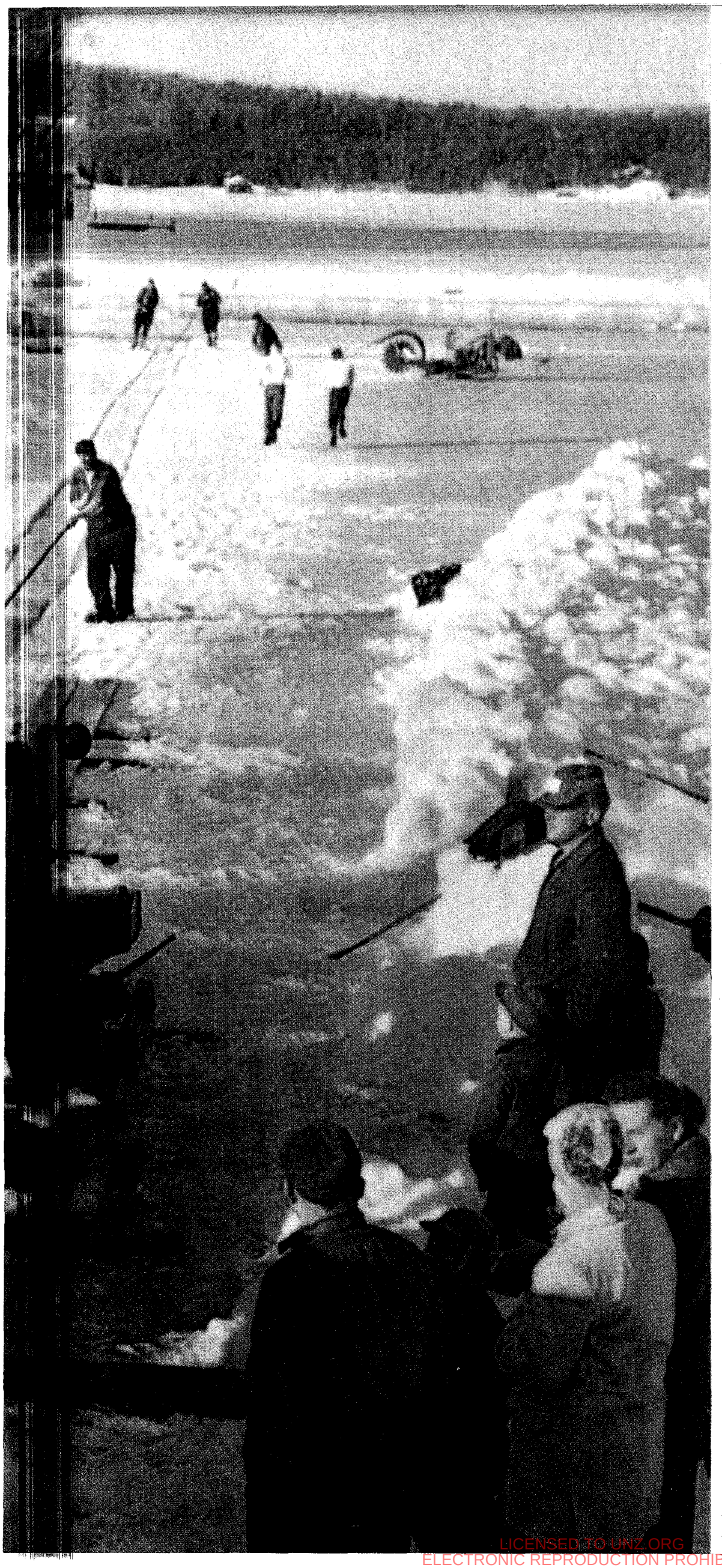
The Face of AMERICA

WINTER'S CROP



Once a year Arthur Smith hires a dozen men and harvests ice from Lake Sunapee. In the old days, before mechanical refrigeration came to New Hampshire, ice was cut all winter long. Smith's is the only natural-ice operation in the area now, and one of the few left in the nation. Working two days, from sunup to sunset, his crew packs 1300 tons under sawdust in the icehouse, enough to meet the needs of nearby summer hotels. Motor-driven saws carve the frozen lake into strips, then into two-foot cubes. Through a channel in the ice, the blocks are poled to the conveyor (foreground), which boosts them up to the truck. Thanks to the machinery, the work is not so hard as it once was. But for a cutter who falls through the ice—and one of them usually does—it can be uncomfortable. Smith's wife, though, is on hand with blankets and hot coffee to chase the New Hampshire winter from the poor fellow's bones.

Photograph by John Titchen

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The Cardiff Giant Affair

Sinister things were going on behind Madam Janeway's doors.

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Syracuse, a sedate little town in the year 1869, suddenly became notorious when a massive stone giant was discovered on Stubby Newell's farm in nearby Cardiff. Then the arrival of the fantastically rich and beautiful Madam Cissy Janeway created another wave of excitement. Thus the town paid comparatively little attention when Orrin Applegate and his father found the murdered body of an unknown man.

But Orrin, a young lawyer, was almost sure he had seen the man enter Madam's house before his mysterious death. And, although Madam had honored Orrin by becoming his first important client, he had many doubts about her and her sinister butler, Oscar. Orrin was further perplexed when Lossie, his young neighbor, seemed to fall under Madam's charming spell. Then he was awed when Madam Janeway carelessly revealed the name of her powerful benefactor: Daniel Drew, the great financial tycoon.

III

The body of the murdered man was retained as long as possible in the undertaking parlors in hope of an identification, but there was none. So he was buried hastily, and it was as if he never had been. He became one of those mysteries to be referred to on occasion, and there seemed to be an end of the matter.

Stubby Newell, at great expense of labor and some of money, had his giant transported to Syracuse, where it would be handier for the increasing crowds to reach, as excursions bearing hundreds of the curious came into town, eager to pay their dollars and behold this controversial marvel. For it was indeed controversial. Parsons, educators, skeptics, scientists were belaboring one another. Celebrated men came to see and to make public their opinions. Robert Ingersoll, the famous agnostic, stared at the figure, hoping, perhaps, to find in it an answer to the riddle of the universe. Andrew White, president of Cornell College, appeared huffily and denounced it as a fraud. So it went, and the higher tempers ran among men of religion and of science, the more the public jostled one another to pay their dollars and feast their eyes. Rumor had it that Stubby Newell, whose lecture had become longer and more eloquent, had sold a share in the giant to David Hannum and some associates, and that an offer from P. T. Barnum had been refused.

My father, a practical man, was among the scoffers, declaring in his abrupt way that Stubby should be arrested for fraud or some other stealthy crime. Lossie's father took the other side of it. Not, I am sure, from conviction, but to amuse himself and to see my father splutter.

But to all of us—at least all of us in our neighborhood—it became a sensation the way Madam Janeway spent her money. After Banker Watts' reception, Madam had received the stamp of approval of our society. She was invited everywhere, and reciprocated with parties and entertainments unrivaled in our history. We were a frugal people who believed that the finest use to which money could be put was to save it. Therefore we were somewhat aghast at the freehanded manner in which Madam tossed dollars about. On Sundays she would put a twenty-dollar bill on the collection plate when our richest church members thought they were being generous with a dollar or with fifty cents. On the slightest excuse she gave expensive presents—and never in a condescending way. She did flamboyant things, but never in a flamboyant manner. Somehow her charm and naturalness made anything she did seem as if it flowed from a simple, generous heart.

She bought a piano for the Sunday-school room. She was forever commissioning me to attend to small matters such as buying Old Man Mullis a pair of crutches or paying the doctor for delivering Mrs. Mertz's eighth baby. She gave a huge dance and imported a fine orchestra from New York to play for it; and she never went on a trip to Boston or New York without taking along with her two or

Illustrated by Sam Bates

Obese little Jethro Willis singled me out. "Orrin Applegate, hain't ye?" he asked.

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three younger women and treating them most royally. Such spending was outside our experience, but it did not decrease Madam's popularity, nor did it put a stop to speculations as to the amount of her wealth or where all the money came from.

Of course, by now, everybody in town knew that there was some close relationship between her and multimillionaire Dan'l Drew, and it was but natural to conclude that he was the source of her riches. But she never mentioned his name or referred to him in any manner whatever.

The bewildering thing to me was Lossie's infatuation for the older woman. They were inseparable. Lossie became in effect an inmate of Madam's home. They drove together; they shopped together; they promenaded together. Their relationship resembled a schoolgirl crush, except that it seemed to have a firmer and more adult foundation. When I twitted Lossie about it, she only became inscrutable and flouted me. But one thing I noted with interest and some satisfaction, and that was that Miss Lossie never accepted anything of value from Madam, whether it was a piece of jewelry or a trip to New York with expenses paid.

Representing Madam Janeway, as I was supposed to do, consisted more in acting as her escort than in rendering legal services. One afternoon when Madam was newly returned from some journey, she required me to accompany her and Lossie on a drive. It was a beautiful chilly afternoon, with the foliage of our trees making the countryside a flaming wonder of color. Madam fumbled in her reticule and brought out a little leather case and snapped it open. In the satin of it was a jeweled brooch which looked highly expensive to me.

Madam tapped Lossie's hand affectionately. "I got to thinking of you one day," Madam said, "and I missed you. And it seemed I simply had to do something about you. So I went in and bought this trinket for you. Somehow it made me less lonely for you, my dear."

Lossie took the case in her slender fingers and looked at it and admired its contents, and then her pert face became grave. "It's lovely, Madam Cissie," she said, "and it was sweet and generous of you to think of me." Her voice became firmer. "But, Madam, there must be an understanding between us." She nodded her head determinedly.

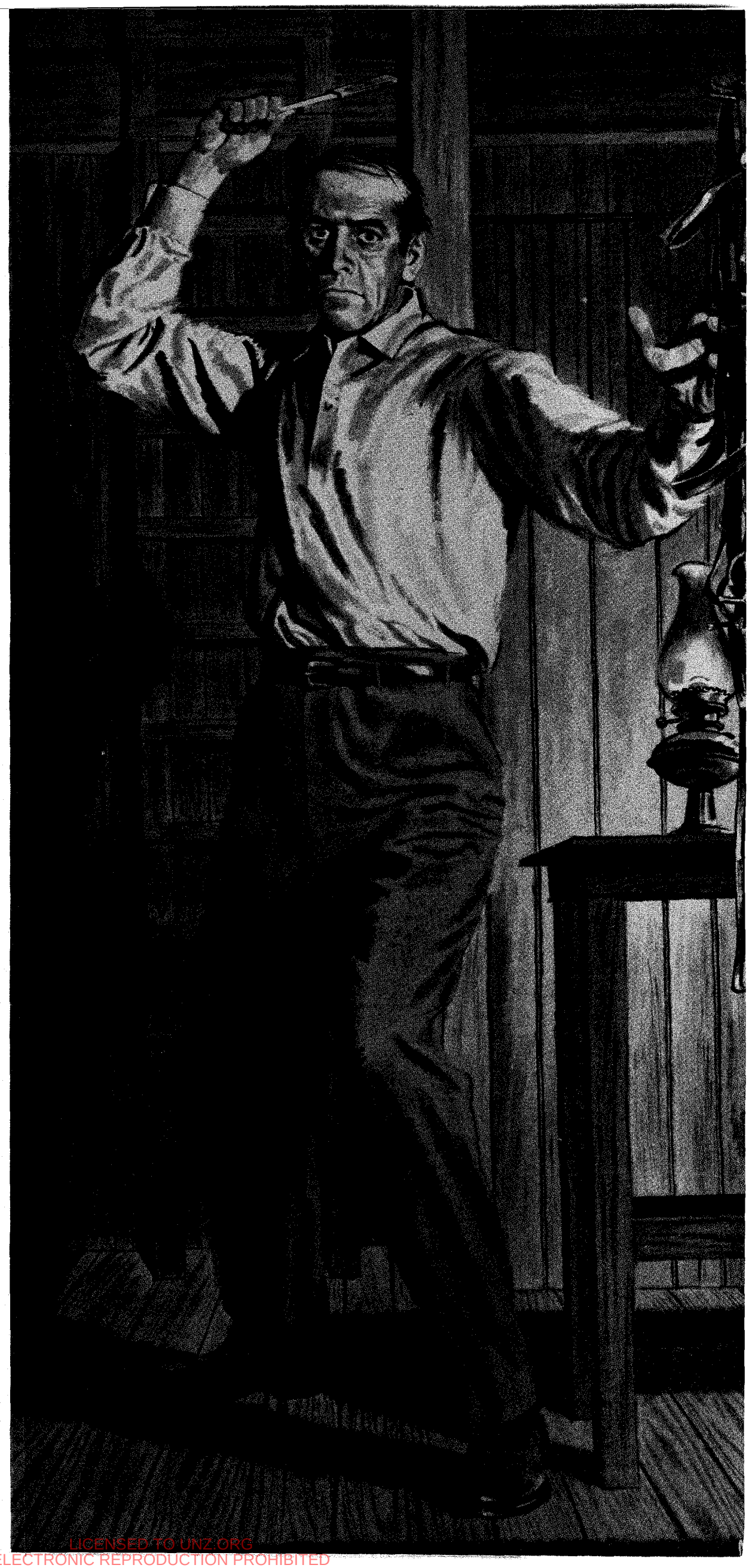
"What understanding, honey child?"

"That never on any occasion whatever shall you give me a gift more expensive than I can afford to give to you."

"But that, Lossie, is so silly. I have so much money and it gives me such pleasure to spend a little of it on you. The cost means nothing. I'd feel ridiculous giving you a book or a box of bonbons."

Lossie interrupted and shook her head stubbornly. "A book I would like; bonbons I would love. But"—she paused and compressed her lips, so that I knew she meant what she said and would not change her mind—"but if you buy me anything costly, I shall have to return it."

(Continued on Page 75)



At intervals Oscar would select a knife and hurl it with uncanny accuracy.

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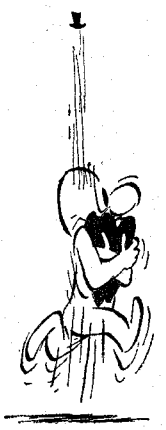
Post Scripts



Money Isn't Everything

I pity folk with loads of dough:
They make me sad, because I know
Whatever riches they possess,
Their money won't buy happiness.

I see them in their costly cars,
Puffing away on choice cigars,
And grieve that not a single one
Can possibly be having fun.

Around their swimming pools they lie,
Having a rotten time, while I
Can use the public beach, and share
My pleasure with the thousands there.

How bored they must become with things
Like duck, champagne and plovers' wings!
How they must long to steal away
And eat, like me, at Joe's Café!

How sad it is that they cannot
Buy happiness with all they've got,
And how sincerely I regret
They haven't found it out as yet.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

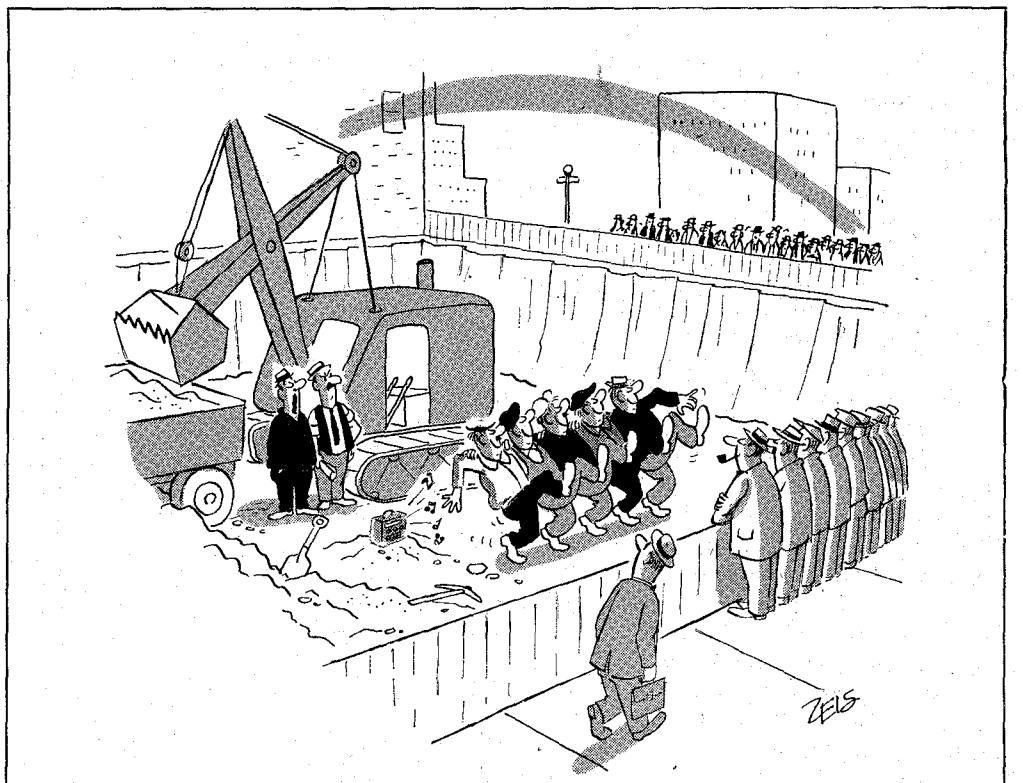
Mother's Little Helpers

Many enjoy a cooling drink,
If they don't have to get it.
Many delight in a cheerful fire,
If they don't have to set it.
Many agree that a well-cooked meal
With a good dessert's delicious—
If somebody else will whip it up
And then go do the dishes!

VIRGINIA BRASIER

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Let's get married early in the morning so you can zip back to work and pile up a little overtime before we leave on the honeymoon."



"It's their lunch hour."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

How I Solved My Problem

Our high-school daughter has a very nice wardrobe for school, but she always seems to want another cashmere. Her daddy and I explained to her that a family is like a business corporation and must spend its money wisely or it will go in the red. This did not work. Finally, I took pencil and paper and demonstrated to her exactly how many of her next year's college textbooks the price of another cashmere would buy. This did not work either. Then, one day it occurred to me that it would be a lot easier to buy her another cashmere than listen to her yapping about it all the time, so. . . .

As a housewife I have always had trouble keeping up with national and international affairs, like telling Iran from Iraq and remembering which hurricane is which. So one evening I decided I would really make a practice of studying the evening paper while the rest of the family watched television. This did not work. Finally, I asked my husband to explain it all to me. This did not work either. Then, one night I happened to hear a radio speech by one of our state representatives or something and I realized he didn't know much more about it than I do, so. . . .

Our neighbor across the street seemed to be a very mean old lady. She threw rocks at the birds and chased our kids out of the yard when they brought her a May basket. I always waved and smiled, in an effort to be friends, but this did not work. Then one day I decided to take the bull by the horns. I called on her with a big batch of homemade cookies. What was my surprise to find that she was really even meaner than I'd thought, so, after she slammed the door on me, I said the heck with it and. . . .

Not very long ago life seemed increasingly dull. Nothing exciting ever seemed to happen, and each day was more or less like the next day—kids, cooking, washing, and so on. I tried painting china and watching birds, but these did not work. Finally, one evening, I happened to mention to my husband how flat everything seemed, and he said, "Whadja expect, Mardi Gras?" So then I realized I'd probably just had the wrong idea all along, and. . . .

PEG BRACKEN

Judgment Deferred

When I think of the silly things I did
When I was more or less of a kid;
The zany stunts and the crazy parties
That I joined with other wild, foolish smarties;
When I ponder the nutty things I've done
Which I thought, in youth, were a lot of fun;
Now I mull them over and sum the score of them,
I wish I'd done more of them!

BERTON BRALEY

Along the Winter Banquet Circuit

"Thanks, fellers . . . thanks. I sure appreciate you asking me here but first—all I want to say, making speeches isn't my line—it's giving up bases on balls. (Laughter) Well, I guess I did get out of that fourth-inning jam in the sixth game of the Series, and I guess you might be interested to know what happened. I mean there's been a lot written about it, but here's the inside. . . ."

". . . indeed an—ah—honor to address such a distinguished audience on the subject of how we English—ah—feel about you—ah—Americans. Now it is true, as my recent book stated, that you seem to us politically naïve, excessively dominated by your—ah—womenfolk, and immature in your attitude toward education. However, there is another side to the—ah—coin. For instance we greatly—ah—admire. . . ."

"Fellow party members, I suppose you regard this as a victory celebration. Well, it's true that we didn't do too badly in this state last November. (Cheers) Wait a minute, wait a minute, hold on now! Right here I want to make it plain that I regard this not as a victory dinner but a *kickoff dinner*—for the 1960 campaign! We must guard against complacency! If we are to consolidate our gains, there's work to be done, a lot of hard shoulder-to-the-wheel. . . ."

". . . and that's why I consider myself the luckiest den mother in this town! But now we come to what we've all been waiting for—the awards! Will Cub Scout Jimmy Sanders come forward? . . . . Jimmy, for designing and constructing the most efficient fireplace at our fall barbecue, I am proud to. . . ."

PARKE CUMMINGS

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A newfangled notion brings you an old-fashioned soup

How Campbell's brings a grand old favorite up to date for only 12¢ a serving

It's a well-known fact that old-fashioned vegetable with beef soup doesn't take kindly to highfalutin, hurry-up cooking methods. Ordinarily, you'd spend the better part of a day preparing this fragrant, flavorful dish for the family table.

That's how things *used* to be.

Now, thanks to Campbell's, you can serve Old-Fashioned Vegetable with Beef Soup at its slow-simmered best in less time than it takes to cut up the carrots for a home-cooked version. And fresher, more savory soup never came from a farm-kitchen kettle.

No short cuts in the cooking

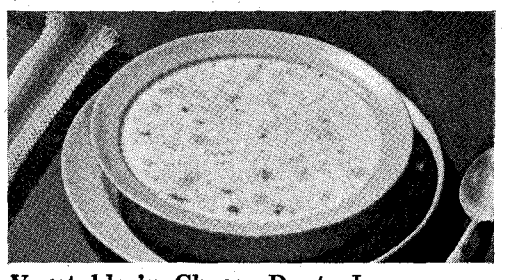
Here is Old-Fashioned Vegetable with Beef Soup cooked as it should be—slowly, unhurriedly. It's made with a meaty soupbone, generous juicy chunks of beef . . . and every garden vegetable you can think of . . . all cut big and simmered in at just the right moment to keep the pieces whole, yet tender.

Now comes the newfangled touch. Even before it cools, Campbell's rushes the soup to the freezer. For freezing is the only way to capture and hold the good, garden-fresh flavor that makes Old-Fashioned Vegetable with Beef Soup the all-time favorite it is.

Old-Fashioned Vegetable with Beef Soup, frozen by Campbell's to bring you all the good garden freshness of this great country-style favorite.

Better eating—Better price

Ordered in a fine country-style restaurant, soup like this would cost far more than Campbell's low price: just 12¢ a serving. For some wonderful eating, pick up a can or two next time you pass your grocer's freezer.



Vegetable 'n Cheese Duet—In saucepan, combine 1 can of Campbell's Frozen Old-Fashioned Vegetable with Beef Soup and 1 soup can of milk. Heat slowly until soup thaws; do not boil. Stir now and then. Add 1 cup shredded sharp cheese. Heat just until cheese melts. Three to four servings.

Green Pea with Ham • Cream of Potato
Clam Chowder (New England Style)
Oyster Stew • Cream of Shrimp

OLD-FASHIONED

VEGETABLE with BEEF SOUP

FROZEN by Campbell's

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YOU GET THE SOLID QUALITY OF BODY BY FISHER.

Pontiac launches a trim traveler . . . able and stable on wide-track wheels

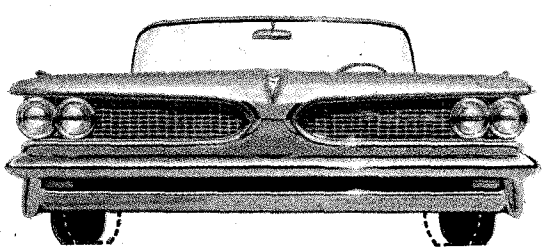
Come aboard a 1959 Pontiac and see why this rakish new automobile has been sailing away with the honors this year.

Wide-Track Wheel design has played no small part and only Pontiac has it. The wheels are five inches farther apart. This widens the stance, not the car. The center of gravity is lower; there's a greater stability. You're more secure and confident at the helm.

Anchored, or in action, she's a trim car. The Wide-Track Wheel design gives her a sleek, slender, harmonious appearance. She's balanced, not top-heavy like conventional "narrow gauge" cars.

She's a much discussed car, respected, admired and owned by a new smart set tuned to a different kind of automobile perspective. These are tasteful Americans fascinated by the clean, fresh lines; spirited men and women inspired by the good solid feeling of this road-hugging beauty.

Wouldn't it do your heart good to start making public appearances in this exciting car? Your Pontiac dealer has several in port, shipshape and ready for you to take on a cruise this week. Give him a call.



Wide-Track Wheels; New Economy Engine, Too!

Wheels are moved out 5 inches for steadier stance, easier handling. New Tempest 420E engine gives V-8 muscle and pep on regular grade gasoline. No other car offers these two automotive advancements!

PONTIAC! America's Number ① Road Car!

3 Totally New Series • Catalina • Star Chief • Bonneville

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION · GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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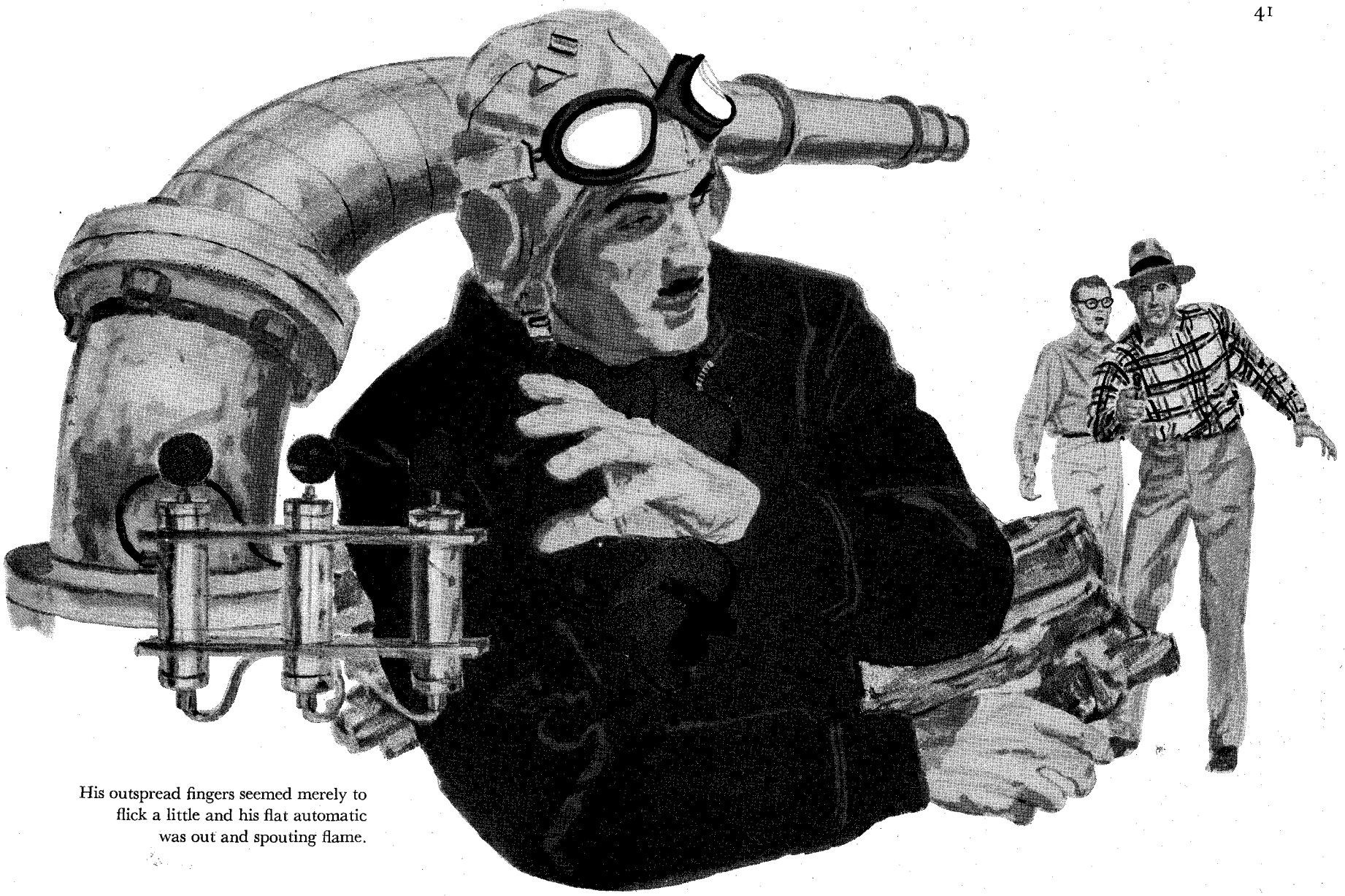

His outspread fingers seemed merely to flick a little and his flat automatic was out and spouting flame.

The Secret of Glacier River

By ROBERT ORMOND CASE

Trickery had failed Foley. There was only one thing he could do now: start shooting.

"Take cover," Ravenhill warned. "Man your rifles but hold your fire."

This was the showdown. The nozzle of Flynn Foley's hydraulic "giant" had started to blast into Doctor Craig's archaeological diggings on the Glacier River. The valuable site would be destroyed, but this did not disturb Foley, whose sole object was the gold beneath it. He had bribed Dud Jessop, the doctor's assistant, to hold off recording the doctor's claim to the land so that Foley could claim it for himself. And he had flown in United States Marshal (Horse) Wiggins to help him oust the doctor and his daughter Carol. Now Foley was going to get his gold.

But Ravenhill—a Yukon bushpilot who had taken up the doctor's cause—surveyed the site and found it was not in Alaska, as Foley's claim supposed, but in Canada, just across the border. A Mountie, Constable Hughson, was on his way to the scene to stop Foley and protect the scientist's rights. The job now was to delay Foley until the Mountie arrived.

Ravenhill put his rifle to his shoulder and fired. The bullet crashed at Foley's feet.

CONCLUSION

Foley's harsh voice crashed through the stillness. "Well? Who fired at us? And why?"

"It was I, Ravenhill."

A profane bellow of rage came from Foley. "Ravenhill! You hear that, Horse? We got this joker wild in the deck again! Just what's on your mind, Ravenhill?"

"Listen closely, Foley," Ravenhill returned. "I've news for you. You others listen too. Particularly Marshal Wiggins." He spoke slowly and distinctly. "I surveyed the international boundary last night. While you were stealing my blankets and grub, Foley. The old maps are wrong. The river's eroded eastward almost one hundred feet since the 1908 survey. This bench lies wholly in Yukon Territory. In Canada. The boundary runs through the point where the giant stands."

The impact of it momentarily silenced Foley. Then a growling interchange began among the Alaskans, interspersed with profane imprecations. Foley and the marshal appeared to be in head-on collision, with Foley growing more furious by the minute. (Continued on Page 71)

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My Husband, Arthur Murray

(Continued from Page 19)

One of my first teachers was Herb Richards, who now runs the Arthur Murray studio in San Francisco. Herb wanted to be a stockbroker, but after the market crash in 1929 there were few openings on Wall Street. He had been the best Charleston dancer at Harvard, so he came to us for a job. He gave lessons to Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.—"darling people," says Herb—and once, with six-foot-three Winthrop Rockefeller, formed a conga line of people who were watching a Fifth Avenue parade, leading them through the lobby of Rockefeller Center and up to the roof, where his parents were giving a party.

One of Herb's pupils was Jessica Ogilvie, of the Ogilvie hair-preparations family, a strong, big-framed woman whom Herb found exceedingly difficult to lead. She could not seem to take a step more than twelve inches long. After trying a tango, Herb knew what was wrong; from bust to knee Miss Ogilvie was encased in a heavy corset. They stumbled through another phonograph recording. Finally Herb wiped his brow and suggested as politely as he could that she go to the ladies' room and remove her corset.

Miss Ogilvie fixed the Harvard boy with an icy stare, spun on her heel and left. Returning, she had the corset neatly wrapped in paper, and from then on lessons proceeded splendidly. If Arthur had been within earshot, however, I don't believe Herb would today be netting $80,000 a year as a branch manager, with franchised studios in England and Australia and on the West Coast.

In those days I didn't share Arthur's business life, as I do now. We lived in Mount Vernon, and I busied myself with the concerns of a suburban housewife. I drove to the market, the P.T.A., Red Cross meetings and bridge parties; I chauffeured my twin daughters, Jane and Phyllis, to swimming and skating lessons; I took lessons in gardening. And every night I fed the twins and waited for Arthur to come home for dinner. As the studio didn't close until ten o'clock, I sometimes waited a long time.

Arthur often held teachers' meetings at ten P.M. He would say, "My train leaves from Grand Central at eleven o'clock, so we'll have to finish by then." Still engrossed at the end of an hour, he would say, "Well, I've missed that train. We'll talk until 11:30." Sometimes the meeting would continue until the last train left—at midnight.

It never occurred to Arthur that some of his teachers lived an hour's bus ride away in Jersey or Long Island. Ethel Fistere lived in South Orange and frequently went home boiling mad because Arthur was so critical of her teaching technique. "But I kept on working for him," she said the other day. "I knew I could learn more about the dance business from Mr. Murray than from anybody else in the field." Ethel now holds an Arthur Murray franchise and owns five studios—four in the Washington, D.C., area and one in Frankfurt, Germany.

There is something about Arthur's dancing, a certain smoothness, grace and style, that I have never seen equaled by another ballroom dancer, although I've watched thousands and danced with hundreds. Even more important, he can analyze dance steps and communicate this knowledge. When we first heard about the *rumba*, Arthur and I sailed to Cuba to study the native dancers. We spent weeks there; then Arthur diagramed the steps for our staff. But he wasn't satisfied with the results—too much hip movement, by far.

In an attempt to solve the problem, we invited a group of dancers from the interior of Cuba to come to the studio and give a demonstration. With his usual sense of publicity, Arthur also invited the newsreel people and the press. An hour before the demonstration was to begin, Arthur feared that none of the guests would show up. After the dance started, he was sorry that they had. The Cuban women wore long skirts slashed open in front and tied at the waist; as they began their sensuous gyrations to the beat of a Cuban band, Arthur saw the reporters' jaws drop. The group was a little too genuine. Under their gaily colored skirts the women wore absolutely nothing.

It was several years later, after we had retired (or so we thought) to Beverly Hills, that Arthur perfected his analysis of *rumba* motion. "Forget about the hips entirely," he told me. "The whole trick is to step weightlessly, as if you were going upstairs." We tried it together and knew we had it; Arthur had reconstructed what the Cubans had done but couldn't explain. Back in New York, lunching at a popular restaurant with student Mary E. Dillon, president of the Brooklyn Borough Gas Company, Arthur couldn't wait to demonstrate his new knowledge. Up and down the crowded restaurant aisle they *rumba*ed, Arthur humming happily and oblivious to the stares of hundreds of lady shoppers.

Another dance that gave us trouble was the cha-cha-cha. At first we taught it by counting out "one-two-cha-cha-cha." This worked in practice, but was impossible to diagram; it looked like five beats to a measure. Arthur retired into his office with the problem and after two hours emerged with a solution. He changed the name of the dance to cha-cha and the count to one-two-three-cha-cha. The two "cha-chas" are said very quickly, making one beat, or a total of four beats to the measure.

Of course, Arthur's talents go further than analyzing dance steps. There were no big dance schools when he opened his New York studio in 1924. He pioneered his own teaching methods, wrote his own advertisements, and through some unique methods of personal publicity made the name Arthur Murray world-famous. Once a letter came to New York with nothing on the envelope but the name of the city and a sketch of a rising sun. The post office wasn't fazed; the sun must mean morning or A.M.—who else but Arthur Murray? But all this was obscurity compared with what happened after we went on television in 1950.

When I am asked how to break into television, I say that the surest way is to marry a sponsor, which is what Arthur was at the start. Of course, I also had as my sponsor a husband who loves to show off what he calls my accomplishments. In the beginning, however, being M.C. on my husband's variety show was no joy ride, for his career was one of the stormiest in TV history. During our first year on the air four directors, five producers and an advertising agency threw in the towel, shouting, "Sponsor interference!"

For our first TV show, a fifteen-minute spot on Monday evenings, I simply left my desk, walked around the corner to the C.B.S. studio on Vanderbilt Avenue and, without a script or any special make-up, picked some man out of the studio audience and gave him a dance lesson. The only good thing that came out of this brief series was an ad lib I made one day signing off: "To put a little fun in your life—try dancing!" Arthur liked it and made it our TV signature.

Then he picked up the tab for time and talent for a half-hour spot Thursday nights on A.B.C. Almost at once our troubles began. Television was in its infancy, and Arthur felt, often rightly, that the industry was riddled with incompetent amateurs. "Sponsor" was a dirty word to TV production men, and the fact that a dancing teacher was willing to pit his showmanship and know-how against theirs was infuriating.

Arthur wanted to create on TV the effortless gaiety of the Saturday-night studio parties we give for students—dancing, games, prizes, contests. But nothing in TV, we discovered, is achieved effortlessly. For our first half-hour show, the A.B.C. network assigned as director an easygoing fellow whose experience lay chiefly in musical comedy. His idea of an Arthur Murray party was a bare stage and plain curtain and me sitting at a desk making announcements. His camera shots included the whole stage, even when a magician was doing tricks that called for close-ups. He was also concerned about showing everyone's feet in the dance numbers.

Most television sets had ten- and twelve-inch screens in those days, so the dancers were the size of performing ants. "Move closer, closer!" Arthur shouted to the cameramen. "Show the dancers' faces! The audience wants to see personalities, not feet!"

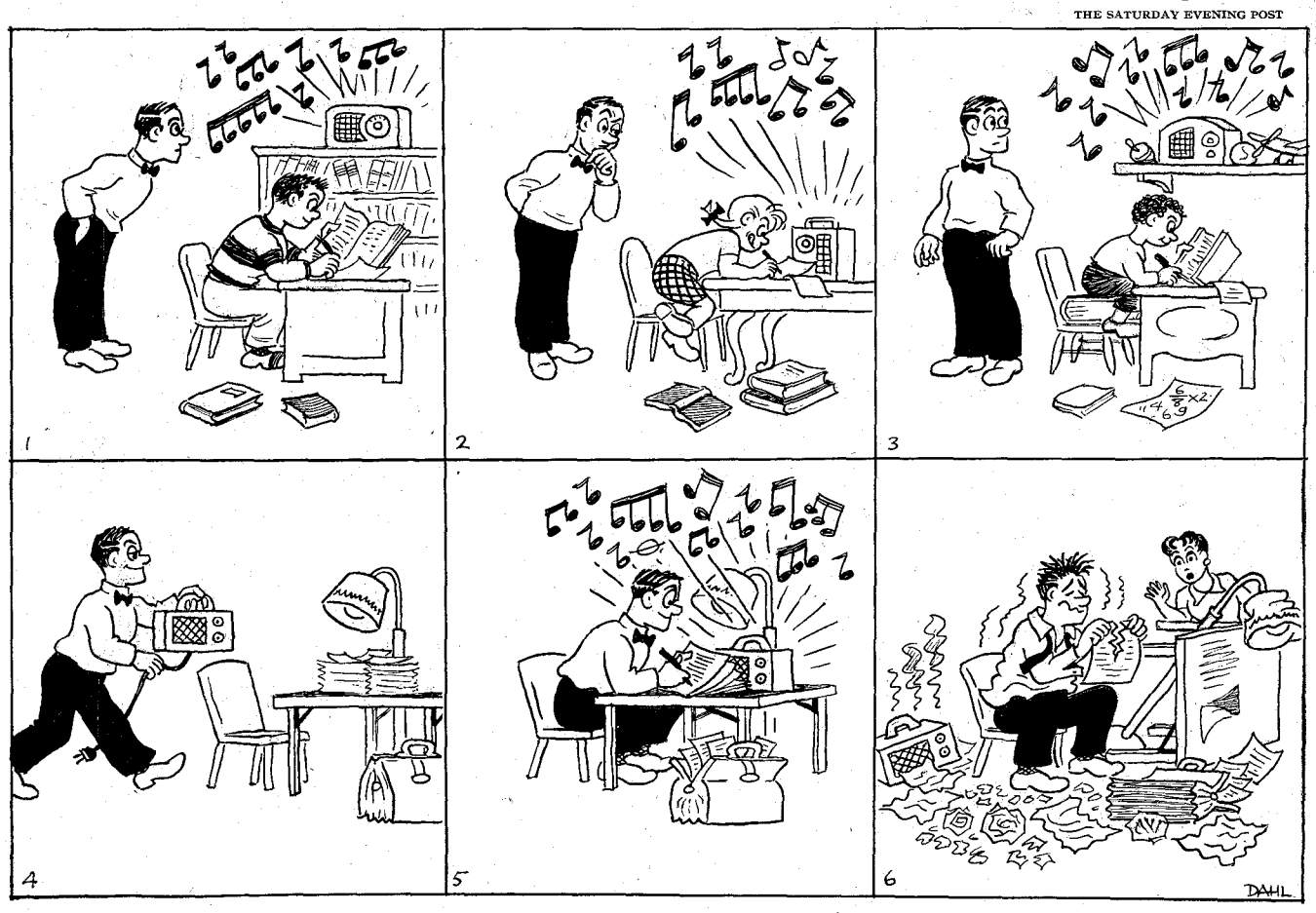
Television lighting was crude then. For our early shows, an electrician would place a few powerful floodlights in the balcony, turn on all the stage lights and then go home, hours before the show began. On the screen my face looked gaunt, with hollows in my cheeks and bags under my eyes. Arthur sought advice from Hal Phyfe, favorite photographer of society women, and studied other TV shows where the lighting was better. He learned that some lights should be placed well behind the performer, with a bright spotlight in front, two feet off the floor, to wash out lines and shadows. It was incredible what a difference good lighting made in my appearance.

Arthur's do-it-yourself tactics sometimes had stage crews tearing their hair. He thought nothing of racing up a ladder to rearrange one rose in a background urn, or adjusting a fold in my dress a moment before the show went on the air. As I turned on a welcoming smile for the cameras, I was usually frantically gesturing Arthur out of the way.

Even today Arthur is inclined to look toward the (*Continued on Page 45*)

THE GREENWOODS **By Dahl**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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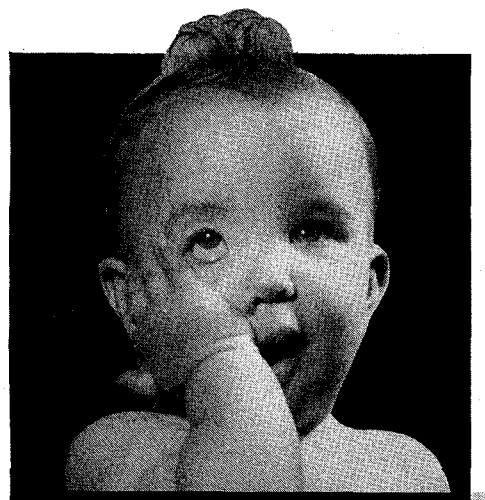
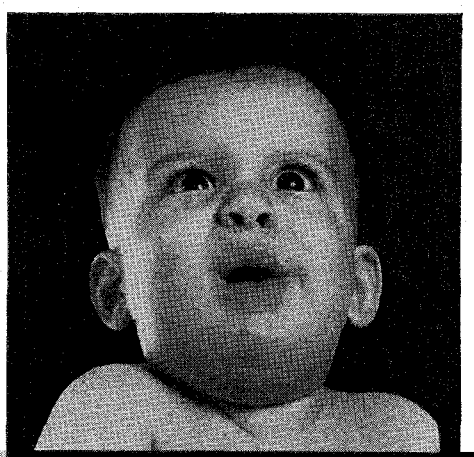
Who is "the most happy fella"

AFTER A LOSS?



"And I have only $10,000 Liability Coverage!"

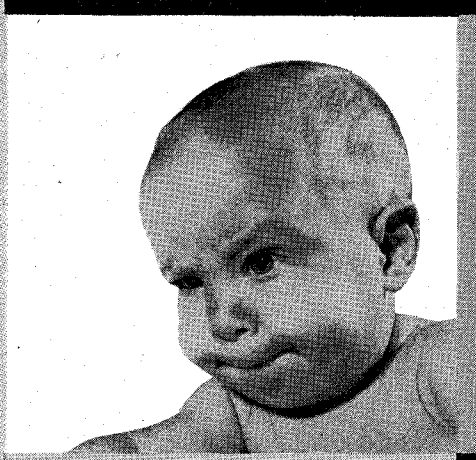
"No one can tell me about insurance!"



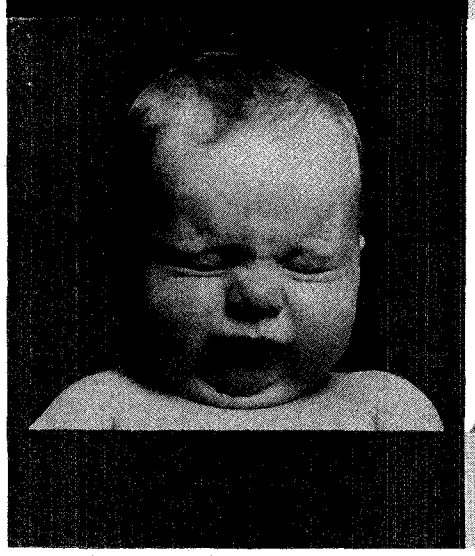
"Cleaned out . . . and no insurance!"

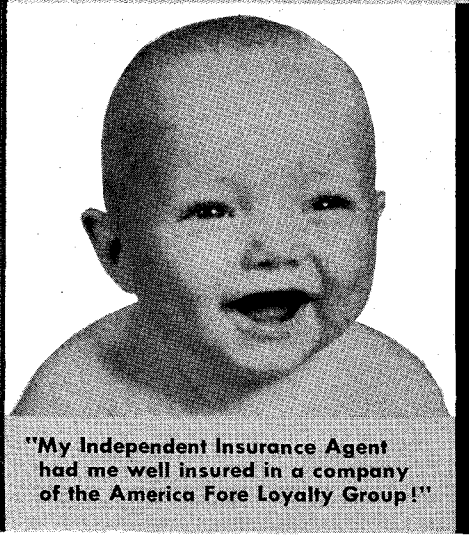
"What do you mean . . . 'under-insured'?"

"Out of operation for six months and no Business Interruption Insurance!"



"After this, I'll buy the best insurance."





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For the name of a nearby America Fore Loyalty Group insurance agent, call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25.

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Photos by Constance Bannister

America Fore Loyalty Group

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*T.M. ASCo.

We put this classroom outdoors to show you how vital school furniture is to learning—and at the same time point out our newest development, the American Seating Individual Study-Center. Here is all that's new in classroom furniture. Beauty and comfort encourage students to be alert, attentive. Functional design promotes good posture, permits ample freedom of action. American Seating furniture for *any* public, private, or parochial school is an investment in quality that costs no more. Isn't this quality worth asking for when *your* children are concerned? For free booklet, *The Facts about School Furniture Today*, write: AMERICAN SEATING CO., GRAND RAPIDS 2, MICH.

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If you had to
spend 15,000 hours*
sitting at a desk
(your children do),
you'd make sure every
school is equipped
with American Seating
fine school furniture.

* Time spent seated by average student, kindergarten through college.

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TEACHERS: See your State Teacher's Magazine for important announcement of free scholarship contest.

AMERICAN ® SEATING

The standard by which all other public seating is measured

(*Continued from Page 42*) effect he wants, turning a blind eye on gritty details. The director must think of costume changes, camera positions and the spacing of station breaks, acts and commercials; all must be planned down to the split second. But when Arthur decides to eliminate a performer or cut down on a song, in his mind these are trivial points to be worked out, perhaps only an hour before showtime.

He met his match, though, when I introduced him to my father. Arthur and I were on our first date—this was in December, 1924—and he had already banked $100,000. My father, who was advertising manager for the old Hudson Observer in Hoboken, New Jersey, asked Arthur what he did. Arthur said he danced. My father remarked, "I do, too, but what do you do for a living?"

Like most people, my father thought of dancing as a silly occupation with no future—until he caught sight of Arthur's car, a $12,000 Rolls-Royce. It was a lovely open phaeton with a little bonnet top in back, which Arthur had bought from movie siren Theda Bara. He soon traded it for a United States-made sedan, after he decided that everyone overcharged a Rolls owner.

Although my husband is now a wealthy man, he still hates to be cheated. With Arthur it isn't the principle, it's the *money*. Over the years, he has been involved in a number of lawsuits over money. He has been sued by stage stars, TV writers, even by his dentist. The dentist sued him for $850; Arthur retaliated by suing for $100,000 for inferior work. This is his favorite sum for lawsuits—"A nice, round figure," he says happily.

He can be extremely generous, and a great penny pincher too. At hotels Arthur always leaves a generous tip for that forgotten woman, the chambermaid; but he insists on knowing what's in a doctor's prescription, because he might get the same formula in a patent medicine at half the price. He can't abide waste. His digestive system may be kicking up, but if he has bought the table d'hôte dinner, he eats every course.

He can't bear to throw away razor blades, and uses a rather expensive device to keep them sharp. One time he met at a party two presidents of competing blade companies, Samuel Stampleman of Gillette and Joseph Mailman of Pal. Arthur told them brightly, "I get thirty shaves from every Pal blade." Mailman turned to Stampleman and remarked sourly, "Such a customer you can have."

When he was well on the way toward his second million, Arthur found undershorts on sale in a cigar store for nineteen cents a pair. He bought several dozen, only to find that the Sherry-Netherland, where we were staying, charged twenty-five cents a pair for laundering. So he wore each pair only once and threw it away. When collars and cuffs on his custom-made shirts get ragged, he has new ones sewn on; once he couldn't get a match for his blue and pink shirts, so he had white collars and cuffs sewn on and said that he was launching a new style.

Chuck Harris, who has been with our studio for thirty-two years, once impressed Arthur by working very hard during a week of emergency. As a special reward, Arthur told Chuck that he could have his pay check on Friday that week instead of Saturday. That's my Arthur, the same man who gives 50 per cent of his income to charity. Since 1952 he has given more than 2000 TV sets to hospitals for the use of patients with chronic diseases, and he has paid heavy medical bills for a great many employees.

Arthur's looks are deceptive; he appears to be a mild man. His olive skin, usually deeply tanned, is smooth and unlined, and except for his loss of hair he looks exactly as he did when I first met him. He has always weighed the same, 150, and his posture is so good that he seems taller than his actual height—five feet nine. His smile, I think, is charming. He stuttered when he was courting me, but that passed. Now he speaks in a soft, hesitant voice—his secretary says he summons her by clearing his throat. But when he looks at you it seems as if he were reading your innermost thoughts.

When I first met Arthur he was teaching dance lessons by mail. He had rented a loft at 67th Street and Madison Avenue and employed thirty girls to open his mail and shake out the one-, five- and ten-dollar bills. His brother Dave, an attorney, supervised the office. Arthur usually checked in about noon, wearing riding clothes, and stayed an hour; he spent the afternoon on horseback in Central Park.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Perspective

By Jean Carpenter Mergard

With four-year footsteps
plowing deep,
She struggles up the snowy
steep,
Tugging a twice-sized sled
behind.
Though in one whizzing
swoop she'll find
Herself downhill, just as
before,
She'll struggle up the slope
once more;
For children work with
nerves unfraying,
As long as they're convinced
they're playing.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

During one of those noontime working hours, Arthur must have felt that all should be equal, because he suddenly offered a gift of riding lessons to his staff of file clerks and mail addressers, most of whom had never been within a mile of a riding horse.

Some arrived for lessons in overalls, while others wore black velvet jockey caps. The first lesson was a deep-seated success—the girls stood on their feet the next day to open the mail. During the second lesson, one of them fell from her horse. The next day the girl sued Arthur for her downfall. Thus ended the philanthropic riding lessons.

Arthur doesn't ride any more, but he still spends the morning at home. Our 450 branches send voluminous weekly reports; these he reads with passionate concern while he putters around fixing his own breakfast. He eats it in installments, beginning with custard or rice pudding, which I bake myself, followed by a dish of cottage cheese with honey. A bit later he may stir up a coffee-flavored milk shake. He's generally through breakfast by 11:30 and does not eat another sit-down, regular meal until eight or nine P.M. Until recently he kept cake and candies stowed in various desk drawers and nibbled them all afternoon. In his childhood, poverty denied him the sweets he craved.

His office at our 43rd Street studio is a very small room, paneled in redwood. Most of the space is taken by upholstered chairs for relaxing and a coral leather couch. Presiding over staff meetings,

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Arthur is sometimes stretched out full length like a Roman emperor. He thinks best when lying down with eyes closed. He suffers from insomnia, but he doesn't mind it, as some of his best ideas have come when he's awake at night.

When we first met, I thought Arthur was sophisticated and exciting, but too old for me. I was a giddy, flapperish eighteen; Arthur was a bachelor of twenty-nine. My family, the Kohnfelders, were what you might call middle middle class, I guess; we lived on two floors of a big two-family house in Jersey City, but we had a maid, or mother's helper. My father, Abraham Lincoln Kohnfelder, earned a good salary as a newspaperman and was adept at making money on the side in real estate.

We lived on Booraem Avenue in Jersey City. It was a pleasant street, with lots of big trees, and most of our neighbors were German or Irish. Our dining room had a green glass dome hanging over the table, and the living room had an oriental rug, a settee upholstered in green silk—of which my mother was very proud—and a player piano in an alcove. What fun we had around that piano! My father had once spent six months in vaudeville, flourishing a straw hat and cane; he was a natural buck-and-winger and knew the words to hundreds of songs. He was gay and charming, and I adored him.

My mother, Lenore, still a very pretty woman, was strikingly good-looking in those days, with auburn hair, white skin and china-blue eyes. Mother was very devoted to my handsome elder brother Norman, who is quick and amusing. I must have been hard to love; I was very homely, and for the first five years of my life suffered from eczema. Our mother's helper, Helen Edelbach, who now takes care of my grandchildren, says that I used to lie in my crib and scratch my face and arms and legs until the skin bled. Doctors found that milk disagreed with me, and I was put on a diet of barley and lime-water. I guess that's why I'm only five feet one; my bones just never had a chance to grow much.

By the time I started school, however, my skin had cleared up. School was a snap, and I skipped two grades, entering high school at eleven. There I discovered that only squares got high marks, so I let my work slip, sassed the teacher and tried to ape the glamour girls of the school. I was a skinny little runt with no looks to recommend me, but I concentrated on being peppy and gay and thus never lacked for friends.

By the time I was fifteen I had droves of beaux, including some of my brother Norman's classmates at Columbia. I had the perfect flapper figure and saved and saved for my heart's desire, a Bramley. This was a short pleated skirt with a long overblouse and a belt that hit my hips. With it, I wore striped barber-pole stockings and unbuckled galoshes, a costume that stopped traffic.

After my graduation from Dickinson High School in Jersey City, I landed my first real job: summertime file clerk in a telephone company on Wall Street. I earned fifteen dollars a week, out of which I was supposed to pay for my own lunches, clothes and transportation, and contribute five dollars a week toward my board. The money was not needed at home, but my mother wanted me to acquire a sense of responsibility. I learned a valuable lesson when I splurged ten dollars of my first pay check on a hat I couldn't resist. It was a turban of sapphire-blue velvet, suitable for a matron of fifty-five. I never found the occasion to wear it and had to borrow lunch and carfare money from my brother. It took me forever to pay him back.

My parents thought I should be a schoolteacher, and I went along with the idea, provided I could attend Cornell, where I had heard that boys outnumbered girls by ten to one. I was graduated from high school at fifteen, which my parents considered far too young to leave home for college. So we compromised; in the spring of 1922 I entered State Normal School in Newark, New Jersey.

Two years later, when I started practice teaching, I was assigned to a so-called "continuation" class of behavior problems and roughnecks. They were all a lot bigger than I was and scared me to pieces. To keep them quiet, I gave them compositions to write, like, What I Would Do With a Hundred Dollars. They loved that one. Then I asked them to do A Description of My Teacher. One boy wrote, "We have a substitute teacher today. She isn't very good-looking, but at least her chest sticks out further than her chin."

One of my friends at Normal School was a girl named Peggy Muller, who was going with a boy who was director of radio station WOR in Newark. A popular jazz band, named The Californians, was playing on WOR, and Peggy and I decided to go to the studio to see their program. On our way over in a bus Peggy remarked, "By the way, you'll meet Arthur Murray tonight."

"Who's he?" I asked.

"Haven't you seen those big dancing ads in the magazines and newspapers?"

"Oh," I replied, "you mean the man with the footprints. He's real?"

Peggy and I sat in the studio and listened to The Californians play that lovely tune, The Man I Love. Presently a thin young man came out and spoke hesitantly into the microphone. "This is Arthur Murray," he said. He spelled it out, letter by letter. With his stutter, that took a long time. Then he did an exhibition dance step, describing it into the microphone for the benefit of the radio audience. I was fascinated by the way he moved.

After the dance lesson he came over to be introduced. I was wearing a dress which a loving neighbor had run up on her sewing machine from a remnant of green duvetyn. It was cut Russian-tunic style and hugged every inch of me, right up to my chin.

When Arthur invited me to dance, I sprang to my feet and threw open my arms, whereupon the skintight dress unsnapped in front completely. I hurriedly snapped myself together and again held out my arms—cautiously. As we danced, I waited for the compliment I'd had so often—"Wow! Are you good!" But Arthur merely asked me, with a pained expression, to please remove my hand from his back and put it on his shoulder.

At the end of the dance I said brightly, "Now I can tell my grandchildren I danced with Arthur Murray." Arthur now claims he thought at the time, but was too shy to say, "You mean *our* grandchildren."

The following week Arthur phoned me for a Tuesday-night date. At eighteen, I was not allowed to have midweek dates, but having given Arthur the impression that I was twenty, I was too embarrassed to tell him the house rules. So I pretended I had another date, and he hung up. After a couple of days he phoned back to make a Friday-night date, and I accepted.

But during that week I developed an ingrown toenail which became so painful I could hardly walk; so I phoned and said I was sick. I could tell by his voice that Arthur was annoyed by this second brush-off. Besides, he had decided that Jersey City was too far from New York, where he lived, for dating purposes.

When a week of silence passed, I swallowed my pride and wrote Arthur a penitent little note, explaining truthfully about the toe and saying that I certainly hoped to see him again. He phoned at once and invited me to a Broadway show. But he expected me to meet him in New York, and I knew my parents would never allow me to go into the city alone to meet this celebrity. Several of the neighbors had told my mother they were sure he was married.

I accepted the invitation with great enthusiasm and then, speaking very quickly so he couldn't interrupt, gave him directions for getting to Booraem Avenue in Jersey City. There was a pause at the other end of the line, and I had the feeling that Arthur was going to develop a cold. But he finally agreed to call for me.

At six o'clock on a January evening of 1925, Arthur drew up to our house in his open Rolls-Royce, imposing if chilly. He greeted me with a slightly amused expression. Mother was wearing one of her best dresses and looked very pretty. Dad generously offered Mr. Murray a glass of gin from a crock in the basement, this being during prohibition. Arthur detests alcohol, but to be sociable he took a sip; then he made a wry face and asked for sugar.

Dad hurried me out to the kitchen. "It's O.K., baby. Anybody who puts sugar in a drink is safe to go out with."

Arthur took me to dinner at the Hotel Vanderbilt on Park Avenue, then popular with members of the Southern aristocracy. He told me that he had lived in Asheville and Atlanta almost ten years. I noticed a lot of pretty young girls were bowing and smiling at him from all sides of the dining room.

I can't remember what we ate. Arthur started to tell me about the dancing business, and the more he talked the more fascinated I became. He went on and on. We missed the opening curtain. He talked. We missed the entire play, for which he had tickets in his vest pocket. I listened to him for four hours, and I hardly said ten words. As he reached for the check, Arthur remarked, "We have such a good time talking we should get married."

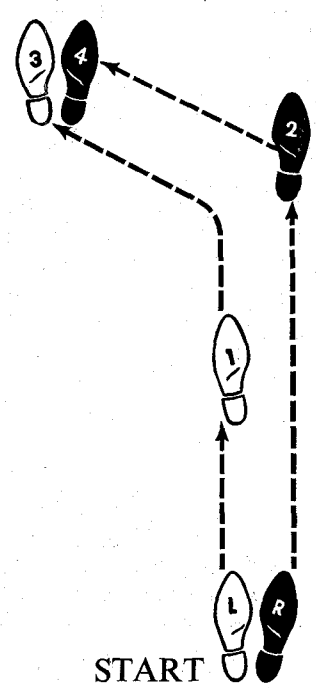
Next week Kathryn discloses why, at the end of the honeymoon, she and Arthur decided their marriage was a mistake.—The Editors

Arthur Murray's Dancing Lesson:

THE FOX TROT

THE MAGIC STEP. . . It is the rhythm of this step that works like magic! Once you master it, you can use exactly the same count in over thirty different ways.

Practice dancing the Magic Step with its 2 slow and 2 quick counts and you will find it easy to learn a wide variety of Fox Trot patterns. You will very soon be able to make up your own combinations, based on this useful, popular step.



MAN'S PART

Start with heels together.

1. *Walk forward with left foot.* (*slow*)
2. *Walk forward with right foot.* (*slow*)
3. *Step to left side with left foot.* (*quick*)
4. *Draw right foot up to left, weight on right.* (*quick*)

Note that the first two steps are done slowly; the last two are taken quickly. The rhythm is slow-slow-quick-quick.

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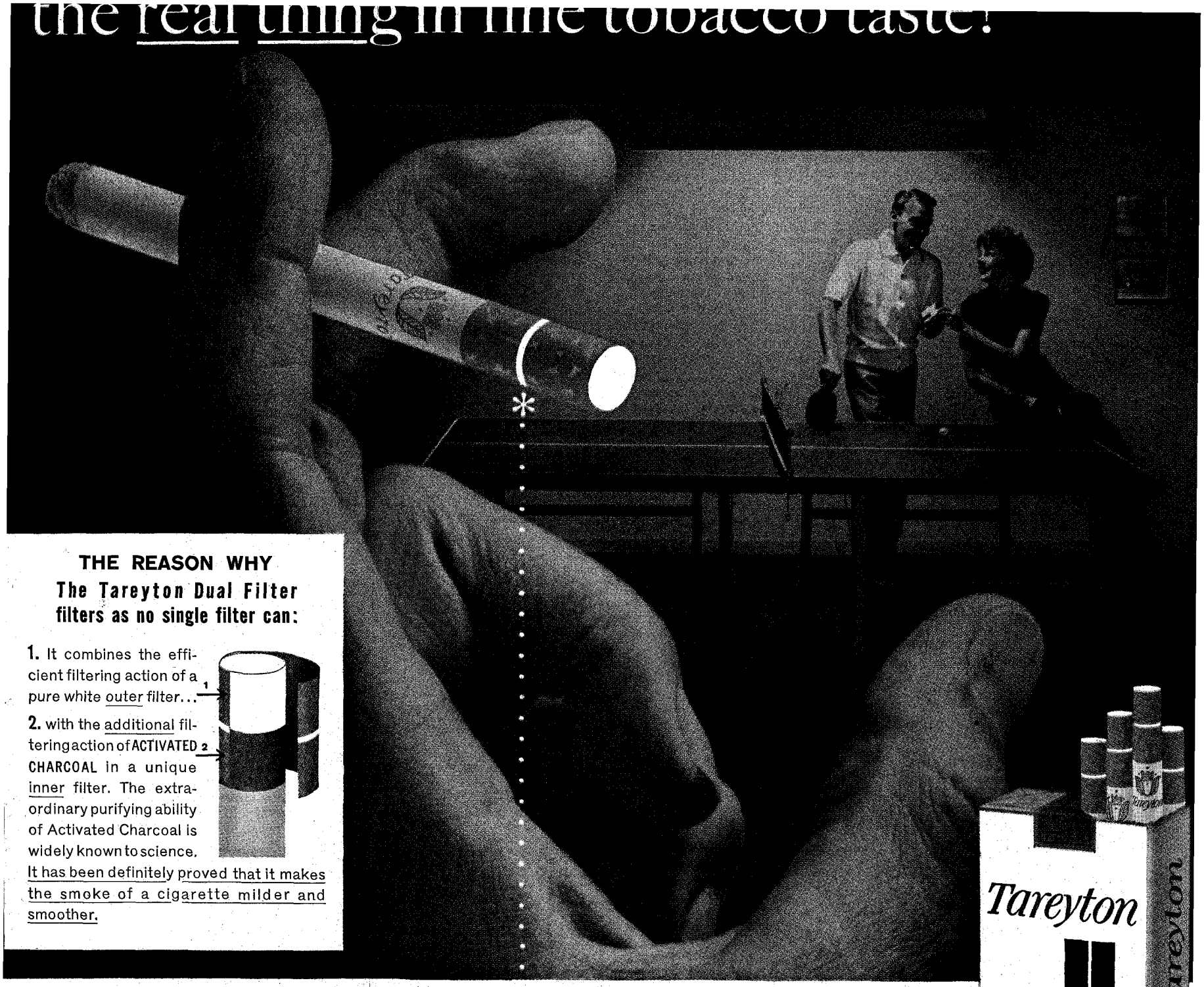
the real thing in fine tobacco taste!



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The Tareyton Dual Filter filters as no single filter can:

1. It combines the efficient filtering action of a pure white outer filter...

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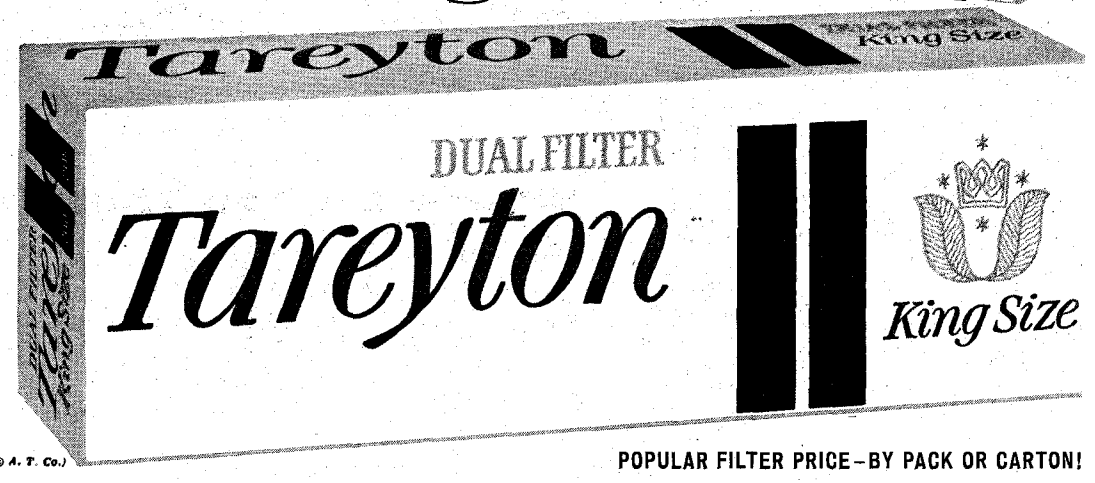
The Tareyton ring* marks the real thing!

Tareyton's *Dual* Filter gives more than just high filtration. It brings out the best in fine tobacco taste—*as no single filter can!* Pick up a carton today—you'll see!



NEW DUAL FILTER

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POPULAR FILTER PRICE—BY PACK OR CARTON!

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Romance in the Rough

(Continued from Page 31)

"We are here this morning," the general said, "to make a final offer. We do not intend to be held up, Miss ——"

The peace of the country setting was shattered suddenly by the sound of breaking window glass from the rear of the house. Miss Cowan, with a ballerina leap, whirled and disappeared. She returned a moment later clutching a white, dimpled round object in one hand and hurled it over the heads of the delegation. The golf ball bounced off the roof of the general's car and vanished in the weeds beyond the road.

"That's what I think of your offer," Miss Cowan said. "You're the biggest men in this town and I'm a helpless girl, but I'll fight you to the death. I won't sell for a million dollars."

The cottage quivered under the impact of the slammed door. A loose shingle slid off the roof and narrowly missed Mr. Ackroyd, chairman of the board of the Second National Bank.

"Routed," said Mr. Pope, of Pope, Tuttle and Pope. "It reminds me of the retreat from Caporetto. Annihilated by a girl who doesn't weigh one hundred and ten pounds soaking wet."

The delegation retreated in confusion to the automobile, and the general made the tires scream as he ascended the hill toward the country club.

"Since I became president of this club," General Paxton said heavily, "I have had but one objective in mind; to make the Oakhurst country club the finest golf layout in these parts. That property is essential to our plan. We have the money, we have the architect's sketches. And what is stopping us? A termite-ridden slum of a caretaker's cottage that would collapse in a high wind. What we need is a good fire."

His companions brooded lovingly over the thought of flames soaring skyward, and finally Doctor Shipstead, head of the hospital, broke the silence.

"No offense, general," he said, "but your battle tactics were lousy."

The general reddened. "If I have left a stone unturned ——"

"You failed to take into account the nature of the enemy," Doctor Shipstead said. "We are confronted with an unmarried young female. Why should she be overwhelmed by our position in society, our money? I am fifty-three. I believe the rest of you are my seniors."

"Get to the point, if any," Mr. Pope said. "Sure, we tried to steal the property. That was business, we expected to dicker. She won't dicker. We've bullied her, threatened her ——"

"You fail to see my point," said the medico. "If all of your arteries are not completely hardened, gentlemen, let me ask you how best to approach a young woman. With a group of elderly baldheaded codgers, or with an attractive, virile young male ——"

The doctor ceased speaking. The car had pulled into the parking area and as it halted, a young man came into view on the ninth green. Lean and hipless, with a crew cut and an amiable air of concentration, he approached his four-foot putt, studied his line, then tapped the ball briskly into the cup, whereupon he proceeded to pause with satisfaction and fill and light a pipe.

The general consulted his colleagues with a look, then thrust his head out the car window.

"Tanner," he bellowed, "come here."

The young man approached, trailing a hand cart of golf clubs.

"I had a thirty-eight going out," he said, grinning. "If I don't collapse on the back nine ——"

"We need you inside at a special directors' meeting," the general said.

"But I have a thirty-eight," Tanner said piteously. "A lot of yak-yak throws me off my game. You understand ——"

"Come along, Tanner," said the general, and with a final wistful look toward the tenth tee, the young man accompanied them.

An hour later Tanner was on the fourteenth tee, chewing nervously on his pipe. Directly ahead of him across a flat area of 140 yards was the green. Stretching along his right was a sagging fence, and beyond it a yard and small cottage. In the yard Miss Cowan was working at a flower bed.

Tanner put a ball on the tee. Deliberately, but wincing as he did so, he opened the club face and proceeded to shank the ball. Spinning off to the right, it cleared the fence and vanished in a maze of bright-colored flowers. A moment later Tanner leaned over the fence.

"May I look for my ball?" he said.

"I hope you don't find it," Miss Cowan said without turning her head. "Trample a single flower and I'll call a cop."

Tanner vaulted the fence, found his ball almost immediately, and slipped it into a pocket. Uneasily, he walked toward the girl.

How, Tanner asked himself, did you go about charming a girl out of a house and two acres of land? This was not his line. Aircraft design was his line five days a week, and golf on weekends. He was about to retreat when he thought of the architect's drawings in the club offices. Done lovingly and in color, the sketches presented the fourteenth and fifteenth holes as they would appear if the club secured Miss Cowan's property.

The vision gave Tanner strength and he walked around to face the girl. "I hear the brass tried to high-pressure you this morning," he said.

She gave him a look. Not a bad-looking girl, Tanner thought, except for the smudge of dirt across her nose. Not bad even with the smudge. He'd expected a snaggle-toothed hag crouching on a broomstick.

She waved a trowel at him. "They thought because I'm a helpless girl, they could push me around. They can't. And I'll tell you something else, buster. I saw you pick up that golf ball, so stop pretending to look for it. And I won't listen to another offer."

Tanner grinned at her and felt a little like a cad. "To tell the truth," he said, "I intentionally hit the ball in here. I wanted to meet the girl who, unaided and alone, stood up to the directors of the club. A pretty formidable bunch. I was hoping you'd be free to have dinner with me tonight. My first name is Bill, not buster."

Miss Cowan gave him an unfavorably critical stare and shook her head. "It would be a waste of time. We're incompatible."

"How do you know?" Tanner said mildly. "During dinner we could find out ——"

"You're a golfer," Miss Cowan said. "My father was a golfer. Our house was cluttered up with cups and trophies, and there were holes in the living-room rug and marks on the ceiling because my father practiced his swing during the long winter evenings. We never went on a picnic in the summer, we never went to the zoo, we just sat around waiting for my father to come reeling home from the country club too bushed to talk to his wife and children. That's why I hate golf and golfers. Furthermore, I am employed as an assistant to Mr. Bridgewater, the director of the Kingsley Art Museum, and my interests are in the arts and humanities, and not in sports which I consider childish. As a final word, I am attending a lecture at the museum tonight. Goodby."

Bill Tanner took a long breath. He felt a hundred per cent better. Up until her speech, he had felt a certain sense of shame, of guilt. He no longer felt even remotely that way. He now felt that he was engaged on a crusade. He was up against an obstinate, disagreeable female who deserved no sympathy. This job, he decided, was going to be a pleasure.

He gave her the smile of charm. "May I say one thing, Miss Cowan? If you love the arts and humanities, you should also believe in tolerance. And you should be eager to spread the word and attract converts to your cause. I would be happy to accompany you to the lecture tonight, Miss Cowan."

She looked at him thoughtfully. "Perhaps you have a point," she said. "Very well. The lecture is at eight."

"I will call for you at six," said Tanner, and climbed back over the fence. He shot a forty-four coming in, but his mind was not entirely on his game.

Coming out of the locker-room shower, he encountered the general.

"Have you made any plans?" the general said. "If I can help arrange a meeting between you and Miss Cowan ——"

"Relax, general," Tanner said. "We have a date tonight."

The general beamed, and at six that night Tanner called for Miss Cowan. While waiting for her he tapped the walls of her living room, examined sills and flooring, and concluded that the cottage was, indeed, a pile of junk, and the sooner demolished, the better.

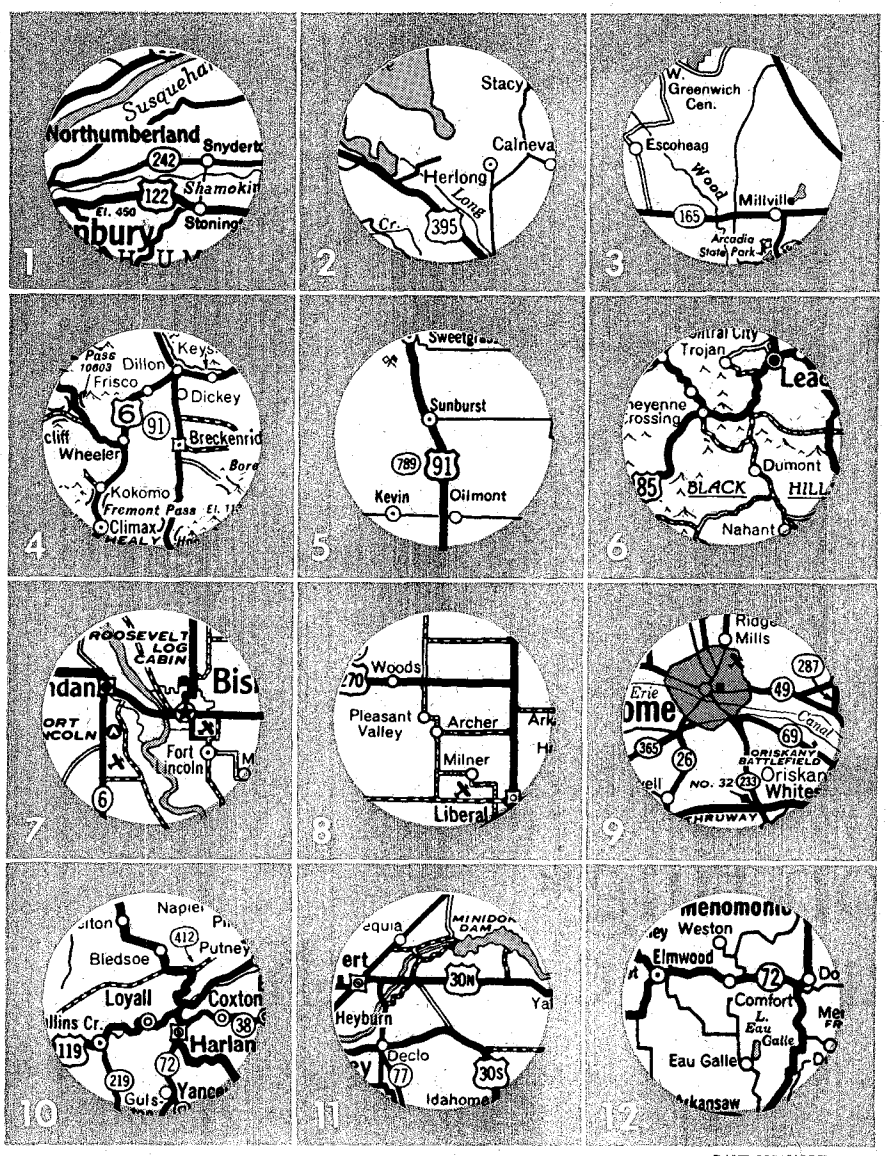
Miss Cowan joined him then, and he drove her up the hill to the country club. She stared at him with astonishment.

"I thought you might find it amusing," Tanner said, "to have dinner in the heart of the enemy camp, Miss Cowan. Sort of like Robert E. Lee eating at the White House during the Battle of Gettysburg."

"It might be fun, at that," Miss Cowan said. "I'm amazed to learn that a golfer can possess a sense of humor. If they can, why do they continue to hit that silly little ball?"

There was a lot Miss Cowan did not know, Tanner thought darkly, but she would learn when she found herself in an apartment in town and her house was demolished.

He led her into the lounge where Tanner learned that the cottage had originally been a caretaker's home on an estate. Her uncle had been the caretaker, the cottage and two acres had been willed to him, and had gone to Miss Cowan on the death of her uncle. (Continued on Page 50)



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Harley P. Cook

(*Answers on Page 51*)

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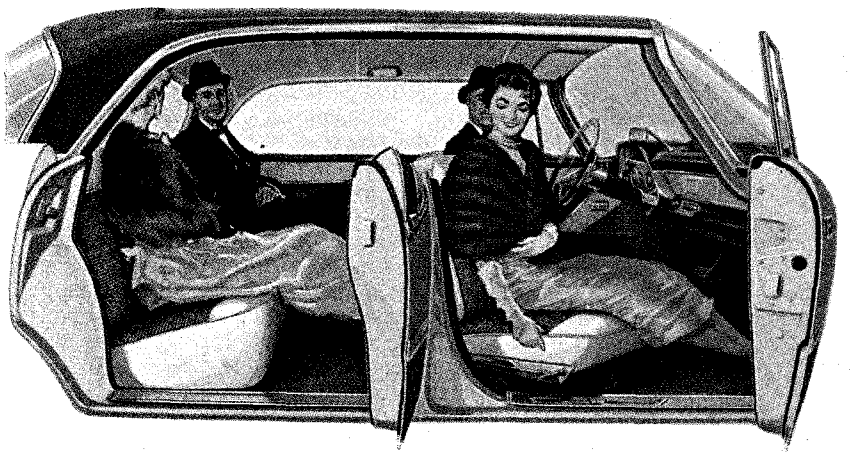

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(*Continued from Page 48*) "I was living in a little apartment in town," Miss Cowan said. "It was dreadful and dark and I do love the outdoors, so even though the house isn't much and I can't afford repairs, it suits my needs."

Tanner turned the talk toward the arts and then finally led her toward the buffet table. She might be dedicated to the arts, he thought, but the way she filled her plate with lobster Newburg and salad, she acted like a golfer who had just finished eighteen holes.

They took a table for two, and all around them Tanner could see the watching eyes.

"This is rather exciting," Miss Cowan said. "And the lobster is delicious, although when I see the general watching me, I keep suspecting it's poisoned. And your club is lovely."

"It lacks something, though," Tanner said. "An idea just occurred to me, Miss Cowan. You were saying awhile ago that you are interested in the work of unknown struggling artists. I believe you mentioned a sidewalk show sponsored by the museum ——"

"Yes," said Miss Cowan. "It's always a problem of space. We have occasional shows at the museum, but the space problem remains ——"

"My point exactly," Tanner said. "You see these bare walls in the dining room. The lounges are the same. We probably have room for thirty or forty pictures here. My idea is that some competent critic like yourself could select certain pictures and we could hang them in the club, changing them at intervals. The artists would have an opportunity to have their work on view, and occasionally, no doubt, some club member would buy a painting that appealed to him. It might be a sort of marriage between the art world and the sporting world. What do you think?"

There were candles on the table that imparted a luminous glow to Miss Cowan's eyes.

"What do I think?" she said. "If the general and everyone else weren't staring at us, I would kiss you."

Tanner was conscious of a strange emotion which began in the pit of his stomach and spread outward in all directions. He attributed it to the lobster, finished his dinner and took Miss Cowan to the museum.

After the lecture, they went out for coffee with a group of people and Miss Cowan broke the news that the country club might soon function as an art gallery. Tanner, who in this vocal group had been sitting to one side as silent as a statue in stone, found himself a lion suddenly.

They broke up at midnight, and Tanner took Miss Cowan to her cottage door.

"It was a wonderful evening," she said, "and please stop calling me Miss Cowan, Bill. My name is Ann. Thank you so much."

She held out her hand. It was soft but firm in his, and Tanner said, "Earlier in the evening, Miss Cowan — Ann — you mentioned something you would do if the general weren't watching. The general is nowhere in sight, Ann."

Her eyes twinkled. She stood on tiptoe, kissed him on the mouth, and then the cottage door opened and closed behind her. Tanner stood on the doorstep for a long moment before walking off.

He drove to his apartment in town, heard the phone ringing as he turned the key in the lock, and answered it to hear the general.

"Been calling for hours," the general said. "Any luck?"

"She's eating out of my hand," Tanner said. "We're going to turn the joint into an art gallery." Briefly, he outlined his plan.

"I have some enlarged photographs of Saint Andrews," the general said. "It was my hope — but unquestionably you're right. In fact, a master stroke. That young lady is now obligated to the club. When will you strike?"

"I don't want to rush things," Tanner said.

"The directors will leave everything in your hands," the general assured him hoarsely. The general felt awed and reverent in the presence of genius.

There was an article on the subject in the evening paper the next day, and Ann telephoned Tanner that night to ask him if he would care to meet with her and Mr. Bridgewater at the museum. Tanner did so, escorted Ann home, and kissed her with no reference to the general.

Over the weekend the pictures were hung. Tanner gave up his golf game to deliver and carry pictures, to hold the stepladder for Ann. The publicity brought out the largest country-club Saturday-night dinner crowd in years and afterward when Ann had gone to get her wrap, Tanner sought out the general.

"I hear raindrops," Tanner said dreamily. "Even the weather is on our side. If all goes well, general, tomorrow you can tell the architect to put out bids for tearing down the cottage."

Tanner and Ann left the club, made a dash from the car through the rain to the cottage, and went inside to find water still a hazard.

"I have to put pots and pans around," Ann said. "I was thinking of applying to the bank. Don't they have some kind of home-modernization loans? Museums don't pay big salaries, you know."

"No bank would loan you a dime," Tanner said. "Not on this place. I've spent a lot of time thinking about your problem, Ann. I don't like your being here alone. It's out in the country with no lights or neighbors, and it isn't safe."

"I suppose I should sell out," Ann said. "The general made me so furious. He was so highhanded."

"Well, you've punished them," Tanner said. "Now I think you ought to accept a reasonable offer. If it's distasteful to you I could represent you. I'd see you got a fair shake."

"I'm sure you would," Ann said. "You've been sweet. But I can't understand why my land is so important."

"I'll tell you," Tanner said. The vision of the architect's drawings filled his mind and he sprang to his feet. "We'd get a new course rating from the U. S. G. A. We have two bad holes, the fourteenth and fifteenth. Dull as dishwater. We'd put the fourteenth green right here, right under this floor. It would add yardage, and the way the ground slopes, and the trees surround your house, it would make a beauty of a three-par hole. Clear out those hollyhocks in back and make a sand trap there. That would take care of the fourteenth. Then we'd put the fifteenth tee over beyond those windows. You've got something there, iris or some darn thing. Clear out that junk and that would give us a dog-leg for the fifteenth, shoot around the corner, make it a dandy four par ——"

He broke off. Ann was staring at him. "I guess I got carried away," Tanner said.

"I guess we both did," Ann said. "It was all you ever wanted, wasn't it, to charm me out of this place? Oh, they're so smart. I fought them and I thought they gave up, but I should have known the general never retreats. Not the general; he'd find some good-looking young smoothie to send around on his lackey's errand ——"

"We've had fun," Tanner said. "We've had good times ——"

"Get out!" said Ann. She ran to the door, in her haste kicking over a pan into which water dripped, flinging open the door. "I hate you. And golf and all golfers."

"And I'll tell you something," Tanner said. "I feel sorry for your father. I think he was a poor goof who knocked himself out five days a week to support his wife and daughter, and when he tried to get a little relaxation on a weekend, they resented it. Where he made his big mistake was in getting married. If he'd just kept walking on the golf course instead of walking to the altar he'd have stayed a happy man."

Tanner flung himself out into the rain and drove to the club. He stormed in the front door and bumped into the general.

"You're back early," the general said. "The deal is set?"

"The deal is off," Tanner snarled. "And let me tell you something, general. From now on all I do here is play golf and pay my dues. Put it on the bulletin board and never forget it."

On Monday afternoon the club held a special emergency meeting.

"Young men," said the general to his fellow directors, "are impulsive. That was Tanner's trouble. He conceived a fine plan of action, but in the end his impulsiveness led him to fail. I should have stepped in, the time had come for a guiding hand to take over, for older and wiser heads to assume control ——"

Mr. Pope, of Pope, Tuttle and Pope, said, "If you have anything definite in mind, general, I'd appreciate hearing it. I'm due in court in twenty minutes ——"

"I have indeed," said the general. "It's always best to deal with people at the top. Where Tanner made his mistake was in dealing with Miss Cowan at the finish. He should have approached Miss Cowan's employer, Mr. Bridgewater. I have not met Mr. Bridgewater, but he is undoubtedly keenly interested in making our art exhibit here a permanent thing. Also, I am informed that art museums are chronically in need of funds. I intend to point out to Mr. Bridgewater that most of the people in this town who might be financially generous to the museum are members of this club. Does Mr. Bridgewater want to bite the hand that feeds, or does he want to make a pertinent suggestion to a willful, expendable young female employee? I am confident that success is just around the corner and I only await your approval before proceeding directly to a meeting with Mr. Bridgewater."

The approval being unanimous with no discussion, the meeting adjourned, and smiling gently, the general telephoned the art museum.

"Mr. Bridgewater," he said, "this is General Paxton. There is a trifling matter I would like to discuss ——"

"I'm afraid it's no use, general," Mr. Bridgewater said. "I have a young man in my office at the present time who said you would call me. He informed me of what you might say and of what you might, ever so politely, threaten. Much as I appreciate the country club's patronage of the arts, I cannot allow any conditions to be imposed on my employees——"

"Is Bill Tanner in your office?" the general thundered. "Put him on the phone."

It was Pearl Harbor over again, the general muttered feverishly. He heard Tanner's voice. "Just answer me one question, Tanner," the general shouted. "Why the stab in the back?"

"Because she's one against the world," Tanner said. "Because while she is the most wrong-headed girl who ever drew breath, she is fighting for her convictions."

"So am I," shouted the general. "Does that excuse your turning yourself into a Benedict Arnold ——"

He heard the phone click at the other end. The general sat there for a long time. Then, sighing to himself, he got up, went over to the wall, and looked at the drawings for the proposed new fourteenth and fifteenth holes. With a final, muted groan, the general took down the drawings and locked them in the office safe.

He strode out into the hall, where a large picture occupied a prominent space. A small tag in the lower corner announced the price as $300. The painting was an abstract work of violent, flowing color.

"I wouldn't be caught dead with it," declared the general and headed for the pro shop.

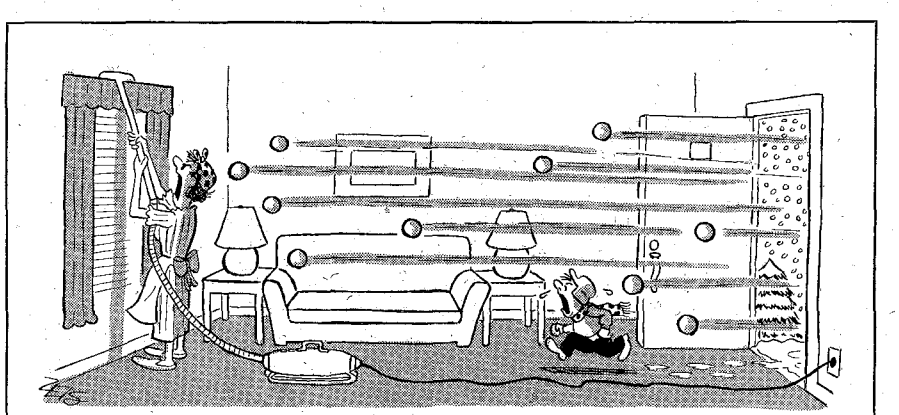
A day later the general received a letter. It was brief and to the point. William Wilson Tanner was resigning from the club as of that date.

Picking up the phone, the general telephoned the aircraft company where Tanner was employed and spoke to the head of Tanner's department.

"He's not here, general," the man said. "He's put in a request for a transfer. He wants to be sent to a branch where they have neither country clubs nor women. The first we can manage, the second is a little more difficult. We'd expected big things of that young man, and suddenly he's no longer worth his salt. What happened?"

The general hung up the phone and brooded at his desk through the long day. He liked to consider himself a good soldier, the general thought, a leader of men. And his first rule was that a good leader always took care of his men. He had failed Bill Tanner. He had allowed Bill Tanner, the finest young golfer in the Oakhurst club, to be destroyed.

It was a painful interlude for the general and finally he went out on the golf course to try to ease his mind. He started on the tenth and was at the fourteenth tee when he saw Miss Cowan. She was just getting out of her car and he called to her across the fence.



"Now what's the matter?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"I want to talk to you," he said, "and I am too feeble and infirm to climb that fence."

He watched with approval Miss Cowan's skirt hiking above her knees as she climbed the fence.

"There's really nothing to talk about, general," she said.

"Be a generous winner, Miss Cowan," the general said. "I thought we had you over a barrel, but Tanner spiked my guns by speaking to Mr. Bridgewater."

"Bill spoke to Mr. Bridgewater?" Ann's face became pale.

"A painful subject," said the general.

He was a fighting man and the word "surrender" was anathema, and the ghosts of fighting men rose before his eyes. The general shook himself like a wet dog and made a final try.

"Miss Cowan," he said, "did your father ever take you out on the golf course?"

She shook her head. "He asked me a few times. My mother wouldn't let me go." A faint blush suffused her cheeks. "I've often thought since that I wish I'd gone. He enjoyed it so much. I could never understand why. The ball doesn't come at you like a tennis ball or baseball. It seems so easy to hit something that doesn't move."

Carefully, his face expressionless, the general placed a ball on the tee. He handed Miss Cowan a club and arranged her hands in the overlapping grip. He adjusted her stance. Miss Cowan swung vigorously and missed. Her face turned a becoming shade of pink. She swung again and hit the ball over her fence. It bounced on a fieldstone walk and bounded through her kitchen window.

"I carry plenty of ammunition," said the general, and placed a new ball on the tee.

She swung again and this time there was a musical click and the ball soared through the sky and came to rest just short of the green.

"Perhaps you'd like to accompany an old and lonely man for a few holes," the general said. "I am not much on art, but perhaps you will agree with me there is an aesthetic pleasure in looking at the contrasting greens and the white sand traps that make up a golf course."

"Yes," Miss Cowan said. "I'll go along with you, general."

An hour later, having putted out on the eighteenth, Miss Cowan and the general walked toward the clubhouse.

"You can have my house and land," Miss Cowan said suddenly. "For a fair price; not the first price you offered, but the third one. I think that's fair."

"Thank you, my dear," said the general.

"And it's not because of you," said Miss Cowan defiantly. "You didn't fool me for one minute. You're not a frail and lonely old man. You're tough as leather and a scheming scoundrel who won't let go. It's because of Bill—because he isn't what I thought—because ——"

She broke off as they entered the clubhouse and saw Bill Tanner walking toward them.

"I tried to reach you at the cottage," he said. "I thought I recognized you on the course although it seemed impossible. I have to talk to you."

Tanner ignored the general. "I love you," he said to Ann. "I was going to move away, but I can't. I want to marry you. I'll give up golf completely. I'll paint pictures. I'll spend every Saturday and Sunday in the museum if you'll only marry me."

"Will you teach me to play golf?" she said. "Will you let me go around with you sometimes?"

She put her arms around his neck and the general made a discreet withdrawal into the hall. He turned for a final look at the young couple and then was conscious that he was not alone. His wife was there.

"I've been looking for you, Wilbur," she said. "I want to buy this picture."

The general shuddered. "Never," he said. "Three hundred dollars for that blob? You must be out of your mind. I wouldn't let you take it over my dead body ——"

"You may give it to me, Wilbur," Mrs. Paxton said firmly. "I think it's lovely and I know just where I want to hang it."

The general opened his mouth, then closed it. Through the hallway he had a glimpse of Miss Cowan and Bill Tanner going arm in arm toward the terrace. *After all*, thought the general, *when you have won the war, why make a fuss about losing a skirmish?*

"Very well, my dear," said General Paxton. THE END

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

(Page 48)

1. Pa.	2. Calif.	3. R.I.
4. Col.	5. Mont.	6. S.D.
7. N.D.	8. Kans.	9. N.Y.
10. Ky.	11. Idaho	12. Wis.

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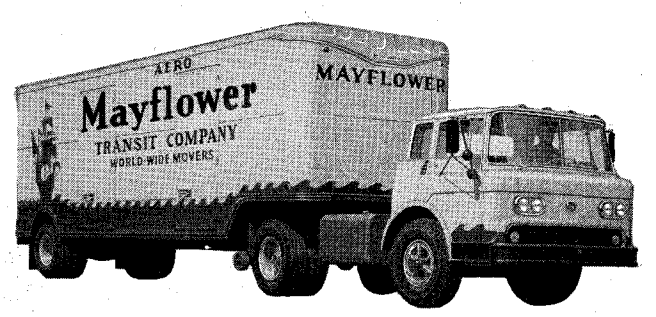

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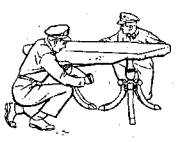

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Marooned in the Sky (Continued from Page 33)

in particular to do, so I thought if I could stick around and give you a hand ——"

The sergeant was in his forties, with a boy of his own almost as old as the copilot. This slim, blue-eyed kid with the Texas drawl was all guts and a yard wide; but with an unconscious man and a great plane fluttering through the air like a bird on a broken wing, he had trouble on his hands. Too much trouble, could be, for young hands as yet too untried.

"Sergeant," said the kid, "bail out. That's an order!"

The sergeant's sigh was clearly audible over interphone. "Yes, sir," he said, resignedly. "Good luck, sir."

The kid watched until the chute bloomed whitely in empty space beneath him, and he swallowed hard, sucked in a deep, resisting breath to ward off an immense wave of loneliness which threatened to inundate him. Past the field boundary, the plane shuddered violently as he rolled out into his crosswind leg, and the little muscles about his young mouth tautened white as he fought to control his craft. What a break, he thought bitterly; what a hell of a break!

It was to have been a routine transition flight, a last chance for him before he went up for his final aircraft-command check ride the next day. He had been at the controls himself; take-off and climb-out were silky smooth, and he had sensed rather than seen the skipper's nod of approval. Then, without warning, as they leveled off at twenty thousand, Number Four prop had run away.

There was no controlling it. It just wound up and at four thousand r.p.m. the engine tore out of its mount. It damaged Number Three engine when it exploded, and flying metal tore off about three feet of the vertical stabilizer. A chunk of the disintegrating engine came through the fuselage, resulting in instant depressurization of the cabin. Suddenly the skipper's body was arching and writhing in his seat, his head thrown back, his open mouth twisting as if he were soundlessly screaming.

The kid feathered Number Three and went into a dive, pulling out in the denser air at twelve thousand feet, with sweat drenching him. The skipper had passed out then, and it was a tremendous relief to the kid that the almost-insanity of unendurable agony had been blanked out of the older man's face.

The tower was calling again. "What are your intentions, Dutchboy three-five? Are you trying to bring it in?"

"I don't think I can with two engines gone. I've bailed out the crew, but my skipper is unconscious, and I don't like the looks of it. I don't think it's an injury, it looks more like he's had some kind of attack." He glanced swiftly at the inert, ashen face. Even if the autopilot could control the shuddering, out-of-trim craft long enough for him to make it to the aft escape hatch, he didn't know if he could manage the dead weight of the skipper. "Trying to stay up until I can determine his condition. Over."

A great light was blinding the skipper, pressing like a weight, hot and unendurably heavy, against his forehead. He could not open his eyes against it, and it glowed and ebbed annoyingly with the beat of his heart, that treacherous pile driver which thumped and pounded in his chest.

It seemed like some kind of nightmare, yet he was conscious, he was certain of it. He knew who he was, and where, and with whom. *I am Major Tim Ryan,* he said, experimentally. *Aircraft commander aboard the military air transport Dutchboy three-five. My copilot is Lieutenant Jimmy Mathis. A good boy, Jimmy. One of the best.*

He could hear Jimmy's voice, dimly, but he could not make out the words. He struggled to get his eyes open so he could see him, but the distance between his seat and the copilot's seemed interminable, and Jimmy was lost in the dancing, shimmering glare. He closed his eyes again and rested, and presently the words whispering in his headset took audible form. *My skipper is unconscious ——*

Tim Ryan tried to lift his right hand in a gesture of protest and discovered that he had no right hand. Where it should have been there was nothing, he could tell by the feel. *I had it when I left,* he said, and laughed soundlessly.

Now the glare and the thunder inside him were beginning to abate a trifle, and he became aware of something else. Motion. A pitching, wallowing sensation, like on the deck of a tramp steamer in high seas. *Look,* he tried to say, *you think you're flying a tub? Steady, boy; steady!* A fragment of it must have escaped him in sound, because Jimmy Mathis' voice said, anxiously, "Skipper? What is it, sir? Can you hear me now?"

By focusing desperately, he could make out the figure of the boy. Now he was remembering vaguely the high, thin scream of the runaway prop, but in his mind it was all mixed up; it was as if something had torn loose inside him. There had been the tearing, clawing pain, the agonized struggle to breathe, the knowing even as consciousness faded that there was not enough air in all the world.

Tim Ryan had been warned. There was the evening he'd gone to see Doc McCarty, in town. He was due for his annual physical in three weeks, and he decided to find out for himself what he could expect. The pains in his chest and the recurring shortness of breath had been too regular lately to be shrugged off.

The doctor had been blunt, and the verdict bad. Tim would live to a ripe old age—with surgery to halt further progress of his condition—but he was through flying.

Sally had not known about his appointment, but she'd sensed something wrong. During dinner that night she kept watching him in the quiet, thoughtful way she had, and later, in the living room, she came and perched on the arm of his chair.

"All right, sweetie, let's have it." He told her then, and she listened silently, holding Tim's hand in both of hers.

"I can live a fairly normal life," he said, "and a reasonably active one. But flying is out. They'll ground me." His words were calmly matter-of-fact, and only Sally could have known how much they hurt. Her fingers tightened on his. "So—where do we go from here? You'll have to help me decide."

She looked thoughtfully at him. "Well, your father always grieved because you didn't come into the business with him. Do you want to get clear out of the Air Force? Do you think that's the answer?"

"A clean break. As far away from flying as I can get. Why not the old man's company—a building contractor in Rock Falls, where they think a parachute is something you buy at a surplus store to wrap plants in for the winter. Why not? I should stick around and be a ground pounder on some base where the other guys do all the flying? Not me. I don't want any part of it." Only he was lying, and both of them knew it. He got up from his chair, took a restless turn about the room, and burst out, "Who the hell am I kidding? I can't quit, honey, and you know it! Even if they put me to flying a desk out in the boondocks somewhere, I've got to be some part of it."

"Oh, Timmy." Sally got up and came to him to put her arms about him and draw him tightly to her. "You crazy, wonderful guy! I knew where you'd go from here, but I had to hear you say it." She took her arms away from him and stood back, tilting her head to one side and looking at him with her little secret smile. "You see?" she said, softly. "The eagle's still there."

He grinned at her, and for the first time since he'd heard the doctor's verdict, he felt the tight, aching knot in his stomach dissolve. Looking at this girl of his, this small, warm creature who was the best thing that had ever happened to any man, anywhere, he had let his mind go back over the years. "You've got an eagle on your shoulder, Tim Ryan," Sally had told him, not long after they were married. "It flaps its wings whenever you hear a plane, or even look into the sky, and maybe I should be jealous of it—but I'm not. It gives you stature, and somehow I know as long as it's there, you'll always fly back to me."

They had been standing on the balcony of that little hotel at Malibu that last night of his leave, before his departure for overseas. Those were World War II days, exciting, heartbreaking, uncertain. Tim was in love with the doll of a girl who had been his bride for only a short while, and selfish in his love—a kind of possessive negligence in which he saw her yet only as a precious companion to come home to now and again.

It had changed for him that night in one of those rare moments when the nebulous truths of life come into sharp focus, and all of it, the night and the girl, were indelibly printed on the screen of his memory. There was no moon, and the stars were legion. There was a restless surf, and a brisk salt breeze flung Sally's soft hair about her small face as she stood looking at him in the shadows. Suddenly the words she was whispering settled on his restless heart like a kind of benediction, and for the first time he had really seen her. This was no starry-eyed child; hers was a depth of understanding, a sensitive perception, as if she could see untapped sources within her husband of which he himself was as yet unaware. There had been times in the days which came, when he had been obliged to draw heavily upon these sources; even times when only the knowledge that Sally was waiting for him, her faith implicit, had given him a final, desperately needed ounce of strength which he would not have believed he possessed.

He would need a new strength, now. To Tim Ryan, flying was not a vocation, the Air Force no mere career—to him, it was a way of life. To give it up could be to die a little, inside him. Now he would have need of Sally's strength—*now more than ever,* he amended it.

"At least," he had said that night when he told her of the doctor's verdict, "this will be a break for the kid."

"You mean Jimmy will get the crew?" she asked with a note of surprise.

"Who else? He's young, I know, but I've taught him everything I know; and that"—his smile robbed his words of egotism—"makes him pretty good!"

The next morning he had bowled Colonel Taylor over by volunteering for the Wing Staff job which he had been refusing for a year. Taylor said, with crisp good humor, "It's about time. If you hadn't been so blamed stubborn about sticking with the big birds, you'd have a silver leaf by now."

Tim gave no reason for his decision. He still had three weeks until his annual physical, three precious weeks of flying time.

The colonel had been less good-humored, however, when Tim recommended Lieutenant Jimmy Mathis to replace him as AC. He leafed dubiously through the kid's Form Five, the record of his flying time. "I don't know, Tim. He's got bare minimum requirements, and that's a hell of a responsibility to place on a boy's shoulders if he's not ready."

"He is ready." Tim had stuck with his stubborn insistence, until the colonel agreed to give the kid a chance.

"All right, I'll schedule him for a check flight, and we'll leave it up to standboard."

It was after that check flight that Tim had been ordered to report to the colonel. As he entered, he felt a chilly premonition. Major Todson, the check pilot, was seated beside the colonel's desk, and both men glanced at him. The colonel said, "Sit down, Tim; we want to talk to you."

Major Todson was a wiry man with thin features and shrewd eyes. He riffled through a sheaf of report forms and penciled notes, and then looked up. "I'm sorry," he said flatly, "but I can't pass him, Tim. The boy just isn't ready."

Angry red surged into Tim's face. "The hell he (*Continued on Page 54*)

"It's mother!"

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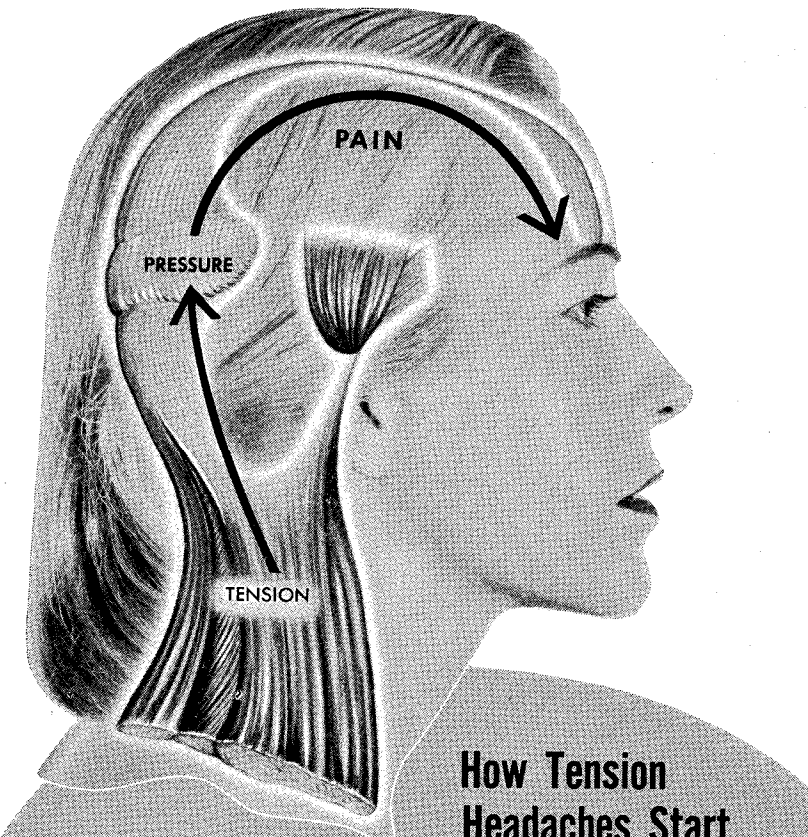

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3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients in

(*Continued from Page 52*)

isn't! I've flown with that kid for three years. I know he's ready!"

The color of temper tinged Todson's own face, and he rapped out, "O.K., major. You sign his check-out sheet, then, because I won't!"

The colonel interposed calmly, "You can get too close to a man to be impartial, Tim; you know that. It's why we have check pilots."

Tim was sorry for his outburst. He and Todson were friends; he had respect for the other's ability and judgment. Only he knew the kid, his capability. There had to be a reason, something Todson had missed. Maybe there was a personality clash here, maybe the kid had been suffering from check-itis, trying too hard. "O.K., Mark, go on. What seemed to be the trouble?"

"Well, mostly it was in his emergency procedures. Mathis seemed to be behind his plane, instead of ahead of it. I'd say he didn't quite trust his instinctive decisions, and by the time he rechecked himself, he'd be in trouble. No sweat on his take-offs and landings—he handles the plane beautifully, and he's got the makings, no question about it. His instrument work is as sharp as any AC in the wing. It's just that his judgment is slow. Lack of confidence, maybe."

"Hell, you weren't rechecking an old-time AC, Mark! Jimmy hasn't been on his own since graduation; he's always had me to make the final decisions. It takes any man a while on his own to develop fast judgment."

"Who's going to give an AC a rain-check while he chalks up time and experience? I can't trust that boy with the lives of a crew—and sometimes with the lives of fifty passengers—as long as he doesn't quite trust himself!"

Tim was silent, his fingers nervously rubbing the smooth, polished surface of the desk. The steady tapping of the clerk's typewriter in the outer office merged with the more distant sound of an engine being run up, somewhere on the ramp. He wanted to say, "Look at the kid's side of it. Neither of us expected this so soon. How was I to know my ticker would conk out?"

He wanted to tell them it wasn't the kid's inadequacy at fault, that if he'd known this was coming he could have put Jimmy on his own more frequently. But he was afraid of it, it was too much like pleading the kid's case and still admitting that it was too early.

At length he demanded, "Will you ride with him again before you make a final decision? Look, I tell you, I know this kid, how good he is, how hard he tries for perfection. He's the best copilot I ever had, and he'll make the best AC you ever had, if you'll just give him a chance to prove it. I don't know how he did on his written tests, but I'll make you a deal. Check on it. If he's got a grade under ninety, I'll shut up!"

The colonel looked thoughtfully at him, then picked up his telephone and dialed a number. Tim suddenly went cold with the gamble he was taking. Tests on standard operating procedures, instrument techniques, weather, emergency procedures, aircraft engines and systems, were one of the toughest phases of a command check-out, and had tripped up many an otherwise qualified pilot.

When he had finished speaking on the telephone, the colonel tapped a pencil against his knuckles, his expression reflective. He looked at Todson. "His lowest grade was a 94. That's almost phenomenal. What do you think, Mark? Would another ride prove anything?"

Mark threw up his hands in defeat. "Maybe with a few transition rides to work on his emergency procedures, he could cut it. I suppose it's worth a try, with Tim feeling the way he does." So that was how it had stood—Tim Ryan, as instructor pilot, putting the kid through his transition rides. After that, one more check-flight, and if he muffed that, he'd had it!

They worked like sons-of-guns in those three weeks, and Tim Ryan's nerves grew taut, his temper short. Because he wanted to anticipate the smallest point which might show up in a check-flight, he tried to watch the kid through Mark Todson's eyes, and he rode him unmercifully. Tim Ryan had always been an exacting AC, but this was different. Now he was a driving perfectionist, impossible to please, flying into a quiet, scathing-tongued rage over the slightest error. More than once he was made to wince, at sight of the bewilderment in the kid's eyes, but he bore relentlessly on.

Today was to have been the last transition ride—and Tim Ryan's last flight, although the kid didn't know that. Last night, weary and discouraged, Tim had talked to Sally about it. "I don't know. Maybe I'm wrong. Maybe I'm giving the kid credit for more than he's got."

Sally looked oddly at him. "What about Jimmy?" she said. "Does he feel the way you do about all this?"

Tim stared at her in genuine surprise. "Why wouldn't he? An aircraft command is what he wants!"

"Yes, I know. Only—*now?*" There was a strange look on her face, an almost-relentlessness he had never seen there before. "This business of—of forcing the issue, is that the way he wants it, d'you think? Or is he only doing it to please you? He's very fond of you, Tim, you know that. If he should try, for your sake, and fail, because it *is* too soon—how will you feel then?"

He was utterly disbelieving. For all their closeness, in those moments when her husband chose to talk out something which was troubling him, Sally listened, silently and sympathetically; but she did not presume to advise or criticize when those problems pertained to his work.

She murmured, unhappily, "I'm sorry, darling. I know how you feel about Jimmy Mathis—but that's just the point, he *is* Jimmy Mathis. Not Tim Ryan."

He said curtly, "I don't know what you're talking about," but it wasn't true. He could sense, at least, what she was getting at, but he didn't want to accept it. He grew very angry, and he did not attempt to hide it from Sally. She looked appraisingly at him for a moment, and then she said again, "I'm sorry. Maybe I had no right to say that—only I've watched you wearing yourself out for something that you may have no right to expect, and I don't want you hurt. It's just that I keep wondering if the eagle is—negotiable." Then she went quietly out of the room.

Angry or not, he'd had to think about it, of course, and he knew what Sally was thinking. If the kid passed his check-flight this time, and took over the big transport as its AC when the present skipper checked out, it would be like a little bit of Tim Ryan himself up there, flying on—what the hell was wrong with that? He'd taught the kid everything he knew, he'd taken painstaking pride in helping mold him into one of the most promising lads in the wing. He liked him, he'd liked him since that first day in Operations, three years ago, when a lanky boy, self-conscious and proud in his new suntans, with the gold bars still shiny with their Base Exchange luster, had put out a thin hand and drawled, "Major Ryan? I'm Lieutenant James Mathis, and I reckon I'm your new copilot, sir."

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Tim had grinned, and said, taking the proffered hand, "Just out of flying school?"

The kid flushed ruefully. "Is it that obvious, sir?"

"Better that way," said Tim. "No bad habits to unlearn. Come on in and meet the rest of the crew."

Jimmy not only had no bad habits to unlearn, he developed good ones quickly, and he was insatiable in his hunger for knowledge. When he learned all that Mobile Training detachment instructors could teach him about the plane and its systems, he delved deeply into the technical manuals, and searched out answers in long hours spent with the ground crews and aircraft specialists. All this in addition to his normal pilot training, instrument schools, Link trainer, root studies and the never-ending task of learning his duties as a copilot. Through it all, Tim guided him, helped him when he needed it—and he swelled with pride, coming to like the kid more all the time. Like him, hell; the time came when he loved him like a kid brother, like the son he and Sally would never have.

Sally loved him too. Often, the youngster came to dinner at the Ryan house, and spent the evening, shooting the breeze. It was Sally who had introduced him to Vicky Adams, and was proud as a poppinjay when the friendship blossomed into a love affair which would culminate in marriage one of these days.

Tim was only in his mid-thirties, but there were times when the lean, clean youth of the kid made him feel old as the hills. Maybe Sally had been right in what she had inferred, maybe there was too close an identification of self with the boy who had come to mean so much to him. In retrospect, he could see how like a younger Tim Ryan the kid was. In the beginning, with his cadet days so close behind him, Jimmy had found it natural to speak of them, of the boys he had lived and flown with—and there had been the moments when he searched unabashedly for words to express his wonderment, as the joys and emotional experiences of flight had unfolded for him. Listening, Tim could remember the four-man cubicles at Randolph Field, he could hear Big Jake in his upper bunk, roaring with laughter as he recited his favorite epitaph: "Here lies Jake Roach, who stalled and spun in on a final approach!" Little Bobby Knight would goad Jake on to further heights of poetic humor, until Scotty, or Tim, would fire a work book at them in exasperation signaling the start of a free-for-all.

They were all gone now. Jake, Bobby, Scotty. Tim Ryan had not forgotten them. They had been different, each from the others, yet alike, linked by a common bond. Each was experiencing in his own way the requisite emotional realization of flight, each knew that the others had found the same immutable secret. True, it was the immature stage in the approach to a lifetime of flying, but it was nonetheless necessary. After the first rapt discovery, the wooing of the manifold charms of the mistress flight, there must come the mature adjustment, the mellowing of emotion into the lasting, controlled certainty of a lifelong union. If they thought of death at all, it was only as an ephemeral aftermath, and what more appropriate entry than through flight? Big Jake had crashed when he failed to pull out of a dive—yet the epitaph which he had been so fond of quoting was not really grim, because it had expressed his preoccupation with his new-found way of life, not with death.

The kid could have fitted into that room, changed places with any of those boys. What, then, was this half-angry uneasiness Tim Ryan felt now? Was he afraid that Todson was right, that somewhere along the line the kid had failed to measure up, in his maturing process?

Perhaps it had been different, after all, with kids like Tim Ryan, and Jake Roach, and the others. The transition from trainers to bombers and transports was simpler. You graduated from training, got sixty hours of B-24 transition, and before ever your shiny gold bars had been introduced to a blitz cloth, you were on your way to combat, with your own crew and the full responsibility of a veteran pilot. With the kid, because of the complexity of modern heavy aircraft, there was the long, long learning process, with possible failure at the end of it because a standboard pilot detected a psychological shortcoming! With Tim Ryan there had been trial by fire. The trial was short, the metal true, the catalyst war. Jimmy's would be a trial by performance, with a phlegmatic check pilot at his elbow, and for his guiding star an ailing, aging skipper who wanted his own youth back.

He was a fool, and Sally was right. The eagle wasn't negotiable.

Far into the night, when he should have been resting, he tossed uneasily, and this morning he had arisen tired and depressed, and he was curt with the kid because he did not know how to say, *Look, son, you don't owe me a thing, and if you want to take over your own life, here and now, you won't be letting me down. . . .*

"Can you hear me?" It was the kid's voice, and the pleading in it cut through Tim Ryan's lethargy, a little. "If you can hear me, sir, please try to let me know."

By a superhuman effort, Tim lifted his head. He forced his eyes open and was pleased to discover that now he could make out the kid's pale, anxious face. He was enormously pleased also with his discovery that his voice was working.

"I'm—all right." It was a weak sort of croaking, but audible over the drumming of the engines; he knew that by the answering flash of happiness in the blue eyes of the kid. "Touch of—anoxia, that's all."

For the moment, then, he bent his attention to attempting to move his right hand, lying on the armrest of his seat. It was useless. An experimental attempt with his leg failed likewise. His right side was dead as a doornail. He lifted his head again, and now his vision was clear enough to show him the shattered fuselage wall, the gaping hole in the wing.

"We're—pretty banged up," he commented, and the kid nodded.

"Yes, sir." He had his hands full with the wallowing craft, but his quick glance at Tim showed his eyes clear and unafraid, and a faint sensation of pride warmed the older man. "We're at three thousand, above the field. The crew's all safely out."

"Two engines gone?"

"Yes, sir."

Tim was silent for a little, feeling the vibration which spasmodically ebbed and flowed through the plane, from a rhythmic trembling to a violent buffeting. Now he was tasting the bitterness of personal defeat. This, then, was his final flight, his swan song ended on a sour note. Ditch the bird and walk home. It was symbolic, somehow, of everything in his life that was left unfinished, his flying career, the kid ——

It was uncanny, then, the way the boy seemed to sense what he was thinking. "Sir, if you want to bring her down, I'll stay with you."

Something like a real physical nausea came surging up in Tim Ryan. He knew what it would take to set this cripple bird down now—the split-second decisions, the instantaneous reactions so critical in the final moments. How the craft would react close to the ground, with airspeed reduced, was an unknown quantity. There would be no previous benchmark for comparison, the man at the controls must meet every momentary crisis with his own resourcefulness, instantly and without second-guessing. The penalty for failure would be hellishly final. Fleetingly, Tim thought of Sally, waiting, not knowing that now the eagle had a broken wing.

"It's no use," he said, and he thought it was the exhaustion inside him that made hot tears prickle behind his eyelids. Funny he hadn't seen it before, but he'd played the kid a lousy trick, just to insure for himself those coveted, final three weeks of flying. "I can't take her in."

He swallowed hard, and looked away from the other. What kind of metal did they want? Sending his crew down, keeping this death trap in flight until he could bring his skipper safely out, willing now to ride it down, taking it for granted that Tim would bring it in, and believing implicitly in his ability to do it.

He made himself meet the steady blue glance again. "I'm—afraid there's something you'll have to know. I lied about the anoxia. It's my heart—my right side is paralyzed, and I can't move. You'll have to drag me to the hatch." With his good left hand he made a little gesture of defeat. "Set the auto pilot and head for the desert. We'll bail out together."

For a moment of shuddering flight, the boy said nothing. Then he looked at Tim. "I think I can bring her in, sir," he said levelly. "Will you let me try?"

An insane impulse to laughter made Tim's lips tremble. *All right*, he said to himself, *you wanted metal. To prove your point, you battled Todson, and the colonel, and you were willing to risk the kid's neck on a gamble that you were right. So how about it, major, would you like to risk your own? How sure are you, anyway? One throw of the dice and that's it, win or lose.*

"Tell me something," he said bluntly. "What makes you think you can do it?" and the boy's eyes did not waver.

"If you're thinking about my last check flight," he returned—"well, this is different. This time I've *got* to do it, haven't I?"

Tim Ryan leaned back and closed his eyes, and he was smiling. "O.K., kid," he said, "she's all yours, what's left of her," and he heard the kid laugh.

"I'll handle the communications," he said. "You just drive."

"You—feel up to it, sir?"

"You won't believe this," said Tim, "but I think I never felt better."

He called the tower, and told them crisply, "This is Ryan, up and at 'em again. We're bringing her in." No sense telling them the boy was flying the maimed ship, having the brass on the ground get hysterical and clutter up the issue with a lot of senseless advice.

Another voice rasped in his earphones. This time it was Colonel Taylor. "Listen, Tim; don't risk it, boy! Head for the desert and bail out!"

"We can make it, Colonel. Turning into downwind leg now. Over." He looked at the kid, and grinned. "You know something? They're worried, down there!"

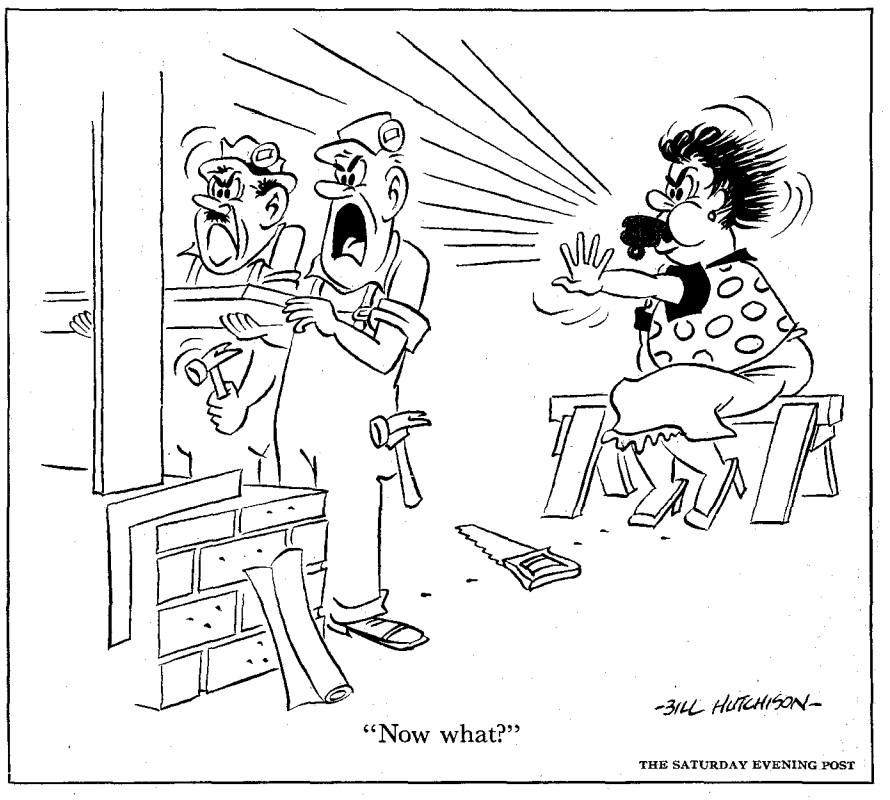
The kid's answering grin was untroubled. "*You* know something? So are we!"

He made his turn into base leg. Number Two engine was already detonating, the cylinder-head temperature well above the red line when Jimmy Mathis eased back on the throttles to start his five-hundred-feet-per-minute descent. Tim noted that he had pulled off too much power, was on the verge of correcting him—and then he held his silence. *He gave you your chance, Ryan. Now give him his!*

The kid saw his error and eased the throttles forward until he had another ten inches of manifold pressure. The Number Two CHT dropped slowly below the red line.

Tim called the tower again, and was informed, "You are cleared to land. Call on final approach when your gear is down and locked." It was the operator's voice again. Colonel Taylor would be with the string of crash trucks and other vehicles racing for the taxiway at the head of the runway.

Jimmy's power adjustment had been good. They were exactly fifteen hundred feet above the terrain when they rolled out on final approach. The kid dropped twenty degrees of flap and the buffeting got worse, the craft wallowing perilously when he lowered the landing gear. Tim could see that he was tired, his slim body exhausted with long battle at the controls, his gray flying overalls soaked with perspiration, and he was breathing shallowly through parted lips. They were committed to a landing now, one way or the other, but the kid did not appear tense in his concentration, and he wasn't overcontrolling much. He said, without



"Now what?"

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glancing around, "Are you O.K., skipper?"

"I'm fine," said Tim. "For God's sake, forget about me!"

Into his mouthpiece Jimmy said, "This is Dutchboy three-five. Gear down and locked."

"Cleared to land, three-five. Good luck, sir."

The kid started his flare-out as the head of the runway flashed under them, and he was too high. Tim bit his lip until he tasted blood, to keep from yelling at him. Jimmy corrected, eased the nose down slightly, and then they hit the runway. They hit hard, and one wing down-tipped. Tim heard distinctly the sharp thud of the boy's head against something, but he clung grimly, then they were down again, and this time they stuck. The kid chopped the throttles and eased the nose wheel down to the runway. With his left hand, Tim took the nose-gear steering-control wheel and guided the plane along the runway, while Jimmy did the braking.

The mingled aroma of clean, starched sheets, antiseptic, and freshly cut flowers was in the room. Tim was propped up in bed watching the fingers of his right hand respond sluggishly to his command, while Sally, beside the bed, clung tightly to the left one.

The operation was a success. Two weeks in the hospital, said the docs, and Major Tim Ryan should have full control of his right side again. After that he would take a month's sick leave before returning to duty, not including flying.

He looked sheepishly at his wife. "I knew Doc McCarty meant I was through flying period. I shouldn't have gone back."

"I know."

"You ought to have popped me."

Sally laughed and said again, "I know."

There was a soft rap on the partially opened door, and the kid's fair head thrust itself inside. Tim Ryan said, "Hi, come in!"

"I can only stay a minute. Vicky's waiting in the car for me. I just wanted to tell you, I made my flight today—and Major Todson said to tell you that you were right, it was just check-itis. Whatever the hell that is!"

Tim grinned broadly and said, "Congratulations—commander!"

The kid blushed furiously, all over his nice Texas face, and said, "Well, not yet, but pretty soon, I guess."

Sally said softly, "Oh, Jimmy, I'm so glad for you!"

"How could I miss?" The kid's eyes were on Tim. "With this guy for my pattern. I—guess you always knew how I felt about flying, sir, and that makes a mighty big difference. I don't know how to say it without sounding pretty corny, but—well, I just want you to know about all I could ask of my career is to be exactly like you—or as near as I can get to it."

When he had gone, still blushing, stumbling over his own feet, Sally said, low-voiced, "That boy doesn't need your eagle, darling. He's got one of his own," and her eyes were suspiciously moist. Tim reached for her, with his good arm.

"Don't get sloppy," he said tenderly. "Let's talk about something else—like how we'll use my sick leave. We haven't had a vacation in a good, long time. How about a second honeymoon?" He held his breath then, and it was funny how important it was to him, suddenly, for her to remember.

Sally did not let him down. She said promptly, in a dreamy voice, "Well, there's this little hotel I know in Malibu ——"

Tales of the Cannon Hunters (Continued from Page 23)

than locating a fine old bronze cannon?" Clark asks. "Often such a piece represents art, metallurgy and history, all rolled into one. It is a mistake to think that cannon hunting, even the fruitless kind, does nothing for you. How many hikers capture a sunset? How many mountain climbers bring home a peak?"

CHAOS members pursue their pastime in Alaska, Australia, Burma, Canada, Germany, Hawaii, Honduras, Mexico, Scotland and South Africa as well as in the continental United States and adjacent waters. Among the members are the Scottish Duke of Argyll; Edwin A. Link, inventor of the aviation trainer; Rear Admiral Donald B. MacMillan, the explorer; Elliott White Springs, textile manufacturer and World War I flying ace; retired generals and colonels, a United States senator, lawyers, doctors, plumbers, photographers, lumbermen, hotel men, writers, fruit growers and college students.

The 600 or more devotees of CHAOS have hauled from oblivion in the depths or wilderness more than 200 lost howitzers, Long Toms, culverins and carronades. In addition, they have acquired an estimated 1200 other pieces of large and small artillery by buying, borrowing or begging. These range from antique brass miniatures to an ornate twelve-foot bronze barrel which was reclaimed from a junkyard just in time.

To qualify as a "recovery" by CHAOS standards, the gun must have been made prior to 1889, a date representing approximately the close of the muzzle-loader period. Also, it must have been obtained by some means more strenuous than purchase. There are, officially, limits to how far CHAOS "salvage" projects may go.

"Contrary to some insinuations—I hope joking ones—no member of CHAOS ever steals a cannon," Clark asserts with a very straight face. "Our code of ethics definitely does not condone theft. Where a cannon is abused or misused, however, its recovery in the public interest becomes permissible. We feel that cannon should not be wantonly exposed to weather and erosion, nor crudely used for commercial purposes, nor otherwise displayed improperly. We try to correct such circumstances. Use of a light cannon to prop open the door of a rest room, for example, would make it highly eligible for recovery."

Time and again, people who are impressed by the energetic cannon hunting of CHAOS say in surprise, "I thought it was all a gag." Actually, it began that way. When Clark's son, Donald, went to work in Alaska in 1949, Clark dreamed up CHAOS in order to have something amusing to write him. Clark soon became a classic example of a man "hoist with his own petard"—meaning in medieval ordnance terms to be heaved abruptly heavenward by his own land mine. Whimsically, or so he thought, he sent out fifty invitations to join CHAOS. He received fifty responses, many of them serious. "I dread and avoid organizations," he says. "I realized I had founded

... ...

Lincoln Christening

By Geraldine Ross

"What will you name the Lincoln child?"
History drew near and smiled.
With tides of hate and fear
to dam,
What could he be but Abraham?

A Sunday name the Lincolns
took,
Sober, mighty, from the Book!
A name that men and angels
saw
Blazing behind the love, the
law!

A name that glory shone about,
A name for centuries to shout.
A challenge still to sloth, to
sham,
Abraham—Abraham!

... ...

one. But I swore it never would become stuffy. It never has."

CHAOS has no constitution, bylaws, committees, written rules, dues or assessments. Clark is styled the "Head Hunter." Those whom CHAOS would honor are "cannonized" or, in another degree of recognition, made "great guns." To keep going, the organization accepts contributions from members. It gets some weird ones. Clark's file headed "Money?" contains Confederate and Mexican bills, a one-pound check against the Bank of England, two Canadian paper dollars, fourteen assorted foreign coins stuck to a cardboard inscribed "Long Live Chaos," and a shell coin from the South Seas. The organization's casual status suits many members. The Duke of Argyll, whose honorary membership stems from his recovery of cannon from a Spanish Armada galleon sunk off Scotland, wrote: "I am enchanted to accept the honor. For that matter, I can't think of any other duke who ever has been 'cannonized.' I am delighted, too, to join an organization free of dues, minutes and meetings, for I suffer perennially from all of them."

Like some large fraternal orders which cut capers, but also do good charitably, CHAOS can be both playful and constructive. On the serious side, it has performed pioneer archaeological and historical research on cannon. In addition to locating and preserving early American, English, Spanish, French and Russian pieces which have played a part in our history, it assembles much data and lore about their use.

"Cannon," Clark explains, "not only played a major part in United States history, they were almost the deciding factor in settling much of our Pacific Northwest. The Indians often owned firearms as lethal and effective as the white man's, but they didn't have cannon. Why, in 1852 cannon saved Seattle itself from a fate worse than everyday scalping."

Marauding Indians, resenting white encroachment, were all set to burn fledgling Seattle to the ground, as Clark tells it.

"These weren't 'fish' Indians from the coast, who were relatively mild, but 'horse' Indians from over the mountains, who were positively ferocious. They swarmed down on Seattle one dawn and killed a boy they caught outside the stockade. Then they besieged the place. They burned all the buildings outside the stockade and slaughtered and barbecued the settlers' cows under their noses.

"Fortunately for Seattle, the U.S.S. Decatur happened to be in port. She sent ashore four cannon and a detail of marines. Aside from the boy, one of the marines was the only other white casualty. Having been at sea a long time, he was captivated by the sight of a blond young woman in a window. He climbed into the window. The young woman shot him.

"The cannon from the Decatur, with two others in a blockhouse at one corner of the stockade, saved the day. The naval guns fired explosive shells. The Indians never had been shot at with these. They called them 'moxpoo,' Indian for 'makes two helluva big bangs'—one when fired, one on exploding later. The moxpoo were too much for the Indians. When the Decatur's guns opened up, they faded back into the mountains.

"To keep them away, the United States Army then offered a forty-dollar bounty for the heads of hostile Indians. Soon they had more heads than there were attackers at Seattle. It became such a bookkeeping problem that they investigated. They found the friendly Indians were beheading their Indian slaves 'because they weren't worth much anyhow,' and cashing in at forty dollars per decapita. So the United States Army quit buying heads."

Akin in CHAOS annals to the knightly quest for the Holy Grail is the perennial search for an Army cannon used against the Indians not long after the battle of Seattle. The colorful story of this A.W.O.L. howitzer first sparked Clark's interest in cannon hunting a quarter century ago.

Capt. Granville O. Haller, 4th U.S. Infantry, and 107 mounted soldiers took the cannon along in pursuing a band of Yakimas who killed an Indian agent in 1855. Maneuvered into a trap atop a butte, Haller lost nearly a fourth of his men before retreating.

"All that saved the rest of them then was this lone little howitzer," Clark says. "I obtained photographic copies in Haller's own writing of his official report, including a long explanation of how he came to be licked. Time and again during the retreat, he states: 'When the Indians drew too close, I called to Lieut. Gracie to fire; and he gave them three rounds of grape which drove them back in confusion.' Personally, I doubt that Gracie's cannon killed a single Indian, but it sure scared them. Cannon always did. That one averted a Custer-type massacre long before the Custer massacre."

Finally a wheel of the doughty little gun broke. Haller had it loaded on a mule. The mule collapsed. So he abandoned the howitzer in the brush near what is now Yakima, Washington. An Army report of 1855 asserts it was recovered two days later. "That's a fine old fake to cover up Haller's property responsibility," Clark says. "I served in both World Wars and I know what property responsibility is. There were 800 armed Yakimas swarming like angry bees. That old cannon is still where Haller dumped it."

Clark headed expeditions in 1950 and 1954 to find the ghost gun. As it is on what is now a Yakima reservation, his party negotiated with the tribal council for permission to tramp around. Gifts were presented (*Continued on Page 58*)

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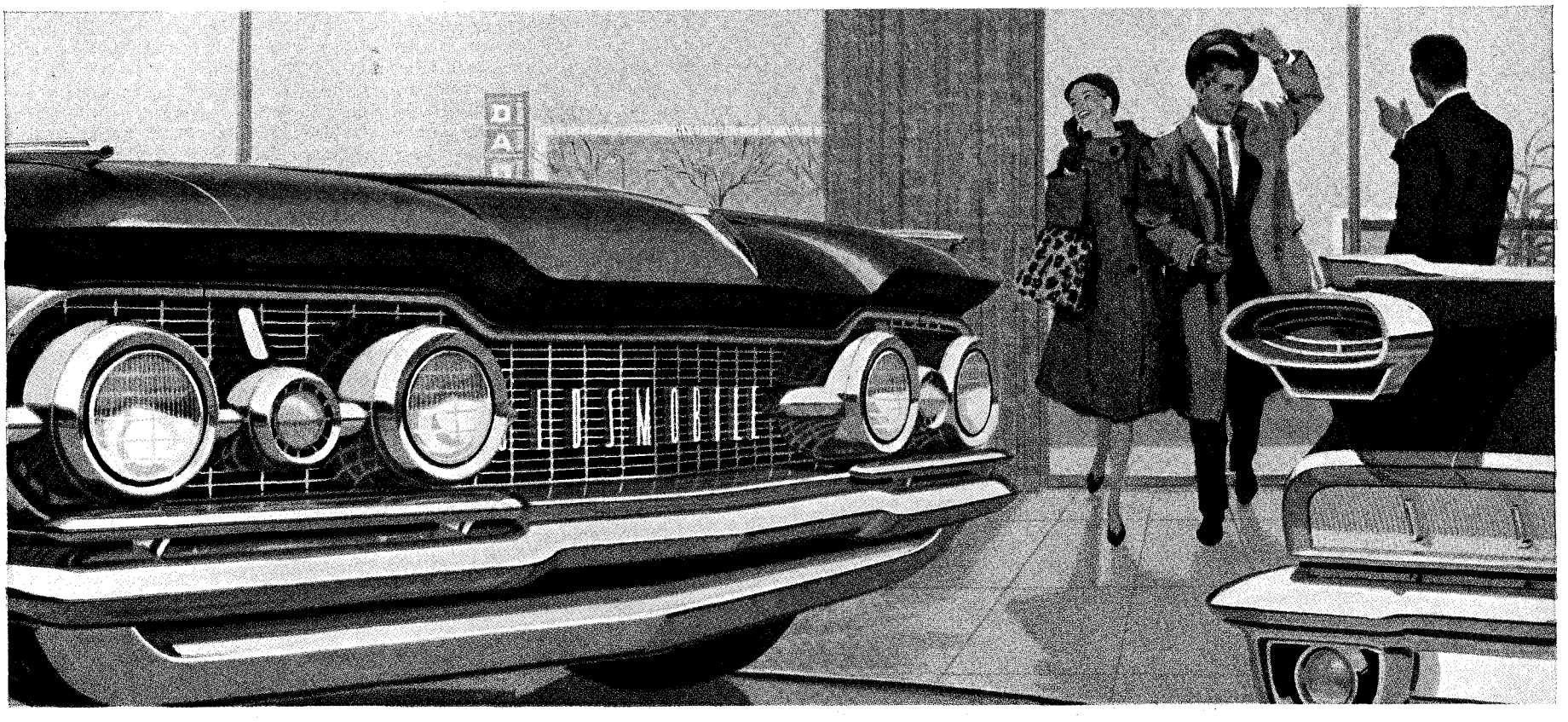

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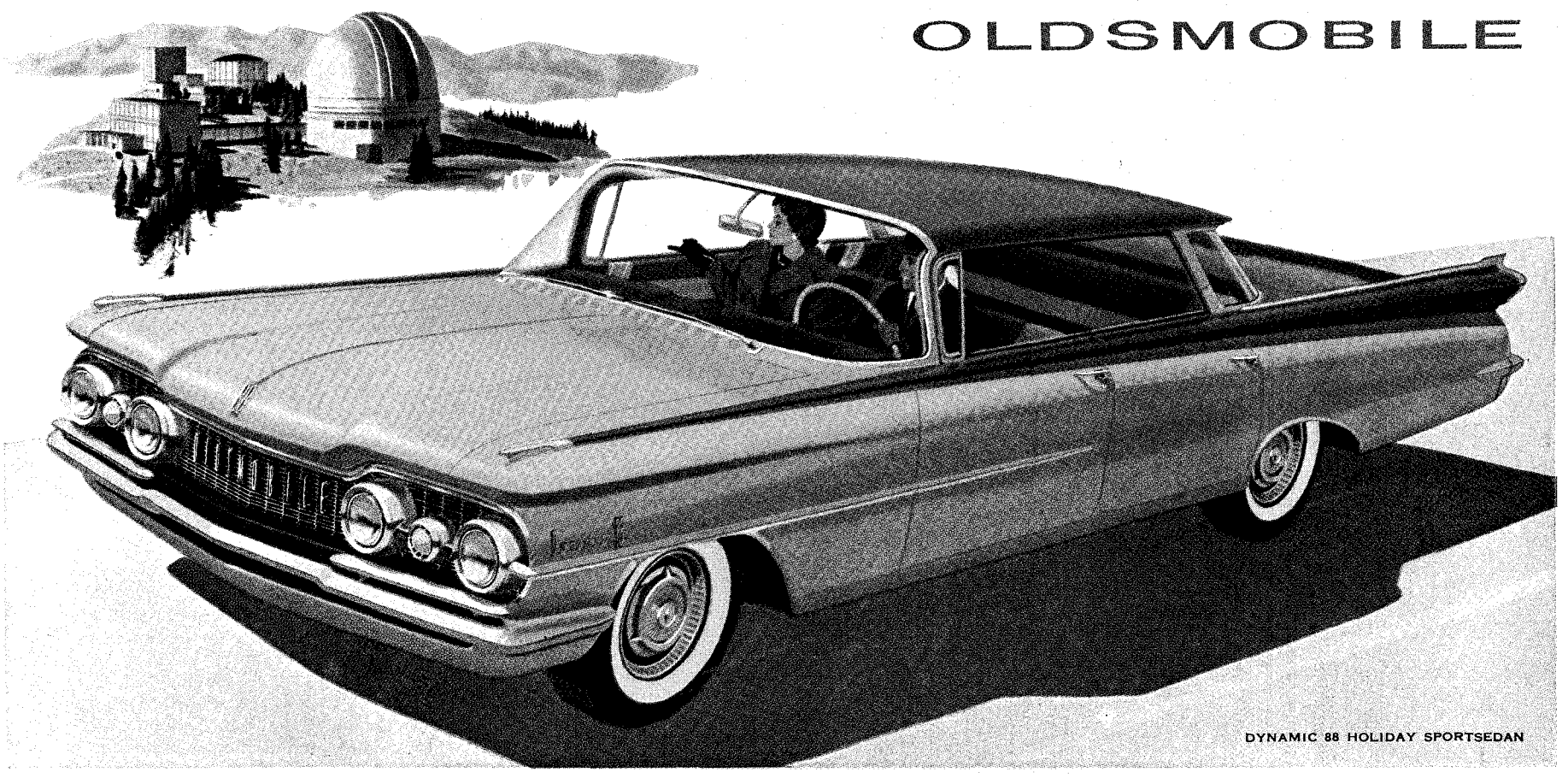

DYNAMIC 88 HOLIDAY SPORTSEDAN

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Good-tasting Lavoris is the modern mouthwash-gargle
with the amazingly effective cleansing action*
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9 FL.OZ.
TANGY CINNAMON AND CLOVE FLAVOR
Stimulating Astringent
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Sore Throats
Canker Sores
Denture Breath
Bleeding Gums
Take a tip from your dentist
Lavoris is used by more dentists than all other mouthwashes combined

(*Continued from Page 56*) and Indian guides hired. On the second expedition, Clark and CHAOS were aided by another unusual organization. They got a lift from a club of jeep jockeys, dedicated to driving anywhere and everywhere except on roads. "But instead of going where the cannon might be," Clark says sadly, "those jeepsters just ripped around to the toughest places for jeeping and jarred the pants off of us."

CHAOS nearly met its Waterloo at Yakima not only by jeep but in trying to be sociable. A Yakima civic club asked for a program on cannon. "They said they were tired of ordinary speeches on ordinary subjects and wanted something different," Clark explains. "We did our best." The best included bringing four small muzzle-loader cannon from Seattle and Portland, and firing them from a hotel balcony. Police quickly arrived. Just then a large plate-glass window in a store below the balcony cracked, damage seventy-five dollars. The civic group calmed the gendarmery and paid for the window, although CHAOS came insured against such damage. Spokesmen for the group said they were well satisfied; the program, for once, was much different.

The social bombardment of Yakima continued a custom which flourished fully fifty years earlier in Spokane, Washington. The Pacific Northwest is a happy hunting ground for cannon seekers today because of its legendary amateur artillerymen. Spokane boasted one of the foremost. This was Dutch Jake Goetz, who owned an interest in three silver mines. Dutch Jake also operated a gambling house and later built the Coeur d'Alene Hotel in Spokane. His most steadfast and consuming interest, however, was in a large iron cannon. This he mounted on wagon wheels. He kept it outside his gambling joint, making him the most heavily armed gambler in the whole West. Later he hoisted it to prominence on the roof of his hotel.

When Dutch Jake got around to marrying, he circularized the countryside with a general invitation to his wedding. To remind people of the great occasion, he began firing his cannon that morning at five A.M. He got off a round every half hour that day. "And still," Clark muses, "the bride married him." In observing an anniversary later, however, Dutch Jake met disaster. He had chained the cannon to a porch post, to foil attempts at stealing it. Rushing out to celebrate, he forgot to unhitch the cannon before firing. Its recoil yanked out the post and collapsed the porch roof on him. Yet he remained devoted to his thunderer. On the Fourth of July, he paraded it, at first on horse-drawn drays and later on trucks. At intervals along the line of march, he boomed away over the heads of the crowd. A prankster once crammed a double fistful of marbles down the muzzle when Jake wasn't looking. That shot blasted a row of store windows. The tough old miner gambler nearly fainted.

The fame of Dutch Jake's cannon persisted to such an extent that CHAOS made a special pilgrimage to Spokane not long ago to look it up. There it was, still on the hotel roof. "It was lonely and ignored," Clark says sympathetically, "so we arranged a real bang-up celebration. We had W. C. Moody, the hotel manager, present it to the Eastern Washington Historical Museum. It is properly cared for there."

Many CHAOS "recoveries" wind up as attractions in public places such as museums, restored fortresses and resort hotels. Early forts which have been rebuilt as tourist drawing cards have turned to CHAOS for their main armaments. Historic Fort Ross, the old Russian trading post north of San Francisco, originally mounted forty Russian muzzle-loaders. Not one could be found when the California Department of Natural Resources reconstructed the place as a state historical monument. The department contacted CHAOS. With some expert pointers, the Fort Ross staff located an original gun in the town of Shasta. As the owner of the gun had it chained to a post and declined to part with it, the searchers are now looking elsewhere.

Members of the CHAOS "Underwater Recovery Department" have made widespread finds of submerged artillery. Skin diving twelve miles from Hamilton, Bermuda, Teddy Tucker removed a number of early breech-loading swivel guns from a wreck believed to be that of a French privateer. Melvin Scott, diving in ten fathoms off Solana Beach, California, found a wreck with seven cannon peering from it. Dr. George Crile, of Cleveland, Ohio, and Ed Link, of Binghamton, New York, using Link's "magnetic wand," located a coral-encrusted old iron cannon off the Bahamas. From its age and location, they surmised it might have been brought over in the Santa Maria by Columbus. They presented the cannon—along with a technical problem—to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington.

The problem with the supposed Santa Maria gun and with most other iron barrels recovered from salt water is that the metal deteriorates rapidly when hauled ashore and cleaned of marine growth. The Smithsonian tackled the problem in rare scientific form. Mendel L. Peterson, curator of its history department, developed an elaborate process. It is not recommended for individual cannon restorers with only one bathroom, as it involves a double-dip chemical bath for nearly a year for the ailing artillery. Never allow a barrel to dry out between baths, Peterson advises. The enfeebled cannon can't stand fresh air.

Right now, a tantalizing possibility of recovering cannon from the sea confronts Clark and his cronies in Seattle. Clark's weather-beaten shingle mansion overlooks an arm of Puget Sound. He can almost see from his picture window the watery spot where, more than a century ago, a British warship crammed with big guns is believed to have sunk.

A former Navy diver named Oscar Schoonover claimed that he literally walked into the wrecked warship several years ago through a yawning hole in the starboard bow. Schoonover was doing commercial diving at the time. He gave Seattle newspapers a detailed description of the ghost ship: Eight brass cannon on each side and two more forward; the cannon marked with the English broad arrow and crown, each weighing an estimated 3800 pounds originally and perhaps twice that with their heavy encrustation of barnacles. The hulk lay in 200 feet of water under a well-traveled Seattle ferry route, the diver reported. He said it was disintegrating and might soon slide off a shelf into deeper water. Somehow, he neglected to buoy its location.

The British Admiralty reported that HMS Peacock, of eighteen guns and 120 men, disappeared mysteriously in the vicinity of Seattle in 1814, possibly after striking an uncharted rock. The United States Navy Department confirmed that Schoonover was a skilled diver who might very well have made a find such as he claimed. But Schoonover left Seattle with his family nearly three years ago without giving a forwarding address or the exact location of the wreck. Seattle cannon hunters sometimes ride the ferry wistfully, gazing down into the depths as they go. To them, an eighteen-gun ship is a true dream boat.

THE END

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Are the Republicans Through?

(Continued from Page 27)

emergence of a weird new political instability which, in turn, could overwhelm the Democrats just as spectacularly?

My own attempt to unravel this mystery is based partly on a study of voting trends which I have carried on over the last fifteen years and on two surveys of voter sentiment conducted last year. During the campaign I traveled through twenty cities and thirteen farm counties, systematically interviewing voters of every description. When the election was over, I analyzed the returns in all of the more important states, county by county, ward by ward and often precinct by precinct, to determine where the most meaningful shifts had taken place. I then went out into these areas to talk to more voters.

What I found is not easily capsuled. Some voting shifts seem to have been inspired by little more than the feeling voiced by one Nebraska farmer, "The Republicans ran things for so long I wanted to see what a Democrat would do." Still, when all the scattered pieces are put together, it seems clear that the Republican collapse was caused by a collision of two sets of forces.

One, centering upon economic issues, determined the direction that the vote took. The second set of influences, by weakening the force of party tradition, exaggerated and magnified the trend of protest. As examples of these magnifying influences, let us consider the effect of just two things: Population change and the seemingly small matter of how ballots are set up.

In Indiana, for example, as in Connecticut and Maine, it is easy to vote a straight ticket; you merely mark a single cross on the ballot or pull down one lever. Apparently that is what most Indiana voters did last fall. My interviewing showed that the main target of the voter's ire was Gov. Harold Handley, who ran for the United States Senate. Even stanch Republicans denounced him for "raising taxes" and for "those highway scandals." But swept along to defeat with Handley were six Republican Congressmen and enough members of the lower house of the state legislature to give the Democrats control for the first time since 1936.

Who the Congressman was seems to have made little difference. In the Tenth District, which takes in Muncie, Ralph Harvey, a five-term veteran, was beaten by Randall S. Harmon, an obscure factory worker and political novice. During the entire campaign Harmon, who was sick at home for five weeks, made exactly one speech, at a C.I.O. picnic. He reported total campaign expenses of $162, of which $105 went for gasoline.

One Indiana township I visited—Dudley in Henry County—showed a Democratic plurality for the first time in local memory. What upset precedent here was nothing more world shaking than a township trustee fight. "We're Republicans around here," explained one storekeeper, "but we felt this part of the township ought to name the trustee. Our man ran as a Democrat. We didn't want to risk spoiling our votes, so we went for all the Democrats."

By contrast, in the state of Washington, back in 1947, straight-ticket voting by a single mark on the ballot was eliminated by a Republican-controlled legislature. Instead, the voter had to mark a cross or pull a lever beside each individual candidate. Last fall this bit of Republican foresight paid off, for although Democratic Senator Henry Jackson was re-elected with 68 per cent of the vote, the Washington congressional delegation remained unchanged at six Republicans and one Democrat.

In the past, straight-ticket voting has usually been regarded as a bulwark of resistance to political change. But in 1958 it was ticket splitting which slowed the Democratic sweep, and straight-ticket voting that blew it up to astonishing proportions.

Even more damaging to party tradition have been the various factors operating to make different parts of the country more alike—and therefore more apt to swing together politically. The decentralization of industry has widened the geographical area through which unemployment is felt. During the last decade perhaps as much as one fourth of the nation has been caught up in a mighty reshuffling of our population, from one state to another, from farms to the cities or cities to the suburbs.

In itself, moving into a new community may not change one's voting. However, migration does bring people from different backgrounds into new concentrations where they share similar economic and social surroundings and—if hit by the same event—may shift en masse, toppling the prevailing balance.

Take the Second Congressional District of Kansas. Bordering on Missouri, this district served as the staging area across which the whole tragedy of "Bleeding Kansas" was fought. But if Civil War memories still dominate the voting of many older residents, names like John Brown or Quantrell's Raiders mean nothing to the settlers in the many new home developments along the highways leading to Kansas City. At first, most of these newcomers tended to vote as did the older Republican residents, but last fall they swung heavily for Gov. George Docking and helped elect a Democratic Congressman for the first time since 1924.

I went into one such development of new homes built since 1950 in Olathe. Most of the residents were under thirty-five. What struck me was how varied were the reasons that former Eisenhower supporters gave for switching.

A twenty-three-year-old inspector at the local Delco-Remy plant explained, "We were working only four days a week for a while. How could I pay for my house on that?" Another family resented the cost of living. Two couples switched because "the Republicans were for right-to-work"; a salesman felt "we should take a firmer stand against Russia and not give so much money away abroad." Four families cited local grievances which ranged from taxes and water bills to the fact that a nearby street was unpaved, and "where I came from you didn't have to buy school books for your kids. Here you do."

In short, throughout the development there seemed to run an urge to protest against something, against anything. As I listened to their replies I felt that these youthful families could not be counted as stanch adherents of either political party. They were not like trees, with rooted attitudes, but more like political tumbleweeds which roll with the changing winds.

The direction in which these tumbleweeds blow in 1960 will depend largely on whether the Republican leaders face up to exactly what caused last fall's balloting to swing against the G.O.P. The recession alone was not responsible. At least three other factors were decisive—the failure to control inflation, a widespread loss of confidence in the President, and the drive to outlaw the union shop through right-to-work laws.

Since the New Deal most union members have felt "the Democrats are for the workers and the Republicans for business." However, a third or more of labor's membership has generally voted Republican, largely because "we were born that way." Right-to-work plunged many of these workers into a fierce conflict between family tradition and economic interest.

Elhanan Fisher, for example, was orphaned as a child and had been raised by a Kansas grandmother who drilled into him the belief that "the Republican tariff is the best protection for the American worker." But Fisher is also an ardent unionist. "I had to vote for Docking because he was against right-to-work," Fisher explained. "But I'm still a Republican."

Similarly, in Ohio almost the heaviest showing against right-to-work came, surprisingly enough, in the Tenth Congressional district, which last elected a Democrat to Congress in 1912. It seemed strange that so traditionally Republican an area should oppose right-to-work more strongly than some of the most industrialized parts of the state. To find out why, I went into one county—Athens—in Southeastern Ohio, where outlawing the union shop was favored by only one fourth of the voters.

Nowhere in the county did I find anyone who could be pointed to as the local leader of the right-to-work forces. Yet earlier in the year more than 1000 residents of the county had signed petitions to put the issue on the ballot. What had happened?

One morning five men in succession drove into the station of a gasoline dealer in Nelsonville and told him they intended to buy their gas elsewhere because he had signed the right-to-work petition.

"I tried to explain they had the wrong fellow, that I hadn't signed the petition," the dealer recalled. "Those men told me the unions had listed the names of all the signers and distributed them to every union member. So I hotfooted down to union headquarters and got one of those lists and put it in my window."

Alongside the list the dealer propped a placard reading, THIS ESTABLISHMENT

NEXT WEEK

THIS IS THE LIFE I LOVE

From Playgirl to Publisher

By Alicia Patterson

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND, 21:

WHEN TIME BEGAN

By Fred Hoyle

PATIENTS SHOULD TELL THE TRUTH

By I. Phillips Frohman, M.D.

THE REDS BOOTED ME OUT OF CHINA

A Western Correspondent's Nine Uneasy Months in Peking

MY HUSBAND, ARTHUR MURRAY:

ARTHUR WAS HARD TO PLEASE

By Kathryn Murray

RIVIERA PRELUDE

A New Short Serial by Vivian Connell

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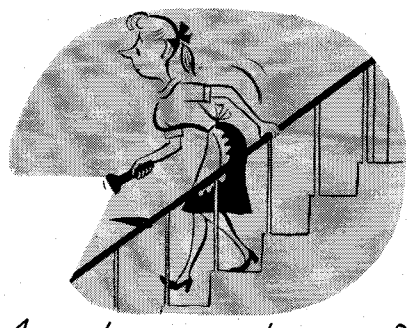
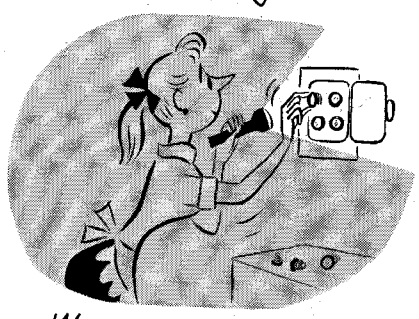
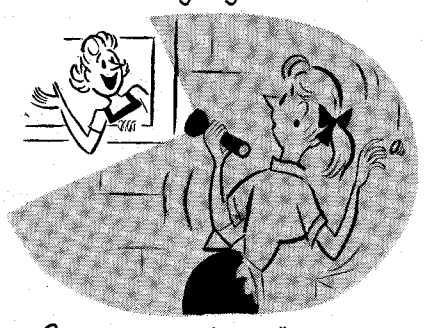


A modern young housewife named Hughes

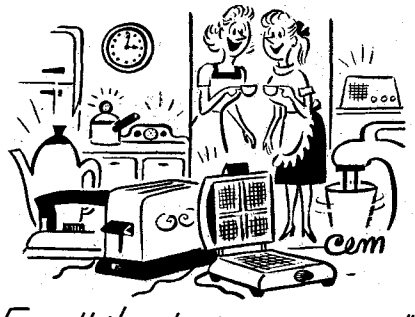


Was constantly changing the fuse



Said a neighbor "My dear,

You need full HOUSEPOWER here



For all the devices you use."

If fuses blow often in *your* home, you probably have *low* HOUSEPOWER—not enough wiring, outlets, and switches to run your electrical appliances and lighting efficiently. To make sure you have *full* HOUSEPOWER, call the HOUSEPOWER Specialist—your electrical contractor—today.

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TRADE MARK

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IS AGAINST RIGHT-TO-WORK. As the bitterness over the issue intensified, similar signs appeared in the windows of more and more establishments until he was a rash merchant indeed who did not display such a placard.

A labor leader told me of a union meeting at which a worker who had signed the petition was called up before the membership. Frantic and in tears, this worker pleaded, "I didn't mean any harm. Tell me what you want me to do. I'll cut my throat right here if that's what you want!"

Apart from this campaign of intimidation, there probably was a deeper reason why no one in Athens County stepped forward to lead the battle to support right-to-work—the absence of a sizable middle class in either Athens or the neighboring counties. The bulk of the Tenth District's constituents are factory workers, miners and farmers whose income per acre runs only half as high as the average for all Ohio. The kind of people who might have been expected to favor right-to-work simply don't live in the community. The "business leadership," consisting mainly of storekeepers, was quickly silenced by the threat of boycott.

Still, the defeat in five states of the effort to outlaw the union shop does not mean that the public is unconcerned about the abuses of labor's power. Both during the campaign and after the election I repeatedly ran into workers who echoed one California truck driver.

"These union bosses are taking us for a ride," he declared. "We all know that. But we'd rather have unions with racketeers than be without a union."

Even in fairly well-off neighborhoods, ordinarily not sympathetic to labor, right-to-work seemed like an extremist proposal. In Los Angeles, Denver and Cleveland, the neighborhoods where the vote divided fifty-fifty were those with homes priced at $20,000 and higher—neighborhoods which had given Eisenhower as much as two thirds of their vote. In such areas typical responses ran, "Unions should be kept from going too far, but I don't think this is the way to do it."

In California and Ohio the militant solidarity that right-to-work gave labor seems to have caused even nonunion members to back away from the Republican candidates. Still, all of labor's efforts and the millions it spent on the issue would not account for the G.O.P. debacle. The fact is that the Republicans also lost large blocs of normally conservative voters, who see "red" when they think of unions. The key to this loss, I believe, lies in the Eisenhower Administration's failure to control inflation.

In past elections the fear of inflation has always helped the Republicans, just as the fear of depression has strengthened the Democrats; for most people have long looked on the Democrats as spenders and on the Republicans as the one hope of slashing Government spending and reducing taxes. During the last campaign, however, the public anger over inflation hurt rather than helped the Republicans. In Amsterdam, New York, one middle-aged clerk told me that he wanted to see "both Eisenhower and Harriman out of there." Asked why, he exploded in rage, "What was Eisenhower's platform? He came in saying, 'Let's throw the rascals out and save a dollar.' But he's spent just as much as Truman and Roosevelt ever did." In South Bend, Indiana, a lifelong Republican vowed, "I'll either vote Democratic or I won't vote at all. I'm tired of these politicians putting their hands into my pocket, raising taxes all the time."

After the election I asked many persons who had voted Democratic what they thought about the fact that some observers were interpreting the election as a mandate for more spending. The response of Antoine Miller of Racine, Wisconsin, was typical. "The Government is spending too much already," he retorted. "I voted Democratic to get taxes down." In Dodge County, Nebraska, which went Democratic for the first time since 1936, I talked with six normally Republican farmers who had switched. Four said they voted Democratic "to get rid of Benson"; three complained "taxes are too high."

This ire at mounting taxes overrode party lines. In New York, Democrats told me they were going against Governor Harriman because of his failure to continue a "forgiveness" reduction in the state income tax. In Pennsylvania, Hugh Scott beat Governor Leader for the Senate mainly because of resentments that had been aroused by Leader's tax policies.

Another source of opposition to the Republicans was the continued rise in living costs even in the face of unemployment. Both workers and housewives told me, "Wages and prices should be frozen like that OPA thing." The wife of a young truck driver, who had voted for Eisenhower twice, declared, "It's terrible, Eisenhower just sitting there and letting prices go up month after month. How can you raise a family if you don't know what anything will cost a year from now?"

It was amazing to listen to the conflicting reasons given for switching to the Democrats. One unemployed auto worker declared, "I was for Eisenhower, but no more. The Democrats build things that aren't needed, which costs money—but at least they keep everyone working." Two blocks away an elderly couple launched into a tirade against "giving all this money away to foreigners . . . prices going up . . . taxes jumping all the time . . . waste of money shooting rockets at the moon." The wife added, "I'm going to vote straight Democratic and against anything on the ballot that'll cost me a penny." Often one person would denounce the Republicans for being "too tight with money," but a neighbor would protest, "The Republicans are on a spending spree."

On economic issues, in short, the voters were neither "liberal" nor "conservative"—but plain mad. Far from thinking that the Democrats stood for spending and the Republicans for economy, the prevailing feeling was that "both parties spend just as much" or "inflation got out of control under the Democrats and stayed that way under the Republicans."

Right here, I believe, we come to the main reason for the completeness of the Republican debacle. The 1958 election was the first since the advent of Roosevelt in which the electorate saw no meaningful difference between the two parties on the crucial problem of inflation.

The fact that even "born Republicans" were prompted to vote Democratic raises another point of historic importance. The stability of the American political system has often been attributed to both major parties' being so much alike. But if this held true in the past, the weakening of the force of tradition suggests that the lack of clear-cut differences between the parties has become a major cause of voting instability. If discontented voters see no real choice between the parties, they have two alternatives—either blindly to turn the "ins" out or to vote for the man, not the party. The use of these two alternatives by the voters explains many of the 1958 "upsets."

Most striking is the case of Nelson Rockefeller. Any Republican who, in his first try for elective office, can sweep New York State by half a million votes—even while Sen. William Knowland is losing California by a million votes—merits being hailed as "a political natural" and "new, shining star." But let us not overlook the fact that Rockefeller's victory was made possible by his being essentially the same as Governor Harriman.

"They're both millionaires, and I'll take the handsome one," was the comment of several women I interviewed during the campaign. Other voters said, "There's no difference between 'em. Give me the new broom." After watching both men on TV, people told me, "Rockefeller is eager to do a good job," while "Harriman looks old and tired." Another revealing remark was, "We've seen what Harriman will do. I'd like to try a Rockefeller."

Senator Goldwater's re-election in Arizona points a similar moral, although here the impact of personality mixes with the value of taking a clear stand on issues. Among a score of Phoenix voters the most frequently voiced comment was, "You knew where Goldwater stood," while his opponent, Gov. Ernest McFarland, "never took a position on anything." Goldwater made a far better TV appearance, according to the persons I interviewed. And, like Rockefeller, he had a strong appeal to women.

Goldwater was also helped by the efforts of labor's Committee for Political Education—C.O.P.E.—to purge him; for the Goldwater forces made the presence of C.O.P.E. organizers the basis of a campaign to "save Arizona from falling into the clutches of outsiders." The Phoenix newspapers, intense supporters of Goldwater, went further and printed a police-line-up mug shot, numerals and all, of one C.O.P.E. chieftain. Some Arizona Democrats blame their defeat on the publication of this picture. But most observers feel that the photo, although it had some impact, was not decisive.

In both Phoenix and Tucson, Goldwater's vote closely paralleled the vote for Eisenhower, precinct by precinct. This same parallel is seen wherever the Republicans won last November—in Oregon and Rhode Island, where Mark Hatfield and Christopher Del Sesto were elected governors; in Delaware and Maryland, where John J. Williams and J. Glenn Beall were re-elected to the Senate; in Dallas and Charlotte, where Bruce Alger and Charles Jonas succeeded in keeping their seats in Congress.

This is a highly important finding. The fact that Republican candidates in such varied localities could hold the bulk of Eisenhower's supporters suggests that the G.O.P. potential is far higher than indicated by their poor showing in the Congress races. Clearly, many of the things that were in people's minds when they voted for Eisenhower still survive and can be revitalized if conditions are favorable and the right candidate is running.

To use a military metaphor, one might say that last November the Republican armies were not so much destroyed as that they were flung into a leaderless rout which has left them scattered and demoralized, but in large part still there.

Can these potential Republican forces be rallied by 1960? Much depends, of course, on the rival standard-bearers in the presidential campaign—and on what happens during the next eighteen months as regards three main issues: Civil rights, the threat of war, and the management of the economy.

At this writing the odds are against the Republicans' splitting the solid South again, although a third-party bolt is always possible if the northern Democrats

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press hard to hold the allegiance of the Negro voters. At first glance it might not seem that the Democrats need to worry about losing the Negro vote. In twenty northern cities, whose returns I have collected, the predominantly Negro precincts gave the Republicans only about one fourth of their vote compared to one third in 1956. But in Richmond, Virginia, the Negro precincts voted 90 per cent Republican against Sen. Harry F. Byrd—dramatic evidence that Negroes will ignore the "Democratic" label if the civil-rights issue is drawn sharply enough.

Continued peace—if that is an accurate term for the current state of the cold war—could prove another Republican asset for 1960. Many voters are grateful to Eisenhower because "he's kept us out of war." But some of this "peace" sentiment is too intimately linked with Eisenhower to be transferred to another Republican. Still, the fact that the last three wars were fought under Democratic Presidents explains why a sizable bloc of voters say, "The Democrats always get us into war."

In the final analysis, however, pocketbook considerations will probably determine the next tenant of the White House. The weight of the peace issue varies with economic conditions, being a stronger G.O.P. asset in prospering times, like 1956, than when offset by economic adversity. Also, currently at least, economic factors seem to be the most potent force reshuffling party loyalties.

In fact, as we have seen, the voters may even have become overly sensitive to these issues. Many groups feel that they cannot protect their economic interests if their allegiance to one party is taken for granted. Also, the public's expectations of what Government can and should do for them has grown to such inflationary levels that, as was shown last fall, even a moderate drop in performance is likely to trigger a surprisingly heavy political switch.

But it is precisely this quickened voter restlessness that provides the best basis for Republican hopes that a swift economic recovery may bring another spectacular swing, this time against the Democrats. The chances of this happening are brighter in the metropolitan areas than on the farms. After six years, Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Benson remains as unpopular as ever with farmers, and farm surpluses are no lower. The new program which takes effect this year is intended to move agriculture closer to free-market conditions. But most of the farmers I talked with said, "It will lower farm prices" even while "the rest of the economy is rigged for inflation."

Some farmers point out that during the recession "when steel was running at fifty-per-cent capacity and there were five million unemployed, wages and steel prices went up, not down." They add, "How can the farmer go back to supply and demand if everything else is fixed?"

The horns of the Republican dilemma are further sharpened by the fact that much of the G.O.P. vote in the Middle West has come from small farmers who have been Republican primarily because of family custom. As economic pressures have increased, these farmers have been torn between tradition and economic interest. Each year more of them have been voting Democratic.

One elderly Iowa farmer, a former Republican sheriff, complained, "Benson has said there's too many of us small farmers. The Republicans don't care for anything but business." As we talked, his wife shouted up from the cellar, "Tell him how the Republicans make little fellows littler and big fellows bigger."

In the urban-suburban areas the long-range trend of realignment was working in favor of the Republicans—until the recession reversed it. Mainly, this trend reflected the rapid expansion of the nation's middle class since the end of World War II. As of today there remain at least three doubts as to whether the political solidarity of the middle class can be restored to the G.O.P. by 1960:

First, can the Republicans recapture their lost appeal as the party that opposes inflation?

Second, can the G.O.P. offset its alleged identity as "the party of business," which is perhaps the biggest single Republican political liability?

Third, will Eisenhower demonstrate more vigorous leadership during the rest of his term?

"I think our best defense is for you to plead stupidity."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Although the President cannot seek re-election, it will be his Administration that most people will vote for or against in 1960. At his press conference the morning after last fall's election the President remarked that if the people "want me to do anything else, I don't know exactly what it is." Some correspondents shrugged off the comment as post-election irritation, but it contained considerable truth.

Actually, the public has not drifted from the President because of any wide disagreement with specific policies he has advanced. The loss of faith in Ike springs from a fear that "he lets too many things drift." Some of this concern stems from worry that his illnesses may have sapped his physical energy and left him too dependent on his aides. Frequently during the campaign onetime Eisenhower supporters would ask, "Is Eisenhower really running the country?" Particularly on economic problems, much of the public feels that it has lost contact with the President. Through all the recession months Eisenhower never made a talk to the nation. At the time, I was conducting a survey across the country, and housewives and workers would ask me, "Why doesn't the President tell us what he's thinking?"

Of more basic significance, perhaps, is a growing anxiety that some of our more vital problems are slipping out of control. This feeling was certainly aggravated by the Quemoy and Matsu crisis, which to many persons threatened to "back us into the same corner we got out of in Korea."

In no previous election survey had I ever encountered such a mood of frustration and anxiety. It quite plainly had stirred among the people a desire to "do something different." But there was no response to this mood from the White House. An Ohio housewife, who voted for Eisenhower both times, summed up many opinions last summer when she complained, "The whole world's in an uproar. But what is Eisenhower doing? He's playing golf."

Presidents rarely swap natures in midstream. Still, it seems questionable that the Republicans can win in 1960 unless the President recognizes that the easy-going, conciliatory leadership that was so successful in his first term no longer fits the public temper. If 1958 holds out one dominant lesson to the Republican Party, it is that the G.O.P. must stand for something definite politically. Trying to be all things to all men, the last election showed, invites being blamed by all men for all things.

In concluding my 1958 campaign series I wrote, "Politics in this country has come to be conducted as if the choices before the nation were as simple as pie in the sky. But the course of events in the world suggests that the only real choices we have are difficult ones. Until this gap between the promises of the campaigners and the realities we must live by is narrowed, neither party is likely to be able to hold a majority of the electorate for long."

To function effectively in what amounts to a managed economy, with an almost daily intervention in affairs abroad, both our parties must confront us with significant distinctions in terms of the choices we really have. If that is not done, the public will either reject all parties in favor of a personality, as France has done with De Gaulle, or toss its frustrations from the "ins" to the "outs." And if that happens—and it already is happening—we will find ourselves plunged into an era of indecisive landslides in which it will be easier to throw officials out of office than to explain what is expected of their successors.

THE END

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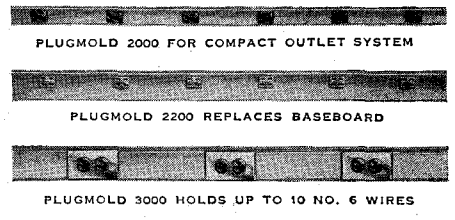

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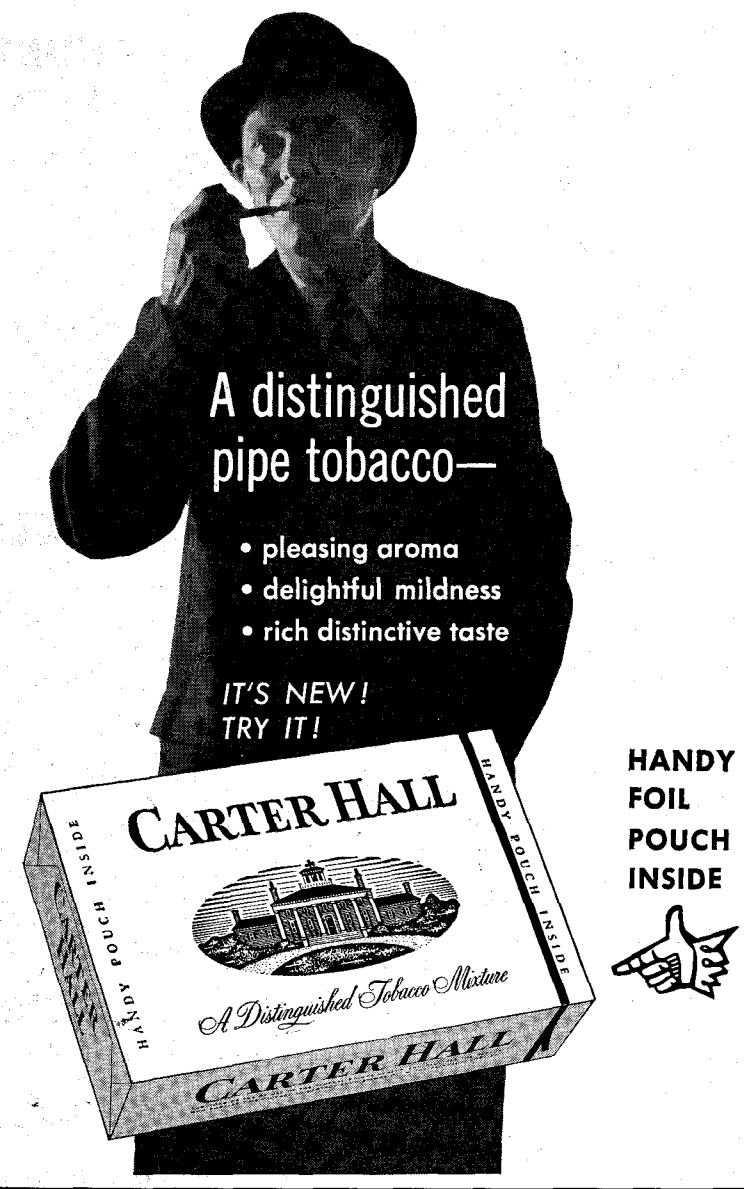

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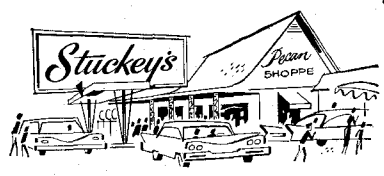

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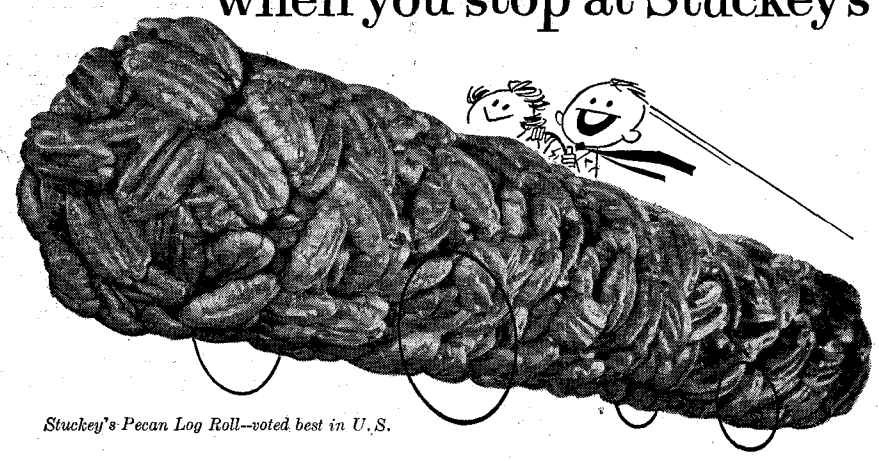

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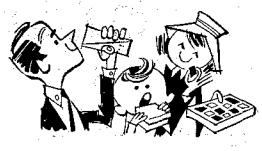

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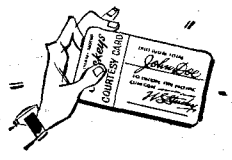

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Lincoln the Literary Genius

(Continued from Page 30)

But before taking this path of discovery, it is necessary to dispose of a few too-familiar ideas. The first is that we already know all there is to know about Lincoln's prose. Does not every school child learn that the Gettysburg Address is beautiful, hearing this said so often that he ends by believing it? The belief is general, of course, but come by in this way, it is not worth much. One proof of its little meaning is that most Americans also believe that for fifty years Lincoln's connection with the literary art was to tell racy stories. Then, suddenly, on a train journey to Gettysburg, he wrote a masterpiece. This is not the way great artists go to work—so obviously not, that to speak of Lincoln as an *artist* will probably strike some readers as a paradox or a joke. Even so, the puzzle remains: How did this strange man from Illinois produce not a few happy phrases, but an unmistakable style?

On this point the books by experts do no better than the public. The latest collective attempt to write a literary history of the United States does indeed speak of Lincoln's styles, in the plural; but this reference is really to Lincoln's various tones, ranging from the familiar to the elevated. Like all other books that I have searched through, this authoritative work always talks of the subject or the occasion of Lincoln's words when attempting to explain the power of his best-known pieces. It is as if a painter's genius were explained by the landscapes he depicted.

Lincoln has indeed had praise as a writer, but nearly all of it has been conventional and absent-minded. The few authors of serious studies have fallen into sentimentality and incoherence. Thus, in the Hay and Nicolay edition of Lincoln's works, a famous editor of the '90's writes: "Of style, in the ordinary use of the word, Lincoln may be said to have had little. There was nothing ambitiously elaborate or self-consciously simple in Lincoln's way of writing. He had not the scholar's range of words. He was not always grammatically accurate. He would doubtless have been very much surprised if anyone had told him that he 'had' a style at all."

Here one feels like asking: Then why discuss "Lincoln as a writer"? The answer is unconvincing: "And yet, because he was determined to be understood, because he was honest, because he had a warm and true heart, because he had read good books eagerly and not coldly, and because there was in him a native good taste, as well as a strain of imagination, he achieved a singularly clear and forcible style, which took color from his own noble character and became a thing individual and distinguished. . . ."

So the man who had no style, had a style—clear, forcible, individual and distinguished. This is as odd a piece of reasoning as that offered by the late Senator Beveridge: "The cold fact is that not one faint glimmer appears in his whole life, at least before his Cooper Union speech, which so much as suggests the radiance of the last two years." Perhaps a senator is never a good judge of what a President writes; this one asks us to believe in a miracle. One would think the "serious" critics had simply failed to read their author.

Yet they must have read him, to be so obviously bothered. "How did he do it?" they wonder. They think of the momentous issues of the Civil War, of the grueling four years in Washington, of the man beset by politicians who were too aggressive and by generals who were not enough so, and the solution flashes upon them: "It was the strain that turned homespun into great literature." This is again to confuse a literary occasion with the literary power which rises to it. The famous documents—the two Inaugurals, the Gettysburg Address, the letter to Mrs. Bixby—marvelous as they are, do not solve the riddle. On the contrary, their subjects have such a grip on our emotions that we begin to think almost anybody could have moved us. For all these reasons—inadequate criticism, over-familiarity with a few masterpieces, ignorance of Lincoln's early work and the consequent suppression of one whole side of his character—we must go back to the source and begin at the beginning.

Pick up any early volume of Lincoln's and start reading as if you were approaching a new author. Pretend you know none of the anecdotes, nothing of the way the story embedded in these pages comes out. Your aim is to see a life unfold and to descry the character of the man from his own words, written, most of them, not to be published, but to be felt.

Here is Lincoln at twenty-three telling the people of his district by means of a handbill that they should send him to the state legislature: "Upon the subjects of which I have treated, I have spoken as I thought. I may be wrong in regard to any or all of them; but holding it a sound maxim that it is better to be only sometimes right than at all times wrong, so soon as I discover my opinions to be erroneous, I shall be ready to renounce them." And he closes his appeal for votes on an unpolitical note suggestive of melancholy thoughts: "But if the good people in their wisdom shall see fit to keep me in the background, I have been too familiar with disappointments to be very much chagrined."

One does not need to be a literary man to see that Lincoln was a born writer, nor a psychologist to guess that here is a youth of uncommon mold—strangely self-assertive, yet detached, and also laboring under a sense of misfortune.

For his handbill Lincoln may have had to seek help with his spelling, which was always uncertain, but the rhythm of those sentences was never taught by a grammar book. Lincoln, as he himself said, went to school "by littles," which did not in the aggregate amount to a year. Everybody remembers the story of his reading the Bible in the light of the fire and scribbling with charcoal on the back of the shovel. But millions have read the Bible and not become even passable writers. The neglected truth is that not one but several persons who remembered his childhood remarked on the boy's singular determination to express his thoughts in the best way.

His stepmother gave an account of the boy which prefigures the literary artist much more than the rail splitter: "He didn't like physical labor. He read all the books he could lay his hands on. . . . When he came across a passage that struck him, he would write it down on boards if he had no paper and keep it there till he did get paper, then he would rewrite it, look at it, repeat it." Later, Lincoln's law partner, William H. Herndon, recorded the persistence of this obsessive habit with words: "He used to bore me terribly by his methods. . . . Mr. Lincoln would doubly explain things to me that needed no explanation. . . . Mr. Lincoln was a very patient man generally, but . . . just go at Lincoln with abstractions, glittering generalities, indefiniteness, mistiness of idea or expression. Here he flew up and became vexed, and sometimes foolishly so."

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In youth Lincoln had tried to be a poet, but found he lacked the gift. What he could do was think with complete clarity in words and imagine the workings of others' minds at the same time. One does not read far in his works before discovering that as a writer he toiled above all to find the true order for his thoughts—order first, and then a lightninglike brevity. Here is how he writes in 1846, a young politician far from the limelight, and of whom no one expected a lapidary style: "If I falsify in this you can convict me. The witnesses live, and can tell." There is a fire in this, and a control of it, which shows the master.

That control of words implied a corresponding control of the emotions. Herndon described several times in his lectures and papers the eccentric temperament of his lifelong partner. This portrait the kindly sentimental people have not been willing to accept. But Herndon's sense of greatness was finer than that of the admirers from afar, who worship rather storybook heroes than the mysterious, difficult, unsatisfactory sort of great man—the only sort that history provides.

What did Herndon say? He said that Lincoln was a man of sudden and violent moods, often plunged in deathly melancholy for hours, then suddenly lively and ready to joke; that Lincoln was self-centered and cold, not given to revealing his plans or opinions, and ruthless in using others' help and influence; that Lincoln was idle for long stretches of time, during which he read newspapers or simply brooded; that Lincoln had a disconcerting power to see into questions, events and persons, never deceived by their incidental features or conventional garb, but extracting the central matter as one cores an apple; that Lincoln was a man of strong passions and mystical longings, which he repressed because his mind showed him their futility, and that this made him cold-blooded and a fatalist.

In addition, as we know from other sources, Lincoln was subject to vague fears and dark superstitions. Strange episodes, though few, marked his relations with women, including his wife-to-be, Mary Todd. He was subject, as some of his verses show, to obsessional gloom about separation, insanity and death. We should bear in mind that Lincoln was orphaned, reared by a stepmother, and early cast adrift to make his own way. His strangely detached attitude toward himself, his premonitions and depressions, his morbid regard for truth and abnormal suppression of aggressive impulses, suggest that he hugged a secret wound which ultimately made out of an apparent common man the unique figure of an artist-saint.

Lincoln moreover believed that his mother was the illegitimate daughter of a Virginia planter and, like others who have known or fancied themselves of irregular descent, he had a powerful, unreasoned faith in his own destiny—a destiny he felt would combine greatness and disaster.

Whatever psychiatry might say to this, criticism recognizes the traits of a type of artist one might call "the dark outcast." Michelangelo and Byron come to mind as examples. In such men the sense of isolation from others is in the emotions alone. The mind remains a clear and fine instrument of common sense—Michelangelo built buildings, and Byron brilliantly organized the Greeks in their revolt against Turkey. In Lincoln there is no incompatibility between the lawyer-statesman, whom we all know, and the artist, whose physiognomy I have been trying to sketch.

Lincoln's detachment was what produced his mastery over men. Had he not, as President, towered in mind and will over his cabinet, they would have crushed or used him without remorse. Chase, Seward, Stanton, the Blairs, McClellan had among them enough egotism and ability to wreck several administrations. Each thought Lincoln would be an easy victim. It was not until he was removed from their midst that any of them conceived of him as an apparition greater than themselves. During his life their dominant feeling was exasperation with him for making them feel baffled. They could not bring him down to their reach. John Hay, who saw the long struggle, confirms Herndon's judgments: "It is absurd to call him a modest man. No great man was ever modest. It was his intellectual arrogance and unconscious assumption of superiority that men like Chase and Sumner could never forgive."

This is a different Lincoln from the clumsy country lawyer who makes no great pretensions, but has a trick or two up his sleeve and wins the day for righteousness because his heart is pure. Lincoln's purity was that of a supremely conscious genius, not of an innocent. And if we ask what kind of genius enables a man to master a new and sophisticated scene as Lincoln did, without the aid of what are called personal advantages, with little experience in affairs of state and no established following, the answer is: military genius or its close kin, artistic genius.

The artist contrives means and marshals forces that the beholder takes for granted and that the bungler never discovers for himself. The artist is always scheming to conquer his material and his audience. When we speak of his craft, we mean quite literally that he is crafty.

Lincoln acquired his power over words in the only two ways known to man—by reading and by writing. His reading was small in range and much of a kind: the Bible, Bunyan, Byron, Burns, Defoe, Shakespeare and a then-current edition of Aesop's Fables. These are books from which a genius would extract the lesson of terseness and strength. The Bible and Shakespeare's poetry would be less influential than Shakespeare's prose, whose rapid twists and turns Lincoln often rivals, though without imagery. The four other British writers are all devotees of the telling phrase, rather than the suggestive. As for Aesop, the similarity of his stories with the anecdotes Lincoln liked to tell—always in the same words—is obvious. But another parallel occurs, that between the shortness of a fable and the mania Lincoln had for condensing any matter into the fewest words:

"John Fitzgerald, eighteen years of age, able-bodied, but without pecuniary means, came directly from Ireland to Springfield, Illinois, and there stopped, and sought employment, with no present intention of returning to Ireland or going elsewhere. After remaining in the city some three weeks, part of the time employed, and part not, he fell sick, and became a public charge. It has been submitted to me, whether the City of Springfield, or the County of Sangamon is, by law, to bear the charge."

As Lincoln himself wrote on another occasion, "This is not a long letter, but it contains the whole story." And the paragraph would prove, if it were necessary, that style is independent of attractive subject matter. The pleasure it gives is that of lucidity and motion, the motion of Lincoln's mind.

In his own day, Lincoln's prose was found flat, dull, lacking in taste. It differed radically in form and tone from the accepted models—Webster's or Channing's for speeches, Bryant's or Greeley's for journalism. Once or twice, Lincoln did imitate their genteel circumlocutions or resonant abstractions. But these were exercises he never repeated. His style, well in hand by his thirtieth year and richly developed by his fiftieth, has the eloquence which comes of the contrast between transparency of medium and density of thought. Consider this episode from a lyceum lecture written when Lincoln was twenty-nine:

"Turn, then, to that horror-striking scene at St. Louis. A single victim was only sacrificed there. His story is very short; and is, perhaps, the most highly tragic of anything of its length that has ever been witnessed in real life. A mulatto man by the name of McIntosh was seized in the street, dragged to the suburbs of the city, chained to a tree, and actually burned to death; and all within a single hour from the time he had been a freeman, attending to his own business, and at peace with the world."

Notice the contrasting rhythm of the two sentences: "A single victim was only sacrificed there. His story is very short." The sentences are very short, too, but let anyone try imitating their continuous flow or subdued emotion on the characteristic Lincolnian theme of the swift passage from the business of life to death.

Lincoln's prose works fall into three categories: speeches, letters and proclamations. The speeches range from legal briefs and arguments to political debates. The proclamations begin with his first offer of his services as a public servant and end with his presidential statements of policy or calls to Thanksgiving between 1861 and 1865. The letters naturally cover his life span and a great diversity of subjects. They are, I surmise, the crucible in which Lincoln cast his style. By the time he was in the White House, he could frame, impromptu, hundreds of messages such as this telegram to General McClellan: "I have just read your despatch about sore-tongued and fatigued horses. Will you pardon me for asking what the horses of your army have done since the battle of Antietam that fatigues anything?"

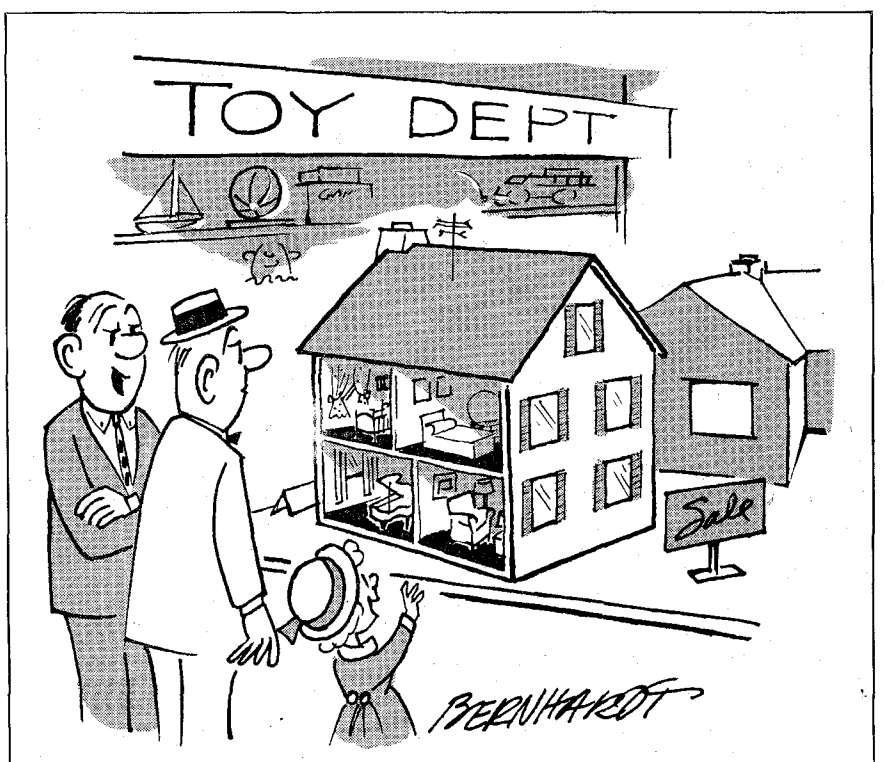
Something of Lincoln's tone obviously comes from the practice of legal thought. It would be surprising if the effort of mind that Lincoln put into his profession had not come out again in his prose. After all, he made his name and rose to the Presidency over a question of constitutional law. Legal thought encourages precision through the imagining and the denial of alternatives. The language of the law foresees doubt, ambiguity, confusion, stupid or fraudulent error, and one by one it excludes them. Most lawyers succeed at least in avoiding misunderstanding, and this obviously is the foundation of any prose that aims at clear expression.

As a lawyer Lincoln knew that the courtroom vocabulary would achieve this purpose if handled with a little care. But it would remain jargon, obscure to the common understanding. As an artist, therefore, he undertook to frame his ideas invariably in one idiom, but that of daily life. He had to use, of course, the technical names of the actions and documents he dealt with. But all the rest was in the vernacular. His first achievement was to translate the minute accuracy of the advocate and the judge into the words of common men.

To say this is to suggest a measure of Lincoln's struggle as an artist. He started with very little confidence in his stock of knowledge, and having to face audiences far more demanding than ours, he toiled to improve his vocabulary, grammar and logic. In the first year of his term in Congress he labored through six books of Euclid in hopes of developing the coherence of thought he felt he needed in order to demonstrate his views. Demonstration was to him the one proper goal of argument; he never seems to have considered it within his power to convince by disturbing the judgment through the emotions. In the few passages where he resorts to platform tricks, he uses only irony or satire, never the rain-barrel booming of the Fourth-of-July orator.

One superior gift he possessed from the start and developed to a supreme degree, the gift of rhythm. Take this fragment, not from a finished speech, but from a jotting for a lecture on the law:

"There is a vague popular belief that lawyers are necessarily dishonest. I say vague, because, when we consider to what extent confidence and honors are reposed in and conferred upon lawyers by the people, it appears improbable that their impression of dishonesty is very distinct and vivid. Yet the impression is common, almost universal. Let no young man choosing the law for a calling for a



"It's very realistic, complete with plumbing that goes haywire, appliances that don't work and backbreaking payments."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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moment yield to the popular belief—resolve to be honest at all events; and if in your own judgment you cannot be an honest lawyer, resolve to be honest without being a lawyer."

Observe the ease with which the theme is announced: "There is a vague popular belief that lawyers are necessarily dishonest." It is short without crackling like an epigram, the word "necessarily" retarding the rhythm just enough. The thought is picked up with hardly a pause: "I say vague, because, when we consider . . ." and so on through the unfolding of reasons, which winds up in a kind of calm: "it appears improbable that their impression of dishonesty is very distinct and vivid." Now a change of pace to refresh interest: "Yet the impression is common, almost universal." And a second change, almost immediately, to usher in the second long sentence, which carries the conclusion: "Let no young man choosing the law . . ."

The paragraph moves without a false step, neither hurried nor drowsy; and by its movement, like one who leads another in the dance, it catches up our thought and swings it into willing compliance. The ear notes at the same time that none of the sounds grate or clash: The piece is sayable like a speech in a great play; the music is manly, the alliterations are few and natural. Indeed, the paragraph seems to have come into being spontaneously as the readiest incarnation of Lincoln's thoughts.

From hints here and there, one gathers that Lincoln wrote slowly—meaning, by writing, the physical act of forming letters on paper. This would augment the desirability of being brief. Lincoln wrote before the typewriter and the dictating machine, and wanting to put all his meaning into one or two lucid sentences, he thought before he wrote. The great compression came after he had, lawyerlike, excluded alternatives and hit upon right order and emphasis.

Obviously this style would make use of skips and connections unsuited to speechmaking. The member of the cabinet who received a terse memorandum had it before him to make out at leisure. But an audience requires a looser texture, just as it requires a more measured delivery. This difference between the written and the spoken word lends color to the cliché that if Lincoln had a style, he developed it in his presidential years. Actually, Lincoln, like an artist, adapted his means to the occasion. There was no pathos in him before pathos was due. When he supposed his audience intellectually alert—as was the famous gathering at Cooper Union in 1860—he gave them his concentrated prose. We may take as a sample a part of the passage where he addresses the South:

"Again, you say we have made the slavery question more prominent than it formerly was. We deny it. We admit that it is more prominent, but we deny that we made it so. It was not we, but you, who discarded the old policy of the fathers. We resisted, and still resist, your innovation; and thence comes the greater prominence of the question. Would you have that question reduced to its former proportions? Go back to that old policy. What has been, will be again, under the same conditions. If you would have the peace of the old times, readopt the precepts and policy of the old times."

This is wonderfully clear and precise and demonstrative, but two hours of equally succinct argument would tax any but the most athletic audience. Lincoln gambled on the New Yorkers' agility of mind, and won. But we should not be surprised that in the debates with Stephen A. Douglas, a year and a half before, we find the manner different. Those wrangles lasted three hours, and the necessity for each speaker to interweave prepared statements of policy with improvised rebuttals of charges and "points" gives these productions a coarser grain. Yet on Lincoln's side, the same artist mind is plainly at work:

"Senator Douglas is of world-wide renown. All the anxious politicians of his party, or who have been of his party for years past, have been looking upon him as certainly, at no distant day, to be the President of the United States. They have seen in his round, jolly, fruitful face, post offices, land offices, marshalships, and cabinet appointments, chargéships and foreign missions, bursting and sprouting out in wonderful exuberance ready to be laid hold of by their greedy hands."

The man who could lay the ground for a splendid yet catchy metaphor about political plums by describing Douglas's face as round, jolly and *fruitful* is not a man to be thought merely lucky in the handling of words. The debates abound in happy turns, but read less well than Lincoln's more compact productions. Often, Douglas's words are more polished:

"We have existed and prospered from that day to this thus divided and have increased with a rapidity never before equaled in wealth, the extension of territory, and all the elements of power and greatness, until we have become the first nation on the face of the globe. Why can we not thus continue to prosper?"

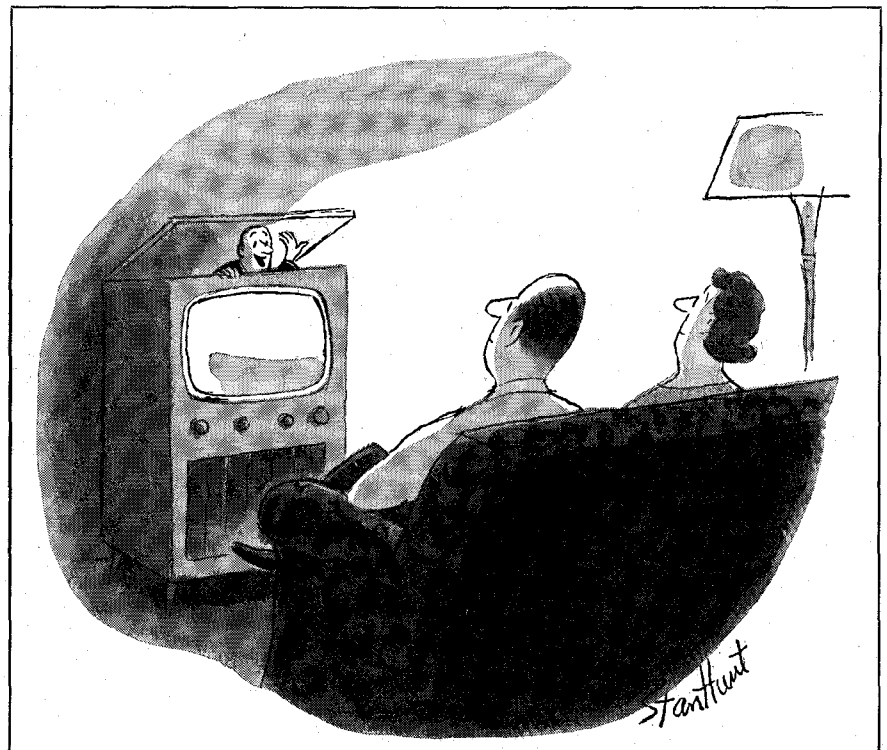
It is a mistake to underrate Douglas's skill, which was that of a professional. Lincoln's genius needs no heightening through lowering others. Douglas was smooth and adroit, and his arguments were effective, since Lincoln was defeated. But Douglas, unlike Lincoln, sounds like anybody else.

Lincoln's extraordinary power was to make his spirit felt, a power I attribute to his peculiar relation to himself. He regarded his face and physique with amusement and dismay, his mind and destiny with wonder. Seeming clumsy and diffident, he also showed a calm superiority which he expressed as if one half of a double man were talking about the other.

In conduct this detachment was the source of his saintlike forbearance; in his art it yielded the rare quality of elegance. Nowhere is this link between style and emotional distance clearer than in the farewell Lincoln spoke to his friends in Springfield before leaving for Washington. A single magical word, easy to pass over carelessly, holds the clue:

"My friends: No one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. . . ." If we stop to think, we ask: "This place"?—yes. But why "*these* people"? Why not "you people," whom he was addressing from the train platform, or "this place and the kindness of *its* people"? It is not, certainly, the mere parallel of *this* and *these* that commanded the choice. "These" is a stroke of genius, which betrays Lincoln's isolation from the action itself—Lincoln talking to himself about the place and the people whom he was leaving, foreboding the possibility of his never returning, and closing the fifteen lines with one of the greatest cadences in English speech: "To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

The four main qualities of Lincoln's literary art—precision, vernacular ease, rhythmical virtuosity and elegance—may at a century's remove seem alien to our tastes. Yet it seems no less odd to question their use and interest to the present when one considers one continuing strain in our literature. Lincoln's example, plainly, helped to break the monopoly of the dealers in literary plush. After Lincoln comes Mark Twain, and out of Mark Twain come contemporaries of ours as diverse as Sherwood Anderson, H. L. Mencken and Ernest Hemingway. Lincoln's use of his style for the intimate genre and for the sublime was his alone; but his workaday style is the American style par excellence.



"If you've lost your picture temporarily, please bear with us a moment. We're having a little transmission difficulty."

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The Manhattan Witch

(Continued from Page 21)

"Why do you keep him then?"

"Professional reasons. They're supposed to be very helpful."

"Professional reasons? What kind of profession would that be, if I'm not being too nosy?"

"Not at all. I'm a witch."

"A what?"

Abbie smiled. "No; a witch."

"A witch?" Henry eyed Abbie's clean young lines and healthy good looks. "You don't look much like one."

"What is a witch supposed to look like?"

"You know—old and wrinkled, with long, stringy hair."

"Those are the master witches. It takes time to become a really good witch, and witches grow old just like anybody else."

Henry frowned. "Are you telling me that witchcraft is something you can learn?"

"Certainly. It's a profession just like anything else—lawyer, nurse, chef, baseball player." She curled up in the chair across from him, calmly sipping her coffee. "Actually, witchcraft is based on the scientific achievements of forgotten civilizations. Being handed down from person to person through the ages has let a lot of nonsense creep in, I admit, but it's not all superstition."

"I've never heard it put that way before," Henry said. "You really think you can cast spells and things, make people do what you want them to?"

"I'm still a beginner, but I can do simple spells, like putting people in a certain mood. I'm just getting into the really meaty ones, like making objects appear and disappear and making people do things. They're not easy, believe me."

"I'll bet they aren't."

"Here, let me show you." Abbie moved over beside Henry and eagerly picked up some typewritten papers lying on the coffee table. "Take this spell, for instance. It calls for mare's milk sufficient to cloak a butterfly's wing. Do *you* know how much milk that is?"

Henry shook his head. He wasn't following very closely anyway. This was the first time he'd been this close to a witch, and it was a little unsettling. Abbie certainly hadn't looked like this in the elevator.

"Or take this one," Abbie said. "It says to stir with a fledgling raven's quill soft-touched to a black cat's ear. I ask you, just how hard is soft-touched and which ear?"

Again Henry shook his head, smiling. "It's a much bigger thing than I would have thought. How did you get into it, anyway?"

"By accident. I work in a bookstore and one day I came across some old books on witchcraft and began to study them. It's really kind of exciting when you get into it, and, of course, you never know when a good spell will come in handy."

"You sure don't." Henry thought of the work piled up in his apartment and the session

(*Continued on Page 66*)

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(*Continued from Page 64*) with his boss the next day. "I could use a good spell myself right about now."

"You could?" Abbie said. "Let me make you one."

"Well, I don't know," Henry said. "I wouldn't want to put you to a lot of trouble." Or himself, either, he thought. Abbie seemed like a nice kid, but he didn't feel like getting mixed up with any screwball women at this point. "Some other time, maybe."

"I see," Abbie said. "In other words, you think I'm a nut. Well, let me give you a bit of advice, Laughing Boy—don't knock what you don't know. If you were half a man you'd give me a chance to prove what I say instead of sitting around slapping your knee and nudging yourself with your elbow."

Henry smiled again. "Forgive me," he said. "I guess I'm the kind of guy who would have laughed at the Wright brothers. What do I have to do?"

"I could hug you for that," Abbie said. "I love a man who'll admit he's wrong. Just tell me briefly what the problem is."

"It's hard to be brief," Henry said, "especially when you're dealing with J.B. That's my boss, J. B. Good, head of Good Farm Foods."

Henry told Abbie about the day a little over two weeks before when he had been called into J.B.'s office. J.B., a round and energetic little man with a ruddy face and thinning white hair, had leaned back in his chair, finger tips together, and gazed steadily at Henry for several moments. "Henry," he said, "you've been with me for a couple of years now, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir," Henry said.

"We've poled out a few homers in our day, haven't we?"

Henry nodded. The usual wariness he adopted whenever he entered J.B.'s office gave way to the warming glow of anticipation. The job of department head had been open for some weeks now, and he couldn't think of a single reason—except maybe Bill Traverson—why it shouldn't come to him. And that would show Susan he was something of an up-and-coming bright young man himself.

J.B. leaned forward across his desk, his voice low. "Henry, what we've done in the past is nothing. In the last day or so I've been pussyfooting around an idea so big, so downright colossal, I'm almost afraid to take the wraps off."

Disappointment and dismay rushed over Henry. Not only was there to be no promotion; he was about to be exposed to another of J.B.'s big ideas. In the past they had meant only one thing—extra work, lots of it and largely wasted.

J.B. stood up and strolled back and forth behind his desk. "Henry, you know that here at Good Farm Foods we've blazed a trail with our cake mixes and our other bakery mixes. Now I'm only talking off the top of my head on this, Henry, but it came to me the other day, why so many mixes? Why not one mix for everything—cakes, pies, cookies, doughnuts, biscuits, waffles, the whole ball of wax, all out of one package? At a quick first glance, Henry, is there any gold in this pan, would you say?"

"Well ——" Henry said.

But J.B. didn't wait. His pace quickened and his voice rose. "I've been in this game long enough to know that a cake is more than a waffle with icing on it, Henry, but they do have ingredients in common, and so do the rest of them. It's these common ingredients that would go into our one package. Incidentally, and I'm only trying this on for size, I thought we might call it Good's Universal Baking Mix."

Henry nodded.

"But that's only half of it, Henry. To go with it, we'd make up a little cookbook of our own. Every recipe would call for a certain amount of mix, plus a small additional portion of this or that as the case may be, all items readily available in every home. Think of it, Henry. With the cookbook in one hand and a box of Good's Universal Mix in the other, every dish in the bakery world would be available to America's queen, the housewife. I'm painting this with a pretty broad brush, I know, Henry, but you do get the picture, don't you, boy?"

"Yes, sir," Henry said.

J.B. took a deep breath and flopped into his chair. "Well, there it is, Henry. What's your thinking on it now? Should we pour it in the mold and let it harden for another look, or should we start a count-down on it right away?"

Henry took a deep breath of his own. "I don't think looking at it a second time will make it seem any better," he said.

"My thought exactly, Henry; my thought exactly. So far it's all been theory. Now, suppose you rubber-leg your way through a few cookbooks and pick out those common ingredients I mentioned. Sketch out a few recipes in the new style. Then we can tell whether we've got the thrust to put this thing in orbit or not." J.B. had stood up. "I'm depending on you to bring this one home, Henry. Don't fail me."

"And I won't," Henry said to Abbie, "if I don't disintegrate first. I've read so many cookbooks in the last couple of weeks that everywhere I look a recipe for something or other seems to be hanging in front of my eyes."

"It sounds to me," Abbie said, "as if you really didn't care very much for your job."

Henry shrugged. "It's a living." He remembered the last time he had got entangled in one of J.B.'s schemes. He had sworn then there would never be another one. He would quit first, and open up a quiet little business of his own; a bookstore, maybe. As luck would have it, the very bookstore he had had his eye on was now up for sale. Susan would never be satisfied with anything like a little bookstore. "Anyway," Henry said, "today's the last of the cookbooks. Tomorrow I show J.B. what I've done. I don't know what he'll do with it, but if he likes the work I've put in, it could very well mean a promotion."

Abbie snapped her fingers. "Count on it, boy. It's yours. By the way, there isn't a girl mixed up in this somewhere, is there?"

"Maybe," Henry said. "Would that make a difference?"

"I'm not trying to pry," Abbie said. "But these spells are custom-made, and the more I know about the case the better the results. Incidentally, though, I have a perfect spell for girls."

"I don't think so, thanks. If I get the promotion I think I can get the girl."

"Nothing like a girl with a practical mind."

"It's not the way I make it sound," Henry said. "This girl is quite a beauty and the competition's rough. With the promotion, though, I'd be right up there with the rest of them."

"With my spell you'd be way ahead."

"I'd be afraid it was the spell she loved, not me."

"Not with this spell," Abbie said. "If she doesn't really love you, the spell wouldn't touch her. But it's up to you. If it's the job we're going to work on, I'll need an essence of your boss. Anything he's touched will do."

"I have some papers of his downstairs," Henry said. "It'll take only a minute to get them." He ran down to his apartment and gathered up some of the papers he had been working on that morning. As he stuffed them into his briefcase he shook his head. This was all nonsense, of course. Witches and spells were pure superstition. Still, there were certainly worse ways to pass a rainy Sunday afternoon than horsing around with Abigail Phillips. Strange that he'd never really noticed her until today. Henry tucked the briefcase under his arm and hurried back upstairs to Abbie's apartment.

"Here you are," he said, handing Abbie the papers. "I know that J.B.'s handled all of these at one time or another."

"Fine," Abbie said. "You wait here. I won't be long." She took one of the papers into the kitchen. In a few minutes she returned with a small vial full of a transparent pink liquid in which floated what appeared to be a crumb of bread. She handed it to Henry. "Here's your boss, right in the palm of your hand."

"Great," Henry said. "Do I pour this in his coffee?"

"Goodness, no. Just hold it in your hand. When the fluid becomes warm it will create a feeling of receptivity in your boss. He'll approve of everything you say or do, and that includes the work you've done."

"It sounds wonderful." Henry picked up the papers he had given Abbie and put them back into his briefcase. "I really should get back to work now. Thanks for everything."

"I'm glad to do it. Just let me know how things work out."

"That I will."

The next morning as Henry took the papers out of his briefcase in his office, he spotted Abbie's vial in the bottom of the case. He smiled as he pulled it out and tossed it gently in the palm of his hand. Quite a girl, that Abbie. He slipped the vial into his pocket, leafed rapidly through his work and placed the papers in a folder. His office door opened and a sleek blond girl with large green eyes stepped inside.

"Good morning, Henry," she said. "Working hard?"

Henry looked up, and pure delight flooded his soul. How was it possible that the girl who graced his every dream should invariably turn out to be twice as pretty in actual life? He grinned happily. "Hello, Susan."

Susan perched on the corner of Henry's desk. "I can't stay long. I just had to come in and wish you good luck, though. I know what a big day this is for both of you."

Henry frowned. "Both of us? Is Bill Traverson mixed up in this too?"

"He's working on some kind of project too. I imagine the choice of department head will depend on the work you've both done on your projects."

"If that's all it takes, the job is mine."

"I hope you're right."

"You do?" Henry reached for Susan's hand.

Susan stood up and glanced back at the office door. "Really, Henry. What if people should see us?"

What people? Henry wondered unhappily. Bill Traverson, for instance? Bill was a good-looking boy, he got on well with everybody, especially J.B., and, Henry had to admit, he knew his job and did it well. Henry glanced at his watch and picked up the folder containing his presentation. "The time has come," he said. "Wish me luck."

"You know I do," Susan said.

As Henry came into his office, J.B. smiled broadly. "I hope you have some good news for me, Henry." He thrust out his hand. "Let me see what you have there. I'd like to take a few practice swings on my own before the two of us tee off in earnest."

Henry handed over the folder and sat down uneasily. He thought of Abbie's spell lying in his pocket, but resisted the urge to reach for it. This was, after all, 1958. Then, from outside the office, the braying laughter of Bill Traverson drifted faintly to his ears. It was followed by the high-pitched giggle of Susan Webster. Henry plunged his hand into his pocket and firmly clasped Abbie's spell. Superstition or not, he needed all the help he could muster.

"Not bad," J.B. said, glancing through Henry's work. "You've fouled off a few, Henry, but you're in there swinging. I like that." Then, abruptly, his smile disappeared.

Henry stirred in alarm. *Now what?* he wondered as J.B.'s pink complexion darkened. Moisture dampened Henry's palms as J.B. flashed him an exasperated glance.

"I'm not quite sure how to call some of these, Henry," J.B. said. "You didn't give way to that wonderfully wacky, offbeat sense of humor of yours, did you?

"I have a hunch he's got something besides cough medicine there."

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There's a time for work and a time for play, you know."

"No, sir," Henry said. "Yes, sir."

J.B. stared silently at Henry a few moments and grunted. "Very well, Henry. I wonder, then, if we shouldn't blow the whistle on a few of these recipes. I wonder if all the ingredients are as readily available as our housewife might hope for."

"I'm sure they're all readily available," Henry said.

"You are, eh? Well, let's look at this one." J.B. picked up one of Henry's papers. "Mare's milk, it calls for. How many homemakers could find that little item in their refrigerators, would you think?"

Henry stiffened. Mare's milk? That had a too-familiar ring.

"Or here's another," J.B. said. "Stir with a fledgling raven's quill, it says. Where do you suppose we'd find one of those, Henry? In the poultry section, perhaps, or over in housewares?"

Henry reached out a trembling hand. "Those two shouldn't be there, J.B. There's been a mistake."

J.B. tossed Henry's folder to him. "I see. Well, suppose you take these back to your office then, Henry. See if you can't get your signals straightened out. Perhaps we can look at them in another day or so."

Henry stood up. "Yes, sir."

"On your way back," J.B. said, "ask Bill Traverson to step in when he has a free moment, will you?"

"Yes, sir." Henry left the office. In the hall he glanced at his papers. There on top were the spells Abbie had shown him the day before. He must have picked them up when he'd put his own papers back in his briefcase. He had looked through those papers several times since leaving Abbie's, but he had apparently overlooked hers. J.B. hadn't, though. He'd spotted them the very first time through. Henry went down the hall to Bill Traverson's office and opened the door. Susan was sitting there with Bill, both of them absorbed in an animated conversation. They jumped up hastily when Henry entered.

"What's the matter, Armbruster?" Traverson said. "Don't you know how to knock?"

"There's a time for work and a time for play," Henry said. "J.B. wants to see you when you have a free moment."

Traverson hurriedly gathered up some papers and brushed past Henry into the hall. Henry turned to Susan. "Bad news," he said. "Some other papers got mixed up with the ones I had for J.B., and now he thinks I was making fun of him."

"Don't let it worry you," Susan said. "He's a little cranky this morning. I'm sure you can straighten it out later."

"I hope so," Henry said. "I trust that you haven't forgotten our date this evening?"

"I may be held up a little," Susan said. "My aunt wants me to have dinner with her, but I should be through by eight. Suppose I meet you at your place. I might have some news about what J.B. is going to do." She smiled brightly and waved at Henry as she disappeared down the hall.

Henry went to his own office and slumped into his chair. What kind of up-and-coming bright young man would he appear to be now? He nervously frittered away the rest of the day and at five o'clock hurried home. Under his door was a note from Abbie asking him to call her. He dialed her number.

"Hi," she said. "You left some of your papers up here yesterday. Did you know that?"

"I picked up some of yours," Henry said. "I know that."

"I tried to call you this morning when I found them, but you had already gone. Shall I bring them down to you?"

"Don't bother. I'll come up and get them." Henry hung up and went up to Abbie's apartment. He found her lounging on the sofa.

"I hope nothing went wrong," she said.

"I'm afraid it did." Henry described his session with J.B.

"This is terrible," Abbie said. "I feel responsible."

"Nonsense," Henry said. "It was my carelessness. But it looks like good-by, promotion. Job, too, maybe. And girl besides."

"Not if she loves you, Henry. But if you're worried about it, remember I told you yesterday I could fix things up with her."

"You told me you could fix things with my boss too. Anyway, I don't think Susan's the kind of girl who'd be influenced much by a spell."

"Henry, if there's a spark of love in her, this spell will bring it out. If there isn't, there's nothing you could do anyway. Let me try. Please."

Henry shrugged. "O.K., go ahead." He couldn't think of anything sillier to do, but if it pleased Abbie he would humor her.

"When are you going to see her again?" Abbie asked.

"Tonight. She's coming by about eight."

"Coming here? That's perfect." Abbie looked at her watch. "This will be a tough one, but I can just make it. Come back at eight and I'll have everything ready for you."

"O.K., Ab. Maybe we'll have better luck this time." Henry went down to his apartment and frittered away more time, feeling too unsettled to eat. Just before eight o'clock he returned to Abbie's apartment. She answered his ring and invited him in without a word. Her face was gleaming with heat and exertion, and a few strands of hair fluttered in disarray. She waved Henry into the living room and rushed back into the kitchen, from which strange odors and bubbling noises wafted. The obvious effort she was making on his behalf touched Henry. "How's it coming?" he called.

"One more minute," Abbie said. Soon she brought in a small ball of crinkled aluminum foil. "Here it is. Keep this in the palm of your hand when the time comes to use it, just like the other one."

"Right-o," Henry said. "I guess I'd better get back. Susan'll be along any second. Thanks a million, Ab."

"Don't mention it. I'll see you later."

"Sure thing." Henry stepped out into the hall just as Susan stepped out of the elevator. "Well, hello," Henry said.

"Hello, yourself." Susan glanced past Henry to Abbie, who was just closing her apartment door.

Henry quickly took Susan's arm and led her firmly down the stairs and into his apartment. "I guess you made the same mistake I did yesterday," he said. "You pushed the wrong button."

"I'm not so sure," Susan said. She stared fixedly at Henry. "Who was that upstairs?"

"Abbie? Just a neighbor."

"Quite a neighbor. She looks kind of—well, exotic."

"Abbie exotic? Not at all. She's really quite nice."

"You should know."

"Actually I don't. I've only met her a couple of times, but she's always been very friendly."

"I'll bet she has."

Henry frowned. "Now wait a minute. Abbie is a very sweet girl. There's no call for any of these innuendoes."

"Why are you defending her so vehemently?"

"I'm not defending her. I'm only trying to be fair."

"You are, too, defending her. You can't fool me, Henry Armbruster. You're in love with her, and don't deny it."

"I do deny it. You're the one I love."

Susan smiled and shook her head. "You're a sly one, Henry; you really are. I was angry, there for a minute, when I saw how you've been using me, telling me you loved me because you thought as J.B.'s secretary I might be able to help you."

"That's not true, Susan."

"I'm not angry any more, but I still can't get over what an artful operator you are."

"Susan, listen to me!"

"I've listened too much already, I'm afraid. Bill Traverson's waiting for me downstairs. J.B.'s going to make him head of the department." Susan opened the door. "At dinner this evening he asked me to marry him, and I think I'll accept. And from what J.B. said, I think you'd be wise to start looking for another job. Good luck, Henry."

The door closed and Henry was left alone. Susan gone? Job gone? Henry waited for the pain to come, for the sense of loss to overwhelm him. But to his surprise he felt a sudden exhilarating sense of freedom and he found himself smiling broadly. Susan was a lovely girl, all right, but actually she had meant nothing more to him than a pleasant dream. And that bookstore had never looked better. He would duck around there the very next morning to see about taking it over. He laughed aloud. Imagine Susan making dates with both Bill Traverson and himself on the day J.B. was to make his decision. And she had called him an artful operator!

It was odd what she had said about his being in love with Abbie. Abbie was certainly a likable girl and he did enjoy her company, but all he really knew about her was that she thought she was a witch. Henry noticed he was still holding the ball of aluminum foil Abbie had given him. He flipped it into the wastebasket. Some witch. He hoped she could cook better than she could brew up spells.

Suddenly he felt hungry, and he wondered if he shouldn't ask Abbie to have dinner with him. She had gone to a lot of trouble for him, even if it had been wasted. He went up to her apartment and rang the bell. As he stood there waiting, the thought came to him that he'd been beating quite a path to this door in the last two days. And all because he'd pushed the wrong elevator button. Funny that Susan should have made the same mistake.

Abbie opened the door. "Well," she said, inviting Henry in. "I thought you had a date tonight."

"I did, but I don't now. Or at least not yet, anyway."

"You seem to be going around in circles."

"That's the way I feel too. Maybe it's because I was just told I was in love with you."

"Who told you that, your girl?"

"My ex-girl. And the more I think about it, the more I think she knew what she was talking about."

"But you hardly know me."

Henry grinned. "I know you're a witch. The details we can pick up as we go along. How about dinner with me?"

"I'd love to, but I've already got something on the stove. Why don't you have dinner with me? Or are you afraid of my cooking?"

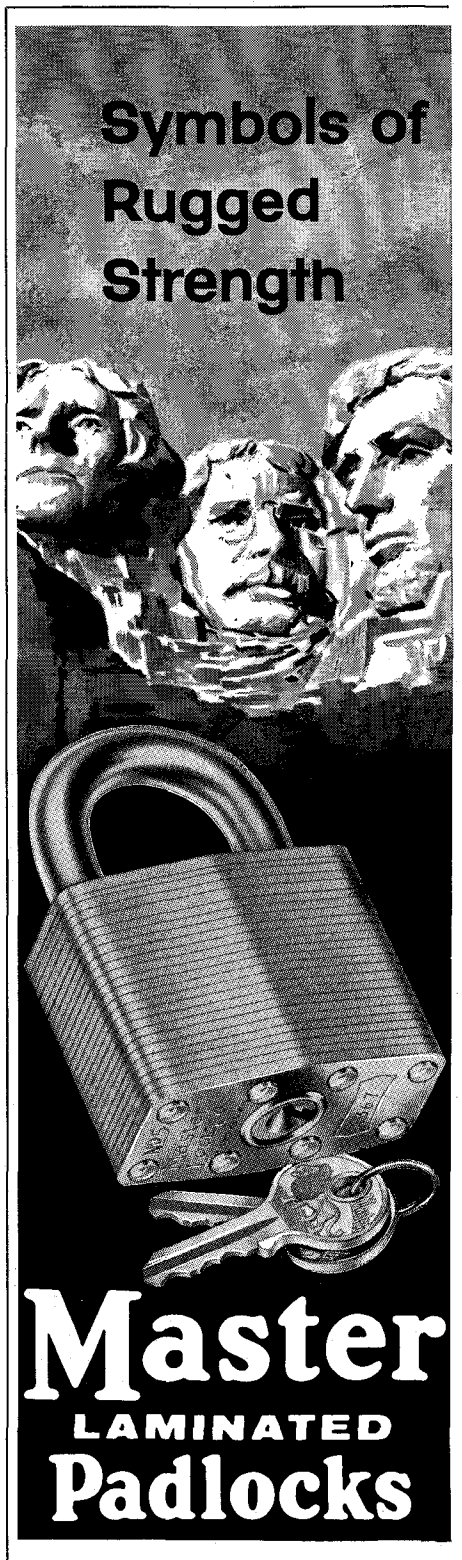
"Of course not," Henry said. "Although if you're no better at cooking than you are at witchcraft, maybe I ought to be."

"What do you mean?"

"Look what happened. You made up a spell to get me a promotion, and I got fired. You made up another one for my girl, and she decided to marry the other guy. Don't hate me, Ab, but I'd say that as a witch you were a complete flop."

Abbie moved close to Henry and gently laced her fingers behind his neck. "Oh, I don't know," she said softly. "You're here, aren't you?"

THE END



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Moment of Anger

(Continued from Page 24)

Immediately he was offered a car, but he shook his head, saying he would walk, and the inflection in his voice told the local officials that he did not want to be bothered with company. He was in a mood, they figured, and it must be quite a mood for him to have left the terminal yards on a freight train in the middle of the previous night.

And so David Scott, at thirty-nine the president of the Atlantic and Western Railroad, walked alone up the streets of his youth to see his father in the little cottage on the hill.

The front door was open and "Old Dave" was standing there on the porch in the gathering darkness. The two men shook hands silently, inspecting each other. The father was gaunt, but his back was straight, and he had the same sharp eyes, the same toughness. He had been retired fifteen years as superintendent of this division, and he had refused to leave this mountain town, even to join his bachelor son in the city.

"I figured it was personal," he now said, "and that you'd come straight here. I don't care for those platform receptions. And, anyway, I've got some fresh brook trout on the stove."

They went into the small kitchen and on the table were two bottles of beer, already uncapped. Old Dave took one and went to the stove, and indicated the other and a chair for his son.

Scott removed his hat and coat. His father, tending the sizzling fish, looked at him and said, "Your hair's getting white, Davy. I was hardly gray at your age."

Scott felt surprised. He never really thought of his hair. It looked no different from that of his associates at company headquarters. When he sat at directors' meetings, for instance, he did not feel alien in looks or age from those around him. And when the newspapers referred to him as the youngest president in the history of the A. and W. Railroad, it seemed so out of date and unreal that he had asked the chief of his public relations department to try to get the papers to drop the adjective.

When they sat down to eat the fish Scott felt his father's keen eyes on him. The old man seemed to be probing every line of his face.

"You must have left town in the middle of the night," Old Dave finally said.

"I did," Scott said. "I wanted to talk to you. On Thursday the directors meet, and I've got to sign the final order that closes down the Coleman Valley branch line. We have government approval. I suppose the word is out that we're shutting down?"

"Of course it is. The Coleman branch is part of this division. What did you expect?"

Scott nodded. "Then you know the situation as well as I do. That branch existed because of the Coleman copper mine, and since the mine closed permanently there's been no freight moving. Passenger traffic was always only a matter of a car or two on a mixed train. And the little towns in the valley, Spencers Creek and Thorburn, that depended on the mine, are apparently doomed anyway."

Scott, Senior, carefully opened a fresh bottle of beer. "Sure," he said grimly; "all you'll be doing is driving the nails into their coffins. Is that why you came to see me? You wanted someone to listen to you justify your actions? You must be sick, Davy."

"Dad ——"

"I tell you again, I think you're sick." The old man's face was white, and his voice had risen suddenly in anger. "By gad, I never thought to see a man go from section hand to president of this railroad, and then have him sneak out of his own headquarters in the middle of the night to sit at his daddy's knee and make excuses. By gad, I'm ashamed ——"

"Now, wait!" Scott had pounded his beer bottle on the table. "If you'd stop bellowing for a minute and listen to me, perhaps you'd hear what I'm trying to tell you. I don't want to shut down the Coleman branch line. I'm against abandoning it."

Their strong chins were out, facing each other across the table. The father was the first to move back, surprise on his face, and then Scott, who realized that he had been shouting, relaxed and mopped with his handkerchief at the beer that had foamed out of the bottle onto the table.

"I think new industry can be brought into the Coleman Valley," he said, in a quieter voice. "I haven't anything definite, but there are possibilities. Spencers Creek and Thorburn could hold on for a while if there was any chance for the future. But you know what happens when you abandon a branch line. It never comes back. If we stop operations, the Coleman Valley is dead forever."

"I know that," his father said. "I'm sorry I blew up on you. What do your directors say?"

"They won't listen to me. They're determined to close the line."

"Have you fought them on it?"

"Up to a point."

"What do you mean?"

Scott sat back and regarded his father for a moment. "I'll tell you why I came to see you," he said. "Do you remember a letter you wrote me when I was made president? Never forget, you said, that you're still a hired hand. I didn't forget yesterday when I could see the danger signals around the board-room table over this Coleman business. I'm president of the line, with all the public prestige and a big salary, but I'm still a hired hand. I don't own stock. The directors control the company. If I go back to them on Thursday and get too stubborn about something only I really believe in, they can rub me out as quickly as the Coleman branch line."

"You've come a long way, Davy," Scott, Senior, said, quietly. "All right, maybe you're a hired hand, like I said, but you're also running a railroad, and doing it well. They need you."

"Not that much," Scott said. "Not enough for me to defy them on policy. If I'm too stubborn, if I really balk them, they'll make an excuse that I'm cracking up under the strain, and they'll ease me out. You're railroad; you know what they can do to men who've spent all their lives with the road, even presidents. They might even leave me with the title, for a while, but it wouldn't mean anything. They don't like opposition from the help. And they have young men coming up, smart young men, who can replace me. If I fight, I may save my conscience. But I won't even save the Coleman branch line. So what do I do?"

He waited, and the scrutiny his father was giving him made him uncomfortable.

"I'll tell you what to do," the old man said finally. "There's a dance at the rowing club tonight. I think you ought to take that in, that's what you should do."

Scott rose from the table. Perhaps he should have expected this, he thought. In effect his father was telling him that, in railroad matters, he was his own counsel. He was the president, the boss. If he couldn't make his own decisions, solve his own problems, then he was no better than a kid of twenty years ago, attending a rowing-club dance.

"All right," he said, "I think I understand you."

"Maybe," his father said. And then: "Are you seeing Mary Wright before you leave?"

Scott nodded absently. He had written Mary Wright a year ago when her husband, George, had died. He could not visit Tessier Junction without paying Mary a call, because in the old days ——

"Mary should be at the dance," his father said.

In Tessier Junction, young or old, you went on attending the rowing-club dances month after month.

They heard a knock at the front door, and Scott, Senior, went to answer it. He came back with a young man in a topcoat and a black Homburg hat, who said to Scott, "Excuse me for interrupting you, sir, but there are a couple of wires that I think need attention."

"Yes," Scott said briskly. "This is my father; Kenyon, my secretary." He nodded to his father. "I'll handle this from the car, and then I'll be back."

"I'll have some beer on the ice," Scott, Senior, said.

There was a sedan waiting outside, with a man from the station driving. Scott and the secretary got into the back seat, and suddenly Scott was conscious that he and Kenyon were dressed almost identically. Kenyon was twenty-one, and since joining the railroad had made rapid progress. From president's secretary he was in line for greater things, and now, staring at the topcoat and black Homburg, Scott realized where the boy believed he was headed. He was modeling himself after David Scott.

The telegrams were read and replies drafted in the business car at the station. And all the time Scott found he could not keep his eyes off the secretary's clothes—his suit, his shirt, his tie.

"That's all, Kenyon," he said. "By the way, there's a dance at the rowing club. You might enjoy it."

"I think I'll stay aboard, sir," Kenyon said, "and be on call if you need me."

Scott watched the young man's back as Kenyon went forward into the car. For several moments he sat staring at the carpet, frowning, until Brown, his steward, appeared and asked him if he required anything, a drink or a cup of coffee.

Scott shook his head. "No, thanks, I'm going out. I'll be sleeping at my father's house tonight."

"Very good, sir."

"If there are any urgent wires during the next couple of hours, tell Kenyon he can reach me at the rowing club."

"Yes, sir."

"I'm going to a dance," Scott said bluntly.

He would have said that only to Brown. The corners of the steward's eyes crinkled as he opened the car door. "Have a good time, sir," Brown said.

Music from the brightly lighted rowing club wafted out over the river. Cars were parked four deep in the parking space, and couples were moving back and forth, the women in wraps and the men with topcoats over their shoulders. There was a chill in the air, but the music and the voices seemed to dissipate it.

The boy at the door asked Scott if he was a member.

"Not any more," Scott admitted.

"Well, I'm sorry, sir, but only members and guests ——"

Then Scott saw her come toward him, out of a crowd on the dance floor, and he was surprised how youthful she looked. There were streaks of silver in her raven hair, but they were astonishingly attrac-

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tive; they even highlighted her bright eyes, the smooth skin of her face and her smile.

She had both hands out. "Dave," she said happily, "we just heard you were in town. I'm so glad you came."

"I've been to see my father, Mary," Scott said. "He told me you'd probably be here."

It sounded, he realized, as though he had rushed directly from his father's house to see her. He had not intended to give that impression, but he was confused in her presence. A long time ago he had loved her very much. Now he heard her telling the doorkeeper that he was her guest, and she asked: "Do you want to dance, or talk?"

"I'd rather talk," he said.

She led him through the main lounge where the dancing was in progress and into the trophy room, which was almost deserted. There was a fire burning in the big fireplace and they took seats near it. Scott was aware that several people had followed them to the doorway.

"You've been recognized," Mary Wright whispered. "How are you, Dave?"

"I'm well," he said.

"You're working hard?"

"Do I look it?"

She hesitated. Then he smiled. "I'm older, that's all," he said.

"Thirty-nine," she said. "I'm thirty-six."

He stared at her openly. He had almost begun to wonder if those silver streaks were deliberate. He knew some women did that sort of thing to their hair. Thirty-six! It was incredible.

He thought of a famous Ed Wynn line: "I'm not old. I'm just tired."

"Then maybe I'm just tired," Scott said.

She looked at him. "What is it like," she asked, "being president of a railroad? I don't mean the business end. I read about you in the newspapers, and I wonder if you have any private life. What do you do with yourself?"

How could he explain it, he wondered. Going home to his apartment with the day's file. Working over correspondence, having a nightcap that his man prepared. Lunching at the club, talking business. A game of bridge. Golf on Sundays.

"Frankly, I don't know, Mary," he said finally.

"Let's have a dance. Otherwise we're going to be invaded."

He supposed she was right. People he knew were beginning to enter the trophy room, and he would have to talk to them. He would be introduced to strangers, and he would have to talk to them too. It was a routine that he hated, but had learned to accept as part of the job of being president of the road.

He discovered that he did not mind in the least the proprietary interest Mary had taken in him. And when he danced he found that it was fairly easy with her.

"You don't dance like an old man, Dave," she said against his shoulder.

"I'm not an old man."

"Aren't you?"

He jerked his head back and looked at her. She was laughing, but he felt a kind of shock go through him.

"What do you mean by that?" he demanded.

"Well, don't you believe you're old?" she asked.

He frowned as she brought her head back to his shoulder. They had to stop dancing eventually, and now someone grabbed them and almost pushed them into the bar, and he was forced to take the handshakes and answer the questions.

"Look at him," a voice said suddenly. "Big shot!"

It silenced the crowd. Scott was wedged in against the bar with Mary by his side, and he turned his head. A tall young man was being cautioned by several companions. Scott heard one whisper: "Pipe down, Harry. Don't you know who he is?"

"Sure I know who he is," the young man said flatly. "That's David Scott, the president of the Atlantic and Western Railroad. That's one of the big men in the country."

"Get him out of here," someone said anxiously. "He's had one over the eight."

"Hello, Mr. Scott," the young man called out.

Scott turned his back. He felt Mary's hand on his arm.

"How's it feel to kill a couple of towns, Mr. Scott? When's the funeral for Spencers Creek and Thorburn, Mr. Scott?"

Scott swung around then. The belligerent young man had pushed aside his companions and was moving along the bar, hugging it, until he was only a few feet away from Scott.

"You heard me, Mr. Scott."

"My name's Dave."

"Is that so? Well, Dave, I don't like you. If you were younger, Dave, maybe I'd do something about it."

"You mean," Scott said evenly, "that you'd ask me to step outside?"

"Eh?" The eyes blinked.

"We used to have a spot for it, you know," Scott said, "just behind the boathouse. It'll be like Old Home Week, if you care to join me now."

He heard Mary gasp in astonishment, "Dave!" and felt her hand tighten on his arm.

Scott was smiling. It suddenly made him feel lightheaded. "After you," he suggested to the young man.

And then the young man hit him.

When the infuriated fist caught him across the left eye, Scott felt more chagrin than he did either shock or pain. He had talked of the old days, but in the old days Davy Scott would never have permitted such a wide opening for anyone.

He went back against the bar, and blinked his blurring eye, conscious of the shocked silence in the room. He realized that men were rushing at the young fellow who had hit him, and his mind told him that he could not allow that.

He jumped at his assailant, knocking away arms, twisting the young man's wrist behind his back, grabbing him by the other shoulder and holding him in a viselike grip.

He half-carried, half-pushed the struggling young man across the floor, through the lounge, onto the porch. With a final shove he sent him off the porch into the dirt of the driveway.

"Go home," he said to the sprawling figure, and walked back into the club.

Mary ran to him, her face white, and he grinned at her. "Oh, dear!" she said, and led him through the crowd in the bar, into the kitchen. A round of applause followed them as the door closed, and an amused chef gave him a seat and quickly cut a piece of steak for his rapidly swelling eye.

Afterward Mary drove him to his father's cottage. They parked outside and he looked at her with the eye that wasn't bandaged.

"That wasn't true," he said, "about Spencers Creek and Thorburn. I've been trying to keep our line open."

"Yes, Dave."

"You know," he said thoughtfully, "I didn't feel at all old when that kid hit me. I'm only thirty-nine. That's not old. That's young. Maybe I'd forgotten it."

"Not old," she said, as though speaking for both of them, "and not children either."

"You loved your husband."

"Very much."

"Yes, I know that. I liked George. Well, I'm leaving in the morning. I have to be back on Thursday for a meeting."

"Perhaps," she said, "you'll make another trip to the Junction sometime, and we can talk."

He turned to her. In the darkness his one eye barely saw the outline of her face. "I'd like to talk now," he said. "Perhaps you'll understand. I've known you most of my life, Mary. I'm not George, but I think, on my part, it would work. I'd try hard to make it work. You understand that I'm asking you to think over the possibility of being my wife? I don't know ——"

"It will work, Dave," she said softly to him.

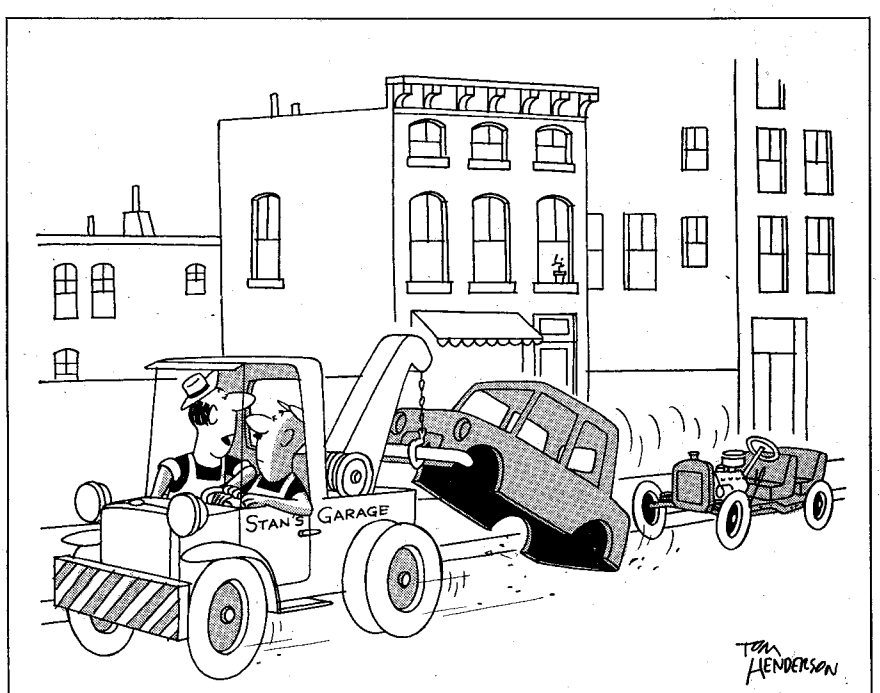
When he finally walked into his father's cottage, Scott, Senior, was in the tiny living room, listening to the radio. The old man got to his feet with a start, staring at the bandaged eye.

"Great heavens," he exploded, "what's happened to you?"

"I was just acting my age," Scott said.

"Pushing it a little, weren't you?" his father asked. "Did you see Mary?"

(*Continued on Page 71*)



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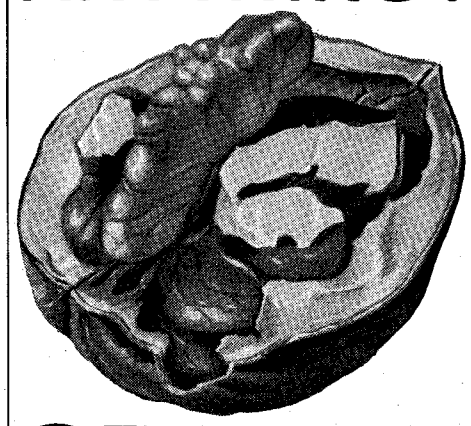

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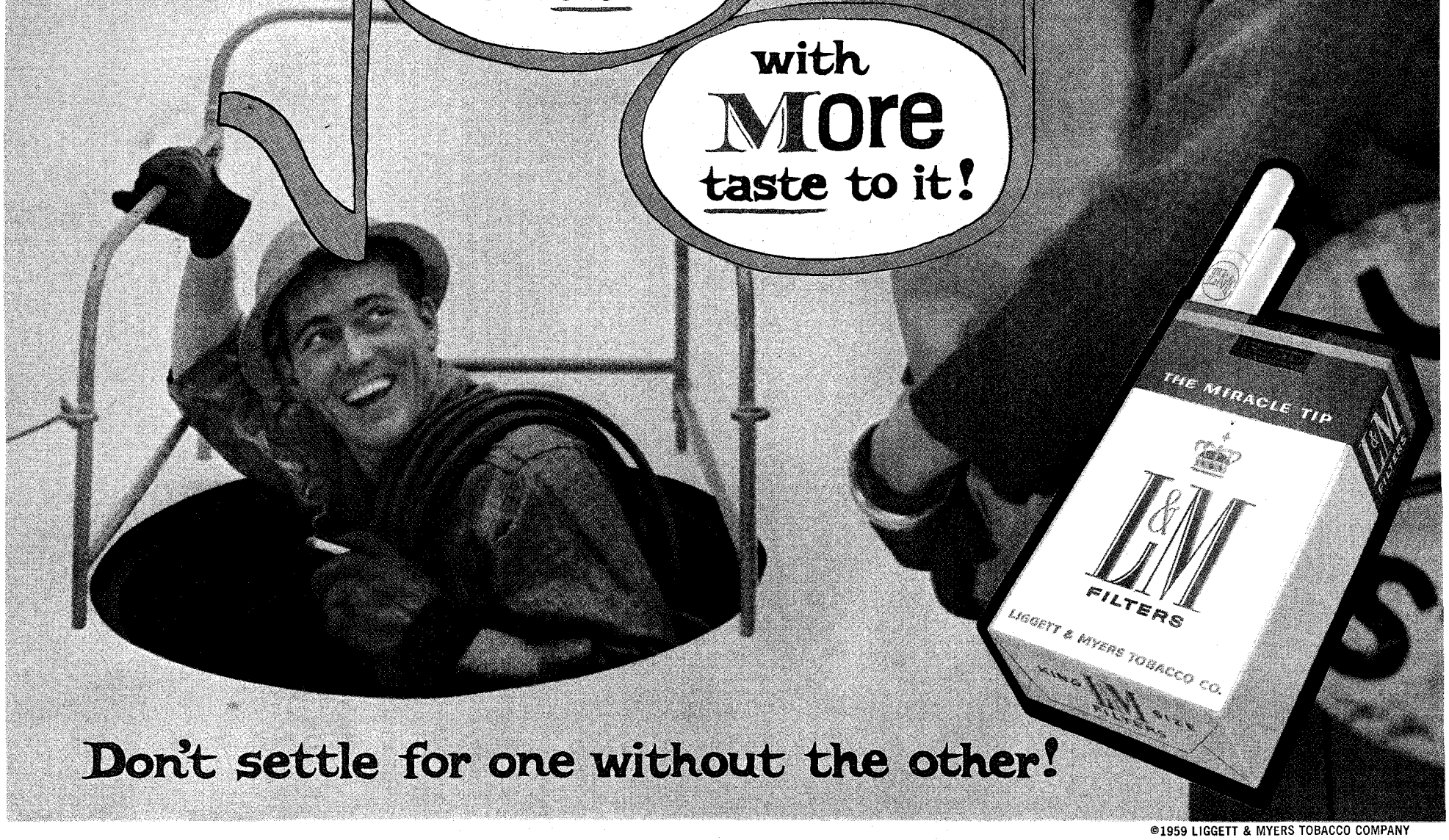

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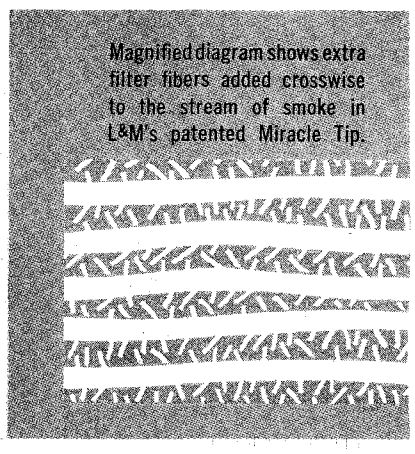

Magnified diagram shows extra filter fibers added crosswise to the stream of smoke in L&M's patented Miracle Tip.

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(*Continued from Page 69*)

"I asked her to be my wife."

"Yes or no?"

"I think, yes."

"Good. You came in here tonight, Dave, looking so old I was afraid for you. I thought Mary might help. I'm really delighted. I don't suppose you had time to think about your other problem—what you're going to tell your directors on Thursday?"

"Yes," Scott said, "I found the answer to that too."

He would never forget the look on Kenyon's face when the secretary saw the eye. The swelling had gone down, however, and much of the discoloration had disappeared when Scott arrived in the board room on Thursday morning. Still he noticed that the ten directors shot him quick glances as he took his place. He stared back at them, the men who controlled his company, and he said nothing as the business meeting was opened.

"Now in the matter of the Coleman branch line," he did say eventually, and the directors looked sharply at him.

"There's nothing further for us to discuss on that subject," the senior director said.

Scott shook his head. He sent Kenyon to the door and in a moment several senior men of the railroad entered—the chief engineer, the head of the trade-and-development department, the vice president in charge of traffic.

"I have some ideas on the future development of the Coleman Valley," Scott announced. "These gentlemen have helped me map out a plan. . . ."

When the department heads had presented their briefs and left, Scott relaxed at the head of the table. "I hope you agree with me," he said to the directors.

Ten pairs of eyes stared at him, ten elderly necks had stiffened. They were, he knew, thunderstruck at his audacity in reopening the subject of the Coleman line. He could see mounting anger on the face of the senior director, and now that man said harshly, "You've wasted our time, Mr. Scott. The Coleman branch line is going to be closed."

Scott leaned forward slowly. He put his elbows on the table and spoke in a clear, but unhurried, voice. "I believe in my plan," he said. "I'll stand by it. If we can't induce new industry to come into the Coleman Valley within the next year, I'll be willing to back down. But I see a good future for towns like Spencers Creek and Thorburn. I'm willing to gamble on them, stake my job on them."

He paused for a moment. His one clear eye had a steely look. "This railroad runs on my decisions," he said. "I think it's an efficiently run railroad, and the opposition would like to be doing as well. Of course, you can always cancel a decision of mine—like this one—but not while I'm president. I've spent most of my life with this road, and I wouldn't like to be forced into quitting it, but then other railroads could probably use a man of my age, with my experience. Because, after all, you know, I'm a comparatively young man—only thirty-nine. I should have a fair number of years left, for somebody."

He sat back in his chair. For several moments there was complete silence in the room. He had emphasized the words "for somebody" and left them hanging in the air. He could almost read the thoughts of the ten men. They were thinking of the opposition road, and seeing him—seeing David Scott's face below the gray hair line, perhaps. He waited, tensed.

The senior director coughed, looked at his associates.

"Well, actually, Dave," he said, "this presentation of yours today sheds a new light on the situation. Considering future possibilities, there probably is some justification in keeping the Coleman line in operation."

His shirt, Scott discovered, was damp when he returned to his own office, accompanied by Kenyon. The secretary was almost wide-eyed as he took two telegrams from his boss, one addressed to the superintendent at Tessier Junction telling him to advise Spencers Creek and Thorburn that the Coleman branch would continue to operate, and the other to Scott, Senior, saying briefly: "Directors concur Coleman. Thanks for the dance."

"Now get me Tessier Junction on the phone," Scott said. "I want to speak to a Mrs. Mary Wright. And, Kenyon ——"

"Yes, sir."

"Buy yourself a new hat, will you? That black Homburg makes you look like an old man."

The Secret of Glacier River

(Continued from Page 41)

"I've an apology to make, Riv," Carol said. She had crept up to the skirmish line, contrary to orders. "Until you fired just now I wasn't completely sure where you stood. I know you're with us now—all the way. I'm sorry."

"Quite all right," Ravenhill said. He was acutely embarrassed. The last dog hadn't been hung yet.

"I've apologies to make too," the doctor confessed. "I've been blind as a mole and ——"

"Here's Constable Hughson!" Ravenhill cut in, with immense inner relief. "Compare notes later, doctor."

The Mountie was approaching from the right, crouched low as he ran, so that he was shielded from view of the bench. He was carrying a rifle as well as his service side arm.

Foley challenged them again, his voice harsh but under control.

"Listen, Ravenhill! We ain't buying your cock-and-bull story. The official map says this bench is in Alaska. Until proved otherwise, it stays in Alaska. We got law on our side, and United States Marshal Wiggins to enforce it. Tell 'em so, marshal!"

"Wait, Marshal Wiggins," Ravenhill interposed. "Before you commit yourself, we also have an official spokesman. Constable Hughson, of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, has just arrived."

Again there was a stir among the Alaskans, then Foley shouted angrily: "What are the Mounties to us? This is Alaska! Tell 'em, marshal! Lay it on the line!"

But Foley's mounting rage had encountered a stubborn obstacle. "Hold it, Flynn," the marshal counseled. "This picture's changing by the minute."

"On Ravenhill's say-so?" Foley asked furiously. "Dammit, man, can't you see ——"

"Hold it!" the marshal repeated, in tones of command. "Just remember, all the standing you got depends on me. Where's your Mountie, Ravenhill?"

"One moment, sir. We have to brief the constable on developments here."

The Mountie crouched lower as he approached, then dropped down and crawled up beside Ravenhill.

"Brief me quickly," he directed, breathing hard from his long run up from the landing lake. "Who fired the first shot?"

"I did," Ravenhill said.

"That's bad. Did you warn them first?"

"No, it was impossible. The giant would have drowned out my voice."

"Had Foley announced his intentions? That he was about to destroy the bench?"

"He was in *flagrante delicto*," Ravenhill said. "In the very act. It was a warning shot only."

"Had the doctor already protested?"

The doctor answered for Ravenhill: "Yes. I warned Foley that he was proceeding at his peril. The marshal ordered us off the bench."

"That's better," the constable said. "Very well. Since we're committed to the premise that the bench is Canadian ground, we'll proceed accordingly. There's no occasion for any further shooting, or even any warlike gestures. There's nothing here that can't be adjusted between the marshal and me. I'll suggest a conference at once."

He rose up in full view of the enemy, leaving his rifle at his feet. "Marshal Wiggins?"

"Here," said the marshal, stepping up until he was waist-high above the bank. Ravenhill mentally bared his head in tribute. The marshal was sound at bottom. With Flynn Foley crouched at his back the daring gesture matched that of the Mountie's.

The marshal spoke first. "I'm glad you came back, constable," he said. "This is for the record. At this point I can't recognize any so-called survey Ravenhill claims to have made. Until an official survey is made, this is Alaskan ground. We've been fired upon, across the boundary. I'm asking you to arrest Ravenhill and disarm the others. At the point where you're standing, they're under your jurisdiction."

"The point at issue, sir," the Mountie said, "is whether this whole bench lies in Canadian territory. If it does, Doctor Craig and his party were justified in defending their rights. A reasonable doubt has been raised as to the exact position of the boundary. In order to discuss the point calmly, in an orderly manner ——"

"Talk ain't going to change anything!" Foley broke in savagely. "This boundary-line business is a lot of malarkey! We just ain't buying it, marshal!"

The marshal did not shift his position other than to turn his head toward Foley. "I'm in authority here, Flynn," he said. "It's the only leg you got to stand on. So lay your rifle down and move back from it. Blackie!" His voice rose in command. "And you, Swenson! You've got a stake in this. Disarm Flynn. Hold him while we parley."

An instant struggle ensued below the bank, brief but colossal. Then Blackie's voice came: "Easy, Flynn. We're with you—but we got to know where we stand. Get a head holt on him, Swenson!"

"O.K.; O.K.!" came Foley's near-suffocated voice. "Leggo, dammit. Let the ball go on. It's only talk, anyway."

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G. NORMAN COLLIE

"Keep him under control," the marshal directed. "Go ahead, constable."

"Ravenhill's survey isn't official," Constable Hughson said. "He's sufficiently grounded in civil engineering, however, that I'm prepared to accept his survey as being reasonably accurate. At the very least, a serious doubt has been raised about the status of the boundary. This can be resolved only by authorities higher than we are in our respective governments. Do you agree to that premise?"

"Don't answer that, Horse!" Foley warned. "He's backing you into a corner! All Ravenhill wants ——"

"Quiet!" said the marshal. "Try to keep him muzzled, Swenson. Sure, I'll agree that Ravenhill could have made such a survey—but did he? What kind of ax is he grinding?" He was plainly in a quandary. "You want to stand up and be counted, Ravenhill?"

Ravenhill stood up at once and took his place beside the Mountie. They could see Foley struggling with Swenson, but the old-timer held him fast. Blackie crouched behind his rifle again, as did Tilton.

"Hold it, Blackie," the marshal said. "And you, Tilton."

His authority was obviously a thin thread. Both rifles were trained on Ravenhill.

"Proceed, Marshal Wiggins," Ravenhill invited. He got out a cigarette, lit it and snapped the match away. "I'm here to be counted, sir," he said.

"Riv," the marshal said, "our trails have crossed before. You've got the reputation of never lying in a pinch, no matter how big the pot or if your own scalp's in the pot."

"Thank you, sir," Ravenhill returned. "I can ask for no higher compliment."

"Very well," the marshal said. "Are you sure you made a good survey last night?"

"Certain. Within inches. The line passes through the giant there."

"One last question, then," the marshal said. "This is between us, Riv. You've seen me in action. Beginning at thirty feet, with me set and ready, how many shots would I need to down a running man?"

"One only," Ravenhill said, and suddenly the marshal's meaning was plain. Less than twenty-four hours before, three bullets had punctured the air above a running man. The running man had been Ravenhill. And Marshal Wiggins, veteran survivor of a score of gun battles, had said, "Remember this at the showdown."

"The marshal needs help," Ravenhill whispered to the Mountie. "I suggest that you and I go down to the line and parley. Nobody's running here, marshal," he said, raising his voice. "The showdown's under control. We should all achieve a meeting of minds, however. Your premise has been established, I believe, Constable Hughson?"

The Mountie accepted his cue at once. "It has. A serious doubt has been raised about the exact location of the boundary. The next question is obvious: what's to be done? To discuss this point, Mr. Ravenhill and I, and Doctor Craig, will come down to the giant, which marks the presumed boundary ——"

"We ain't presuming a blasted thing!" Flynn Foley raged. "See what I meant, Horse? Give 'em an inch and they take a mile! The next thing ——" He broke off,

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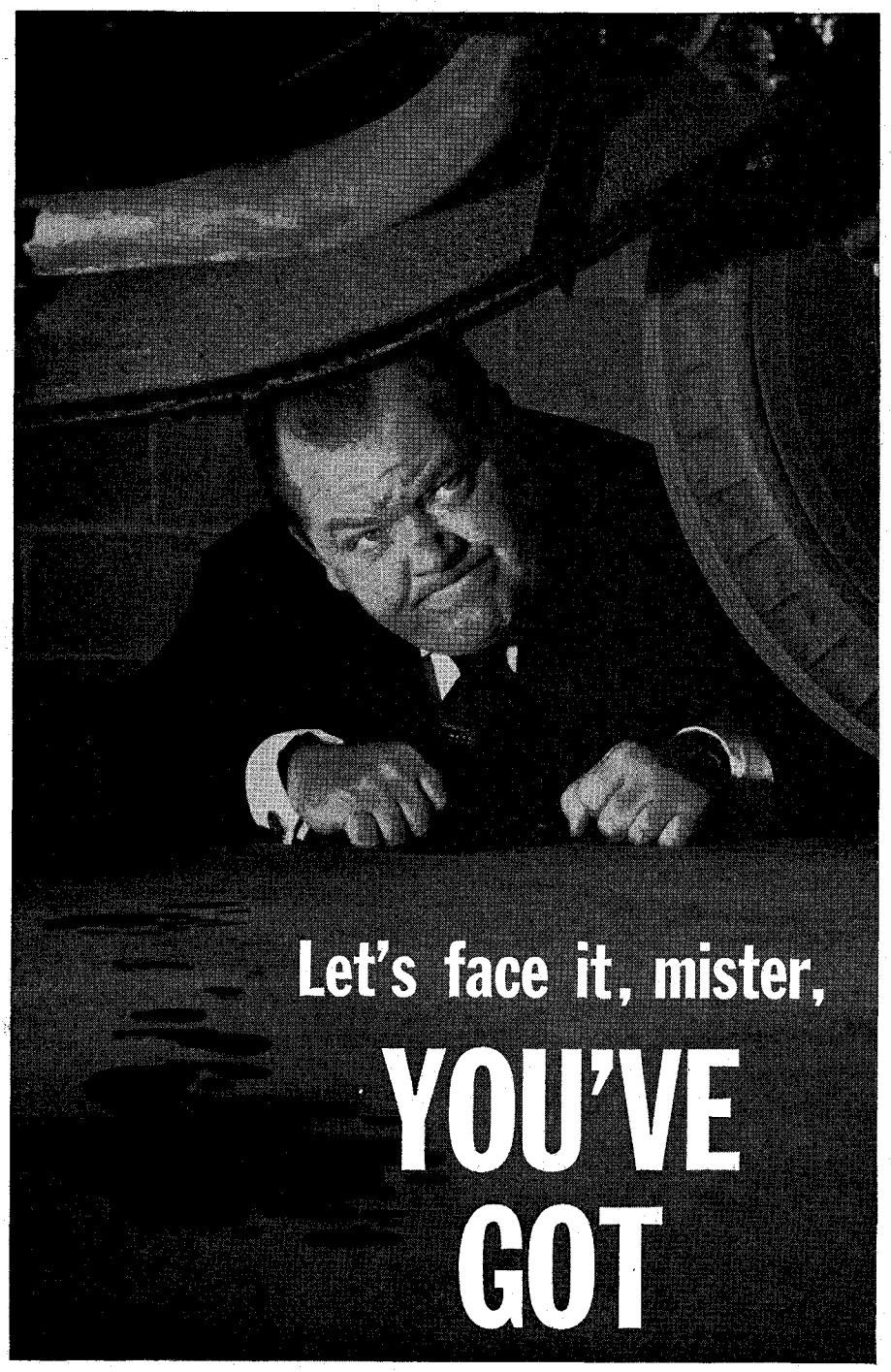

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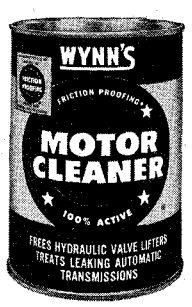

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voluntarily this time, and spoke in a changed voice: "Sure—let 'em come. We got to get this straightened out."

"It could be an ambush, constable," Ravenhill whispered. "The marshal isn't in control yet. I'd suggest that you and I go down alone."

"We'll all go," the Mountie decreed. "There must be no doubt whatever that we're sure of our ground. All but Miss Craig. It may be a bit sticky down there."

"No argument!" Carol insisted. "I'm going along!"

But the constable was firm. "No, Miss Craig. Sorry. Stay with her, Julius. If a brawl should develop, take no part in it. Your duty is to guard her. Ready, gentlemen?"

"Carrying our rifles?" Ravenhill asked.

"Certainly. You've forgotten your premise, sir. This is Canadian ground. Follow me, please."

He led the way at once down the bank. They had barely reached the level of the bench when the sound of running feet became louder behind them. It was Carol and Julius.

"Sorry, gentlemen," Julius whispered. "She outran me."

"I've only one privilege left—and I'm clinging to it," Carol told Ravenhill defiantly. "I'm tagging along."

Ravenhill nodded without surprise. "If shooting starts, fall prone. Stay with her, Old Mac."

The Mountie surveyed their strengthened ranks. "Incidentally, where's Jessop?"

The doctor said briefly, "Jessop's a neutral, it appears. He's in his tent."

The Mountie offered no comment. "Spread out a little," he warned in an undertone. "Be casual. No strain."

The Alaskans were lined up in company front on the edge of the bank beyond the giant. The Mountie and Ravenhill halted just short of the giant and their army deployed to the right. Carol was on the extreme right, carrying Jessop's rifle, with Old Mac close to her and a half step in advance.

Ravenhill was delighted at the young Mountie's caliber in opening the parley. His poise, his bearing and his words established, by implication, that no frontier brawl impended here, but a diplomatic exchange governed by accepted rules.

It was the same with Marshal Wiggins, with one formidable difference. He fronted the line with equal if more ponderous dignity, but it was plain that he stood among rebellious forces straining toward explosion.

"Marshal Wiggins," the Mountie said, "we are on Canadian ground. You and your men are standing in Alaska, a territory of the United States. The borders of our country have been unfortified for more than a century and a half. Since the War of 1812 no border clash has been resolved through the use of force. Is that correct, sir?"

"Correct," said the marshal. "And so?"

"To demonstrate that this is a peaceful conference," the Mountie said, "I suggest that we all lay our rifles down. We'll demonstrate our good faith by beginning. Gentlemen," he said, surveying his ranks, "lay your rifles on the ground, please. And take one step back."

All complied at once except Old Mac, who looked to Ravenhill for his cue. At Ravenhill's nod the old Eskimo laid down his weapon, shaking his head in gloomy puzzlement, and moved back, dragging Carol with him.

"All this don't mean anything!" Foley said harshly. "You're wearing your side arms, constable!"

"So am I, Flynn," said the marshal. "Our regulations don't let us abandon our side arms. We're law and order here. This is just for purposes of parley." Faced with imminent physical conflict the old peace officer hewed to the line. "All right, men—lay 'em down!"

Foley hesitated with grim deliberation. Then he shrugged. "Why not? Lay 'em down but don't step back," he told his army. "Keep on your toes. When I give the word, move fast."

All lowered their weapons and straightened up but did not step back. Ravenhill knew that Flynn was carrying a hidden automatic in a shoulder holster. The other Alaskans knew it. The marshal knew it. None mentioned it. The scales were too delicately balanced.

The marshal came forward to a position opposite Constable Hughson. Ravenhill was directly opposite Foley, the giant between them.

The marshal led off, wasting no words. "You say this bench is on Canadian ground, constable. If so, what's the program?"

"Don't ask him—tell him!" Foley prompted fiercely. "You're calling the shots, Horse! Dammit, man, this is Alaska!"

The Mountie disregarded Foley. "I'll report to my superiors in Aklavik," he told the marshal. "They'll immediately contact your authorities in Fairbanks and arrange for a joint survey of the boundary. Meantime I must have your assurance that nothing will be done by your men to disturb the bench until the issue is decided."

"'Must'?" Foley repeated with bitter emphasis. "See what I mean, Horse? You going to stand there and let him whittle us down inch by inch?"

"He's right, though," the marshal said. "Listen, Flynn."

"That's all," Foley said. "You've run out on us. O.K., pal, sit it out. We take it from here." His glance flicked to the oldtimers at his right. "You two buying any more of this alleged parley?"

Blackie growled: "Let's see another ante or two. Give it a name, Horse."

"This is it," the marshal said. "I can back you lads as long as there's no question about your prior rights. You've got prior rights only because the doctor here can't produce his Alaskan *in situ* permit. But now a question about the boundary's been raised, and that's a new deal entirely. The boundary's got to be investigated. Until it's investigated it looks like you'll have to hold off."

"That's your last word?" Foley asked grimly.

"That's it."

"So now you've made your record," Foley said. "The rest of us will take a vote on it. Blackie ——"

Ravenhill made his move then, having weighed the odds. Foley had reached his decision: he was poised and ready, prepared to blast his way through all opposition. His army must be divided first.

"One moment, Foley!" Ravenhill spoke sharply. "I've an ace in the hole you haven't seen yet."

"An ace?" Foley returned. "A mangy rabbit, maybe. No sale, gambler. You've run your last bluff here."

"Listen, nevertheless! Gentlemen, Foley made a good try and failed. His cards are scattered now. Both Marshal Wiggins and Constable Hughson, representing their respective governments, are agreed ——"

"We haven't agreed to anything," Foley said. "We've listened—and we're through listening. Right now ——"

"Hold it a second," Blackie said. "What's your point, Ravenhill?"

"The point is you men are not here to engage in needless battles. You're interested in gold, raw gold. And the gold's

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still here on the bench—but on the Canadian side of the line."

"It ain't any such thing!" Foley denied, the veins beginning to swell on his forehead. "That's what this whole hassle is about—it's in Alaska! Just because you keep saying ——"

"Wait," Blackie said. He stared at Ravenhill, his brows lowering. "According to your theory, whose gold is it?"

Ravenhill turned to the Mountie. "Constable Hughson, the Mounted Police in Aklavik, I believe, are empowered to receive, for recording, any placer claims in this northernmost section of Yukon Territory?"

"Right," said the Mountie.

"And you're here in your official capacity? On duty at the moment and all that?"

"That is correct, sir."

"Very well." Ravenhill produced his wallet and extracted a single page of note paper, closely written. "Last night—or early this morning, rather, after the coast was clear, I examined certain monuments and notices suggesting that this bench was staked by one Flynn Foley and associates, as a placer claim. These monuments and notices have no validity, however, since the bench lies wholly in Canada. So I set up new monuments, together with the proper claim notices, in the name of J. H. L. Ravenhill. I now hand you the claim descriptions and ask you to accept them for recording in Aklavik."

The constable accepted the document impassively, inspected it, folded it and placed it in an inner pocket.

"Your claim has been accepted for recording, Mr. Ravenhill."

"As of now?"

Constable Hughson nodded. "As of now."

The impact of it shook both opposing lines. Several voices began to speak at once—including Carol's. Ravenhill held up a restraining hand and moved closer to the giant. The surprise element must be capitalized on, fast.

He spoke swiftly: "Listen, Blackie—I'm forming a new corporation to develop the bench. After the doctor's through, that is. And we may not have to wait until next season before we begin to cash in. How about it, doctor? Since the first strip's thawed, could you check it for artifacts within the next fortnight or so?"

"Probably, yes," the doctor said, in a dazed voice. "The most promising ground is farther in. Our test holes indicate that the richest campsites ——"

Ravenhill halted him, again addressing Blackie: "You lads gambled with Foley—and lost. Stand with me now and I'm counting you in. After your investment's been taken from the top, one third goes to the doctor—to his museum, that is—to further his good work. One third for you lads; leaving one third for Ravenhill."

"Hold it right there," Foley cut in, with rising and formidable force. "Before this phony pot's split into any more phony shares I got a word to say. O.K., constable? This is a conference, ain't it?"

"Of course, sir. If Ravenhill wishes to yield, that is."

"Proceed, Foley," Ravenhill invited, placing his hand casually on the giant.

Foley half turned toward Blackie and Swenson. "Listen, men. This is just another of Ravenhill's haywire bluffs. His grandstand play don't mean a thing! D'you see why? He's just trying to make us forget the one thing we're making our stand on—that this bench is in Alaska! Get that, Blackie? He could stake all the ground between here and the North Pole, and what's that got to do with our ground here? With our dust? Not a blasted thing!"

Blackie and Swenson knew Foley of old. Until now his leadership had been unquestioned. They stared at him and at Ravenhill, baffled and dubious, while he hammered his points home.

"Thirty minutes ago we were all set to cash in here! It was our pot—all of it. What's happened since? Nothing but talk! So it's still our pot. We staked this claim. We recorded it. It's ours! We don't need Horse Wiggins to help us cash in. Who's to stop us? Nobody but this spellbinder, Ravenhill, and this young Mountie who's a long ways from home ——"

"One moment, sir ——" the Mountie began.

"Marshal Wiggins!" Ravenhill cut in quickly. "These men are standing in Alaska. Are you permitting Foley to incite a riot? Invite bloodshed and all that?"

"Certainly not," the marshal said, taking a step forward, his hand on his holstered revolver.

"Stop there," Foley said, and the marshal halted. He, too, knew Foley of old.

Foley's right hand was outspread on his chest, the thumb hooked in his shirt. Old Mac took a short step to his right, which placed him in front of Carol. Ravenhill leaned on the giant, his left hand closing on the valve control.

"The talk's finished, men," Foley told his army. He was poised and ready. "Their bluff's called. This is it." He indicated the Alaskans' rifles with his left hand. "When I make my move, squat fast and come up fast with your guns. Cover your man. Ravenhill's yours, Blackie. Watch the Mountie, Swenson. I'll manage Horse—and the gal."

He turned his head a little toward the marshal. "Stay out of this, Horse. You've done your stuff. Just stand in the clear while we step across Ravenhill's alleged boundary and start sluicing. It'll be up to the Mountie to interfere, not you. Got it?"

Ravenhill dropped to one knee behind the rock-filled base of the giant and centered its cannonlike nozzle on Foley. His voice rang out imperatively. "Don't move anyone! Drop your hands. Foley!"

Foley's reflexes were under iron control. He turned to survey Ravenhill, his right hand motionless, his pale eyes unwinking "So?" he said, almost gently. "I can drop you before you spin that valve, gambler. Want to bet on it? Or stand in the clear?"

"My bets are placed," Ravenhill returned. "The odds are even." Deliberately, never shifting his eyes from Foley, he began the roll call. "Buck Tilton! Law and order are on our side—plus your share of the loot. If you agree with me, step back from your rifle and move over beside Marshal Wiggins. I mean now, m'lad!"

Buck Tilton, obviously weak-kneed from the first, surveyed the giant's nozzle with bulging eyes, wavered and stepped back. With a poor attempt at nonchalance he circled behind Foley and took his place beside the marshal.

"Blackie? Swenson?"

Swenson stood fast, his usually pink cheeks pale, awaiting his more dominant partner's word. Blackie scratched his head ponderously, the only movement along the static battle front.

"It's no bluff about the boundary, Riv? It's right there?"

"Precisely where I'm standing, within inches," Ravenhill assured him. "I'd wager my life on it." His life was being wagered at that moment, as Blackie well knew.

"What about Flynn? He's got his last dime in this, like all of us. We can't turn him loose without a shirt to his back."

"Of course not," Ravenhill agreed. "From the first cleanup, if he toes the mark ——"

"Are you guys nuts?" Foley grated. "It's our dust he's talking about! Our cleanup!"

Blackie coolly weighed his decision. "We pay him off the top?"

"Certainly—if he earns it. Then cut him in on your third, if you wish. You all started together."

"Fair enough," Blackie voted. The menacing nozzle of the giant alone had not persuaded him: his elemental code of justice had been satisfied. His obligations to Foley having been fairly met, he was now moving, as was his privilege, to a new dealer and a new game.

"Better call it a day, Foley," he said. "Not many gamblers get their ante back. Let's go, Swen."

Deliberately they shambled behind Foley, giving him a wide berth, and fell in line with the marshal.

Foley stood rigid, his hand motionless on his chest. It was not in him to yield, once his raging, berserk force was fully aroused. Ravenhill saw in Foley's bleached eyes the murderous message written there. It said plainly, *You asked for it, gambler, and here it is. Kill or be killed.* Trained peace officers saw it too. "Hold it, Flynn!" the marshal warned.

"Don't move," the constable said quietly to his army.

At that instant, stones rattled behind Foley. As astonishingly as though a ghost had risen from the ancient river bed—all had temporarily forgotten his existence—Dud Jessop came up into view. His manner was unhurried, but his eyes glinted watchfully behind their heavy lenses. His smile was fixed as he advanced, a half-folded paper in his hand.

Foley's outspread fingers stiffened. "Who's behind me, Horse?"

"Jessop. What you got there, Jessop?"

"Our *in situ* permit," Jessop said. "I finally found it, sir. Sorry I was so slow. Here it is, marshal."

Jessop had delayed his staggering announcement perhaps two seconds too long. None had time to analyze its significance—and Jessop made the further and awesome mistake of continuing his advance at Foley's back. To Foley, as to a wolf making its final stand, anything that now moved was a mortal enemy.

The marshal snatched the paper from Jessop and frantically waved the Alaskans back. "Get in the clear, Jessop! Wait, Flynn!"

Too late. Foley had already passed the point of no return. His outspread fingers seemed merely to flick a little and his flat automatic was out and spouting flame.

The rocks supporting the giant gave Ravenhill meager protection. Two bullets crashed there, the fragments of one spraying upward through the sleeve of his leather jacket. The third passed cleanly through jacket and shirt, just above the left hip.

Then Ravenhill had the valve open. He had no (*Continued on Page 75*)

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Eloise, a bride who still knew how to blush, found herself constantly embarrassed by her salesman husband's risqué stories. They made him the life of every party while she shrank into the corners. She refused to give parties of her own, but her husband continued to regale all comers with his off-color jokes. Tormented Eloise finally sued for divorce.

"His utterly ungentlemanly conduct, as shown by his persistence in telling these gross stories, leaves me ill," she asserted. "Unless I can escape from it, I'll have a breakdown."

"Whoever heard of anyone getting sick from hearing good jokes?" her jovial husband replied. "Everyone else loves them. Why, judge, did you hear the one about ——"

If you were the judge, would you grant Eloise a divorce?

• •

Eloise won. The court agreed that telling lewd stories in the presence of guests can pain and sicken a person of refinement.

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(*Continued from Page 73*) choice but to hold on his target, though Jessop was almost directly in line behind Foley.

The lethal stream swept both men to the edge of the bank in a tangle of tossing arms and legs. It hurled them over, followed them down into the river bed like the probing finger of Death itself and there wedged the dank, sprawling figures between two massive boulders.

Ravenhill swung the stream away and closed the valve. It had all happened so quickly that the echoes of gunfire were still muttering among the peaks when the thunderous voice of the giant ceased.

All dashed forward to the edge of the bank. The three Alaskans hurried down to the river bed, followed by Buster and Julius. Carol's whisper was horrified: "You've killed them both, Riv! And poor Dud—was that necessary? Do you realize he did have our *in situ* permit all the time?"

"So it appears," Ravenhill agreed. "A puzzling detail, isn't it?" He had to lock his knees to halt their shaking. *Gad, what a narrow squeak! Poor tactics, certainly.*

"They ain't dead, ma'am," Marshal Wiggins soothed, mopping his face. "Look, they got 'em sitting up. . . . What's the verdict down there?"

The Alaskans were ministering to Foley, who was seated on a flat rock. Buster and Julius supported Jessop nearby. Both of the giant's victims were limp and trembling, still fighting to regain their breath.

"Flynn's plenty bruised," Blackie reported. "And a mite waterlogged. No bones broken, it looks like. Get his gun over there, Swen."

"Jessop's wetter than he was a minute ago—and a touch wiser, maybe." This was Buster, the unforgiving.

"Better take them over to Jessop's tent," Ravenhill told them. "Dash over and get a fire started, eh, Old Mac? You've got first-aid equipment, doctor?"

"Yes. Yes, of course," the doctor said, still shaken by these climactic events. "I'll go over and make ready."

Old Mac had already trotted away. The doctor started to follow, then turned back. "You're not hurt, Mr. Ravenhill?"

"No, my luck held," Ravenhill said, eying his shredded jacket with distaste. He drew back the tattered sleeve and tore off the bindings holding the handcuffs to his arm. "D'you mind taking these off now, marshal?"

"A pleasure," the marshal assured him.

And now, the late tension subsiding moment by moment, came the part which Ravenhill always tried to avoid. Deep down, nevertheless, it brought the glow of good wine.

The doctor said earnestly, "There are still some puzzling aspects of this affair, Mr. Ravenhill ——"

"Which I'll explore," Carol put in.

"—— but this much is clear and certain," the doctor went on. "Your heroic gesture here protected us all from Foley. Including Carol. We're enormously in your debt throughout—our site safeguarded, your generous offer of a grant to the museum—but these are subjects I'll enlarge on later. Meantime—it's appreciated, sir."

Ravenhill inclined his head gravely. "Quite all right. Lady Luck stood with us, doctor."

The doctor hurried away. Constable Hughson said, "My compliments also. Well done, sir."

"Let's make it unanimous," Carol said warmly. "I mean it, Riv—which doesn't mean I'm through with you yet!"

"I wouldn't have given a dime for your chances there," the marshal said. "It looked like Foley was mowing you down. I could use a deputy like you down in my district." Having unlocked the handcuffs he now hung them on his belt with a sigh of relief. "I won't need these cuffs for Flynn, that's for sure. He's a good dog now. So's Jessop," he added, pointing over the bank.

Foley and Jessop were being led along the river's edge toward camp. Foley, in the lead, seemed to have recovered fast. At least his shaggy cheek again bulged with an enormous chew. Jessop looked up once, blinking through mud-smeared glasses, then bowed his head and shambled on.

"What d'you make of that Jessop, Riv?" The marshal slapped his side pockets and produced the permit. He studied it, baffled. "He had it all the while! He must have sidetracked Flynn down in Fairbanks and sneaked in and got it on the sly. Was he figuring on double-crossing Flynn from the first? Or did he lay low under the bank here until he saw the jig was up—and then make like a hero for the benefit of the doc and the gal here?"

"Wouldn't it be more sporting to wait until Dud can speak for himself?" Carol asked, a little sharply. "Couldn't he have honestly mislaid the permit?"

Ravenhill shrugged. "May I see the permit, please?"

He studied it, frowning thoughtfully. "Jessop could have been honest throughout," he told Carol. "Who are we to judge him? I'd suggest that you question him closely—after the constable and I are gone." He returned the permit to the marshal with a gloomy twinkle. "We're wound up here, eh? Peace on Glacier River?"

"Right," said the marshal with a sigh. "Peace—it's wonderful!"

"I'll try to be back tomorrow—or as soon as I can acquire a ship," Ravenhill told him. "You might escort Foley up to Glacier Lake and have his whole crew wait there until I return. Incidentally, old chap, I'll see to it that Foley pays off all his debts from his share of the first cleanup."

"And that's appreciated, Riv," said the marshal. "I won't forget it." He produced a foul and battered pipe and stepped over to knock it against the giant. "I'll just sit here and contemplate my luck on the home stretch," he said. "Got to wait for Flynn, anyway. So long, folks."

The three—Ravenhill, Constable Hughson and Carol—moved across the bench and halted above the cook tent. The Mountie gave his companions a keen glance. "See you at the ship, Ravenhill." And to Carol: "Give my regards to the doctor and the others."

"I'll go with you," Ravenhill said. "Unless we've some unfinished business, Carol?"

"We do," she assured him.

"But I should be back tomorrow. Can't it wait?"

"It can't," she said. "I want to know just who is coming back tomorrow. If you don't mind, constable?"

The constable saluted and took off immediately.

They were alone. Ravenhill lit a cigarette, looking down at her quizzically.

"Well, my dear?"

"Most of it can wait until tomorrow," she told him. "This I've got to know now." She scowled up at him and at the same time spoke in almost pleading vein—an oddly delightful effect. "Riv, did you actually agree in the beginning, as Dud Jessop says, to help Flynn Foley start destroying our bench today?"

"That's correct."

"But afterwards you risked your life to help us guard the bench! Why?"

"Isn't it obvious?" he countered. "After Foley tossed me out I had to find some other means of getting my clutches on the loot. Luckily I found a way."

"All you had in mind from the first was the—the loot?"

"That's what the record says. Why dispute it?"

"Hm-m," she said. "And you were mistaken about Dud Jessop? He wasn't in league with those terrible Alaskans at all?"

"That's what Jessop will say, I'm quite sure."

"But what do you say?"

"Nothing. Let Jessop build his own fences. Look, my dear"—Ravenhill glanced pointedly at his wrist watch—"you've forgotten something. You've had but one objective: to help your father safeguard his scientific treasures here. Mission accomplished. Isn't that sufficient? Why inquire further into the whence and how come, as Foley would say?"

"You know why," she said, looking up at him steadfastly. "You're so difficult, Riv. Don't you value my opinion? Isn't there anything you really care about?"

"Of course," he assured her. "You'll see when we start sluicing. When the riffles are positively choked with nasty, lovely gold." Then he spoke more gently. "I know, Carol. You're a scientist and a charming one, but there's also a romantic side to your nature. You've dreamed of a knight in shining armor, eh? Riding home from the wars, clanking through marble halls to lay his glory and honors at your feet?" He waved his cigarette. "Who knows? He may be closer than you think."

She moved closer, her cheeks dimpling. "Really, Riv?"

"His shield mustn't be tarnished," he said hastily. "His banner must ride high. He abides by all the rules—particularly those of cricket."

"Like whom?"

"Jessop, of course. Listen!"

The Mountie's distant engine roared up on an imperative, questioning note, then dwindled again. The echoes muttered over the static world about them.

"Hughson's getting impatient," Ravenhill said. "Isn't that perfect timing?"

"Perfect," she agreed. She was smiling outright now. "So Dud Jessop's your escape hatch, eh? Made to order for your purposes? Ravenhill's luck rides again? That's what you think!" She waved him away. "Just watch your step tomorrow, gambler!"

"You make it sound quite alarming," Ravenhill complained. "I must risk it, however. Mustn't abandon the loot."

"Get along!" she told him.

He saluted, heels together. "Give my regards to Jessop. Tell Old Mac I'll be back. *Au revoir*, my dear."

He strode away. Carol watched him go, smilingly. *He could at least look back once, darn him. Wave to me or something. No, he'll just go clanking along. Tally-ho and all that. Good flying weather to Aklavik, eh, constable?*

For an instant, as he paused at the edge of the bench, it seemed that Ravenhill was about to look back. But he was only lighting another cigarette from the stub of the old. He went on briskly over the edge and so out of view, trailed by a thin, vague banner of smoke which faded quickly in the slanting sunlight.

Hope

By Isabelle Bryans Longfellow

Inner eye perceives a sky
No outer lens will justify.

Hope can find in darkest mind
Suns ahead for suns behind.

Ground to need when vision gropes—
This mightiest of telescopes!

The Cardiff Giant Affair

(Continued from Page 37)

For an instant Madam seemed hurt, but then she smiled and patted Lossie's hand. "Such pride!" she exclaimed, and laughed gaily.

"Madam Cissie," Lossie said, still gravely, "there's a difference between pride and self-respect. If I did not feel this way myself, my father and mother would soon correct me."

For a little time Madam made no response, and then she spoke very gently and sincerely. "I wish," she said, "I understood people like you and your parents. If I could, maybe I'd be more like you, and less like myself."

There could be no doubt of Madam Janeway's kindness and generosity, nor of the lavish manner in which she spent money. She never seemed to give a thought to the cost of a thing she wanted or to the expense of any amusement or recreation that promised pleasure. But, contradictorily, there was economy to the running of her household—economy that amounted almost to niggardliness. Her shopping for groceries and vegetables and meats was done exclusively by the butler, Oscar. And if ever there was a stingy, penny-pinching human being, it was he. He haggled and dickered and demanded. He would bicker over the cost of a fifty-cent tack hammer, and the wages he paid the other servants were lower than those paid by anybody else in town. Probably Madam knew nothing about this, being careless of such details, but there was not a merchant or artisan in our city who did not complain he was losing money on Madam's custom. It was so queer as to be laughable. While Oscar was haggling with a farmer over the price of a peck of potatoes, his mistress would be squandering a couple of hundred dollars on some absurd fancy or kindly charity.

She was a brilliant conversationalist—really a prodigious talker. Her mind was facile and brilliant, and there seemed to be no topic upon which she was not informed nor city in the world which she could not describe in fascinating language. But, voluble as she was, she seldom became specific.

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"She rambles," my mother said to Lossie's mother. "She darts. A body can't keep up with her. But after you listen to her an hour, you haven't learned a thing you couldn't read in a book."

"She hops, skips and jumps," agreed Mrs. Fox. "And she's like a punkin seed. You put your finger on her to hold her still and she squirts out in any direction."

"Of reticence," mother said, "she seems to have none. She'll talk about anything. But when she's done she's told you nothing definite."

"She's a flittermouse," said Mrs. Fox indulgently. "But she's a dear, sweet woman."

Mother sometimes could be persistent. Not that she pursued a topic for any purpose, but she would start on something and go on and on like perpetual motion.

"She's dear and sweet all right," Mother conceded. "But if you were asked, could you tell anybody where she came from? No, ma'am, you couldn't. Or where she was married, or if she has any children? Or why she came to Syracuse?"

Lossie's mother didn't care. She was not of suspicious or inquiring mind and generally accepted things at their face value.

"Oh, what of it?" she asked with a shrug. "Banker Watts must have looked her up. Bankers are such cautious folks! He never would have given that dinner and reception for her if somebody important hadn't vouched for her. Now would he?"

"I suppose not," mother answered a little dubiously. "But I bet, when you come right down to it, that bankers are as gullible as anybody else. They just make believe they are cautious to impress people."

"Banker Watts," said Lossie's mother, "is a pompous old skeezicks, but he's reliable as an eight-day clock."

"I hear," mother said, changing the subject in a way she had when she was tired of the old one, "that Andrew White is in town to look at that Cardiff Giant and tell everybody just what it is."

Andrew White was the new president of Cornell College up at Ithaca and was rated as a pretty smart man who knew almost everything and wouldn't be easy to bamboozle. So we waited to hear what he would have to say about it. And we heard right away in no uncertain terms.

The stone giant had not yet been lugged here to Syracuse when President White made his first inspection. He, in the interests of veracity, had a meeting in our town with the regents of the State University from Albany and with James Hall, who was the most able paleontologist of the day. This august body did not go so far as to agree that the stone effigy was a petrified man of ancient times. But Hall, most qualified of all of them to speak, declared that it did not date back to the Stone Age, but was the most remarkable object brought to light in this country, and was deserving of the attention of archaeologists.

Mr. White was disgusted and he quoted Schiller's line, "'Against stupidity the very gods themselves contend in vain.'" He declared the figure to be bogus, a hoax, and all those who believed it to be either a petrified human or a work of great antiquity were credulous simpletons.

But this scientific pronouncement by a distinguished educator seemed to convince nobody. The pastor of one of our principal churches declared, for all to hear, that nobody in his senses could deny that here was a fossilized human being and perhaps one of the giants mentioned in Scripture.

The clergy sided almost unanimously with Stubby Newell and his find. Another eminent preacher was quoted as declaring, "This is not a thing contrived by man, but is the face of one who lived on the earth, the very image and child of God."

Reason and science got scant attention. A trained newspaper observer declared in print that "no piece of sculpture ever produced the awe inspired by this blackened form." He added that the figure was not conceived and executed by any human being.

Ours was a happy day in which any argument between science and the church was automatically decided in favor of religion. So Mr. White's skepticism only served further to advertise the giant and to intensify the eagerness of the public to feast their eyes upon it.

The presence of the patent-medicine show in town did not cut into the receipts of Stubby Newell, for the medicine show was free and attracted mostly local people and canawlers, while the audiences for the Cardiff Giant were mostly excursionists. Lossie and I, when time hung heavily, used to stroll down to the field where the troupe had established itself and watch the performance. Almost every time we attended we saw Oscar, Madam Janeway's butler, lurking on the edge of the crowd, making himself inconspicuous, but always watching with a curiously avid expression upon his cadaverous face. To us, it seemed that he tried to make himself invisible—that it was against his will that he came again and again to see the performance.

"As if," Lossie said with puckered brow, "he were an addict and couldn't help himself."

Which, of course, was nonsense, but Lossie has peculiar notions and a different way of looking at things and of expressing herself. Fond as she seemed to be of Madam, and often as she was in Madam's house, she could not get used to Oscar. "He makes chills run up and down my spine," she said, with a shudder. "As if he weren't human. How can Madam Cissie stand him ——"

I'm not imaginative, but a practical sort of person, so I surprised myself and Lossie by saying, "Maybe he's one of those undead creatures—what do you call them? Vampires?"

She nodded sharply. "Maybe we better put some garlic in our doors and windows," she said. "They can't pass that, and they can't cross running water."

Now Lossie isn't a busybody and she doesn't poke and pry into other people's affairs. But she did take to studying Oscar and watching his movements with a sort of childlike curiosity. And so it came about that on an afternoon—I think it was a Thursday—she mixed me up in the matter—as she had been mixing me up in matters ever since she could toddle.

Madam Janeway was away in Binghamton, whither she had gone alone. I came home from the office a bit early to find Lossie waiting for me in the hammock between our two houses. She jumped up at sight of me and was mysterious and excited.

"You come along with me, Orrin," she commanded.

I held back. "What trouble are you trying to get me into now?" I demanded.

"All right," she said, "then I'll go by myself."

She knew that would fetch me. Sullenly, I followed her. She led me to the corner and then to the street behind Madam's house. We cut through a grove there to where Madam's barn stood at the rear of her lot. She pressed her finger to her lips, cautioning silence. I listened. Someone was inside. I heard a thud, and then, after seconds, another thud.

"What?" I asked.

"Lift me up," she commanded, and I took her under the arms and hoisted her so that she could look through a small, square window. The thuds continued, spaced by ten-second intervals.

"What's that noise?" I asked impatiently, and was rewarded by a kick from her heels. So I dropped her and hoisted myself up and looked inside. In a moment my eyes accustomed themselves to the change in light and I saw Oscar standing in his shirtsleeves next to a table. And on the table were a dozen large and heavy knives. At intervals he would select one, poise it and hurl it with might and main at something. The something was a broad board or pair of boards fastened together to make a surface some four feet wide by six feet high. And on this surface was outlined a female figure in what I took to be tights. It was at this figure that Oscar threw his knives, one after the other, so that the woman was outlined with quivering blades. He never missed. Each knife, as thrown, struck point foremost on the very line outlining the figure. Never had I seen such an exhibition of skill or so sinister an exhibition of steadiness of hand.

I lowered myself and faced Lossie. "How did you know?" I asked.

"I didn't. I only suspected he was up to something. Because every afternoon he comes out here and stays alone in the barn. Butlers don't behave so."

"And, of course, you had to stick in your nose?" I said testily.

"Why, of course," she said, with surprise that I should ask such a question.

"But what does it mean?"

"It means," she said, "that the—the old vampire is better at other things than being a butler."

We were a little surprised that Madam Janeway refused to go with us to see the medicine show, which continued its stay in Syracuse, because she was always so eager for entertainment and amusement. However, as I said to Lossie, everybody is entitled to a couple of inconsistencies. To which Lossie replied that I would be a great deal more interesting if I would develop a couple myself.

And there was another oddity. Madam would have nothing to do with the canal. It was almost as if she resented it and had some private reason for avoiding even conversation about the great, historic, man-made waterway. She had never a kind word to say for canawlers, but always referred to them with contempt. Which was unlike her, for she was a tolerant woman with a soft spot in her heart for all human beings—especially the lowly or unfortunate.

Canawlers were a part of our everyday life, always with us, living their own peculiar, nomadic lives. They were a tribe unto themselves, with a different set of morals and manners. They had their own fierce pride and regarded any person who was not a canawler as inferior and to be suspected.

When Lossie and I were children we never were admonished to have no dealings with canawlers or to stay away from the ditch and the boats that traversed it. We were not forbidden because it never occurred to our fathers and mothers that a pair of well-brought-up children of our social class ever would so far forget themselves as to go near such people. I would never have done so, but Lossie was a cat of another color. Lossie was an obedient little girl and would very seldom disobey a direct command. But she had her own ideas regarding that area of behavior about which there was no direct order. She expressed her conviction when she was very little, and in her succinct manner. "If," she would say, "they don't tell us not to, then we can."

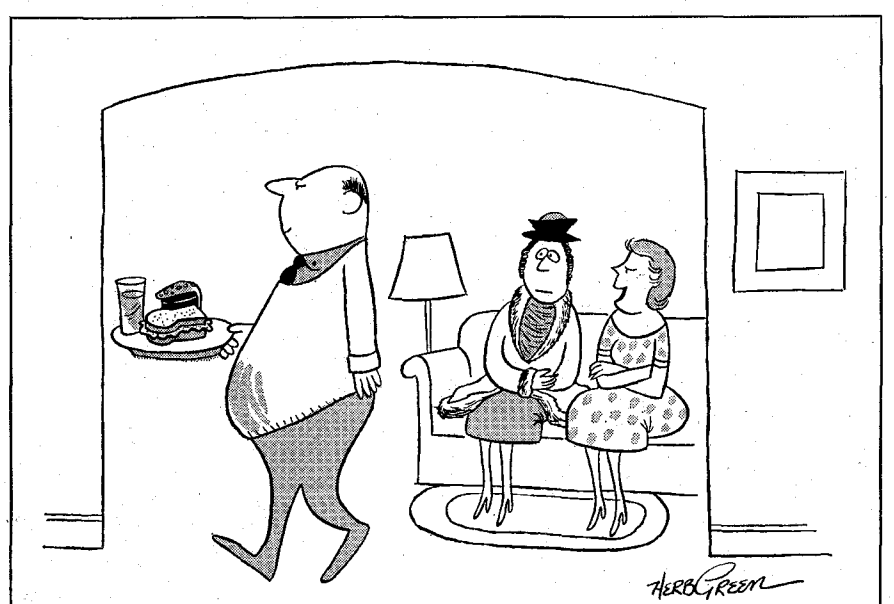
So, being as curious as a kitten, she led me to places where I would not have gone by myself, and one of these places was the basin where canal boats tied up for the night, and where canawlers and their women sat on deck of evenings and drank hard liquor or sang to banjos or engaged in savage fist fights on the towpath.

Now, canawlers are a rough and turbulent set of slatternly women and tobacco-chawing, bewhiskered men. But this I will say for them: children were as safe down there by the basin as they would have been in church. Though they might have heard some unchurchly language—in which the canawlers saw no evil and used as normal means of communication.

Maybe unusual good fortune was ours on our first adventure among these folk. Moored to the spikes was an eighty-foot canal boat embellished by a wide red stripe around its belly. Its name was Lizzie Ann, and lounging near its stern were two people—an enormous, broad-shouldered man with a spreading, golden beard, and a tiny, neat figure of a woman in calico, with cameolike features and the reddest hair I ever have seen.

Lossie plucked at my arm and we stood staring—not with thumbs in our mouths as backwoods or Indian children do when staring at something strange. We were too well taught for that.

"Ask," prodded Lossie, "if we can come onto their boat and look at it."



"Buford has plenty of get up and go—
especially between the den and the icebox."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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I had no desire to go onto their boat, but the decision was taken away from me. The little woman removed the pipe from her mouth and squinted at us and said, in as soft and musical a voice as ever came to my ears, "Good day to you, moppet."

"Good day, ma'am," Lossie said politely, and I snatched off my cap.

"Hello, bub," said the enormous man to me, and I answered, "How do you find yourself, sir?"

"P'lite," said the big man to the little woman.

"As all git out," said the woman. . . . "You like ginger cookies, you two?"

"Very much indeed," Lossie answered.

"Then come aboard," the woman said. . . . "Zacharias, you fetch up a plate of them gingers and couple glasses of milk. . . . What's your name, moppet?"

"Lossie Fox."

"And yourn, bub?"

"Orrin Applegate."

"Dew tell! We've carried salt west fur your paw."

The yellow-haired giant returned with a plate piled high with ginger cookies, and two mugs of milk.

"Mine was named Lizzie Ann," the woman said. "She took sick 'n' died."

"Boat's named fur her," Zacharias explained.

"I calc'late," said the woman to Lossie, "I'll call ye Lizzie Ann. It kind of comforts me to purtend fur a spell."

"That will be nice," Lossie said through a mouthful of cooky. "And what may we call you, ma'am?"

"I'd be gratified if you'd call me maw," the woman said. "But the name they call me by length and breadth of the canawl is Zach Wheelright's woman."

"They're the nicest ginger cookies I ever ate," Lossie said. "Do you keep your horses down there?" she asked, pointing to the deck.

"Comfortable as bugs in a rug," said Zacharias. "Driver's gone uptown to git drunk."

Somehow, this information did not shock us. It seemed in keeping with the surroundings.

"It must," Lossie said, "be lovely riding all day long, day after day, on a nice boat like this, Mrs. Wheelright."

"Hain't Mrs. Wheelright," said the woman placidly. "Jest Zach's woman. Been so fifteen year. Naw, Zach 'n' me never got to stand up 'fore a parson. Zach wouldn't have it, and Zach's a man firm set in his ways. My paw he told Zach he couldn't have me 'less he married me. Wa-al, Zach he didn't have no objections, but he wouldn't allow nobuddy to tell him what do do."

"So what did you do?" Lossie asked.

"Why, Zach he turned to me and says loud fur all to hear, 'Susie, I claim you're my wife.' So, seein' how things were, I answers right back, 'And I claim ye fur my husband.'"

"An', by dang," Zach said, shading his oath in deference to Lossie's ears, "I'll claw the gizzard out of any that lets on there's a firmer way of gittin' wedded."

Well, we stayed there as long as we dared, and then we had to go home, so Lossie said, "Good-by for now, maw." And Zach Wheelright's woman answered, "Good-by, Lizzie Ann." But she didn't offer to touch Lossie; only sort of stretched out a hand toward her. And Mr. Wheelright, he grinned broadly at us and said, "Come visit us any time we tie up. Keep an eye out fur us. It pleasures maw to have a moppet aboard."

We went home, but it did not seem advisable to tell our parents about where we had been or what we had talked about. But after that we kept an eye out for the Lizzie Ann, and we never failed to go aboard when she tied up in the basin. And gradually we got acquainted with a great many other canawlers, who were not offish with us, because we were such good friends of Zach Wheelright and his woman.

We heard, I'm afraid, much talk that was not fit for Lossie's ears—or for mine, for that matter. But it didn't seem to do any harm and it didn't seem wicked to us because, probably, it wasn't spoken with wicked intent by the canawlers, but was just the way they talked. And it got so that they thought a heap of Lossie and she could make them do things nobody else could. Like when she saw Sam'l Dwiggs and Noah Clem trying to tear out each other's gullets on the path, and everybody was keeping his distance because they were crazy mad. But Lossie walked right up to them and almost in between them, and said real sharp, "You stop that this minute or I'll take you both in hand." And the miracle was they stopped and big Noah hoisted Lossie in his great hands and bellowed out, "This here moppet's the bully of the canal, 'n' I'll gut any man says to the contrary!" And, still holding Lossie aloft, he leaped high into the air and cracked his heels together and let out a panther whoop that would have scared a body most to death.

But Lossie wasn't frightened, and she sort of tugged at Noah's matted whiskers, and said, but not sharp, "Put me down, great ox, before you wrinkle my dress."

This was all years ago, but, unbeknownst to our folks and the people among whom we lived, we continued to visit the basin and the Lizzie Ann, and, if the truth were told, certain other less reputable canal boats.

I went out to get my lunch and strolled down toward the basin and there, just pulling in, was the Lizzie Ann. I watched them make fast and unhitch the horses from the tow rope and drive them aboard and down to their stable, and then, not waiting even for a cup of coffee, I hurried home and around to the side of Lossie's house and whistled our urgent whistle. She stuck her head out of her bedroom window, and I beckoned and said, "They're tied up in the basin."

"Be right down," she said, and was as good as her word. So we hurried down and along the towpath to the basin and jumped aboard the Lizzie Ann. Zach and his woman were just sitting down to eat, and the driver was there. When they saw us, Zach let out a great whoop, and in a twinkling there were two more places and we were eating as finely cooked a meal as ever passed my lips. Not served, of course, with proper decorum, but fit for a king. And Lossie called Zack's woman "maw" and Zach's woman called her "Lizzie Ann," and Zach grinned and belched, and the driver said nary a word, as was his custom.

"If you're going to be in till morning," Lossie said, "you ought to go up and see the medicine show. It's free."

"Medicine show!" Zach said ruminatively. "The's medicine shows 'n' medicine shows. This one got a tooth puller?"

"Quickest you ever saw," Lossie said.

"And maybe a mesmerizer?"

"There's a mesmerizer," I said.

"And maybe ——" Zach said more slowly, looking at me under his bushy brows in a shrewd, sly manner. "And maybe a gent that stands off and throws knives at his woman, and her standin' against a board. Never slices her even once."

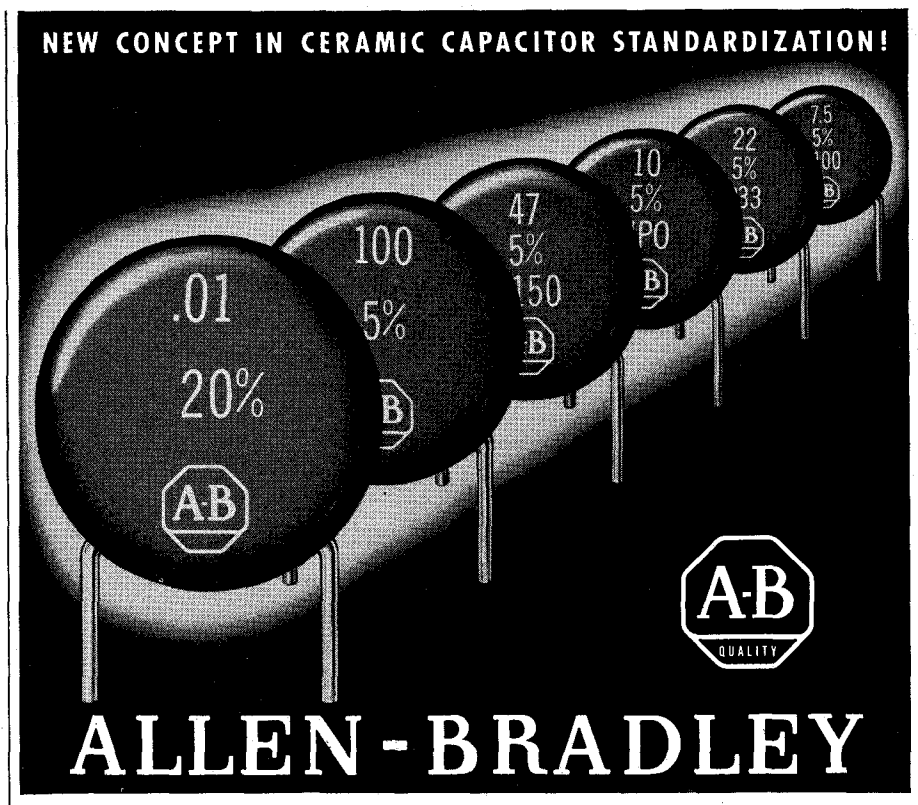
"No, Mr. Wheelright," Lossie said, "there's no knife thrower."

"Be ye certain sure?"

"Positive," Lossie said.

"If they was sich a one," Zach said ponderously,

(*Continued on Page 79*)



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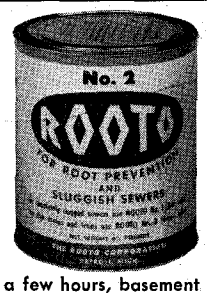

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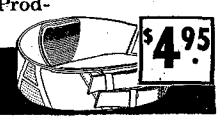

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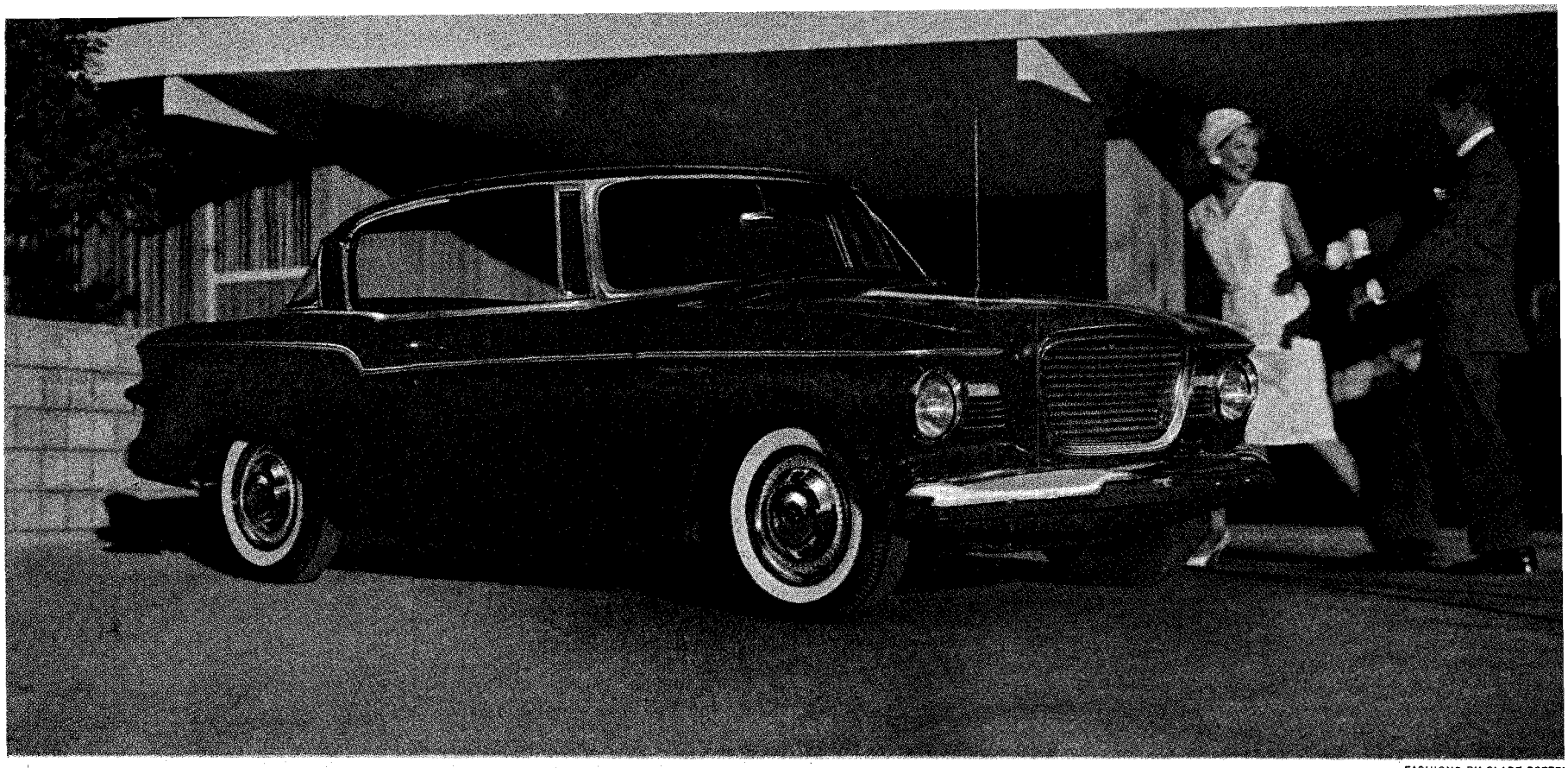

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(*Continued from Page 77*)

"I'd advise ye emphatic to stay away from there like the' was smallpox."

"That's right, Lizzie Ann," said Zach's woman. "Him that Zach refers to has got rattlesnake pizen in his veins instid of blood. My man don't back off from nobody along the canawl from Troy to Buffalo, includin' the feeders, but he gives ground to that livin' skeleton, and don't take no shame fur it."

"About six feet and three inches high?" asked Lossie.

"All of that."

"Wide shoulders and skinny arms and legs and a head like a death's head?"

"That's the spittin' image of him," Zach said. "And the funny thing! His woman that he throwed knives at was sweet 'n' perty as a princess in one of them fairy stories."

"Like I used to tell Lizzie Ann," said Zach's woman. . . . "Didn't I, Lizzie Ann?"

And Lossie replied without hesitation, "And you told them so well, maw."

The little woman's eyes softened and brimmed, and she smiled a wonderful smile at Lossie.

"We both know 'tain't so, don't we?" Zach's woman asked.

"Of course," Lossie agreed.

"But it don't do no harm," the little woman said pleadingly. "And—and it pleasures me a heap sight."

"To be sure, maw," Lossie said. "We'll keep right on."

"All the same," Zach said with a nod of his great, golden head, "I hain't agoin' to traipse to no medicine show. It'd leave a sour taste in my mouth."

"We want no truck with sich," his woman agreed.

Lossie and I stayed the afternoon, and there were callers and talk, some of it loud and some of it savage, about killings and gouging out of eyes, and about the abominable habits of lock tenders, and about high waters and births with no attending physician, and about how the railroads were ruining business on the canal. Late in the afternoon, Lossie and I shook hands all around and went home to supper, because there would have had to be explanations if we absented ourselves. And Lossie never was one for explanations.

"You start explaining something," she was wont to say, "and sure's shooting you get tripped up into the soup. Just keep quiet and act natural and questions don't get asked."

"Do you suppose," I asked, "that Mr. Wheelright's knife thrower and Madam Janeway's Oscar are one and the same?"

"Well, now, Orrin," she said, and became patronizing, as she did when she wanted to irritate me, "I should just hazard a guess that, as Madam's attorney at law and counselor in chancery, you would stay away from wanting the answer to that question."

Though Lossie is younger than I, and a girl to boot, I have sometimes an uncomfortable feeling that she is far shrewder than I. In this instance it was so. I was sure she was right and that the last piece of information I wanted to possess was Oscar's identification as Zach's knife thrower and Zach's woman's monster with rattlesnake venom in his veins instead of blood.

Twenty-four guests could be seated around Madam Janeway's dining table, and Lossie and I were included in the number. It was a formal affair. Invitations had been handsomely engraved. The affair was to be in honor of Horatio Dewitt, president of one of Albany's largest banks. Another out-of-town guest was Jethro Willis, banker, of Binghamton. Of course, Mr. and Mrs. Watts were there. Never had I seen a table so beautifully furbished with damask and silver and rare china. Lossie was very grand and dignified and beautiful, with her chin high and her cheeks flushed with excitement. It was not easy to imagine that she could be more at home in the cabin of a canal barge with canawlers for companions than she was in this society.

Little parcels were at each place—favors, I believe they were called—a gift for every guest. Which, I understand, is a newfangled custom aping European manners. I opened my packet and found a pair of gold cuff buttons set with some sort of stone which I did not recognize. Little exclamations were audible as guest after guest disclosed the contents of his packet. If my gift was a fair example, then the favors must have cost Madam Janeway better than five hundred dollars.

"Why, Madam," I heard the Albany banker exclaim, "Mr. Vanderbilt himself could not be more lavish."

She gave him her smile. "Trifles," she said with a shrug.

In serving the dinner, Oscar was assisted by a flock of waiters imported for the purpose—trained and deft men. And the food! Lucullus could not have purveyed rarer dishes—oysters from Maryland, and terrapin and guinea hen and ices and a variety of wines. I watched Lossie sharply to be sure I managed each dish with proper decorum and did not use the wrong silver utensil.

Between two of the courses I heard Banker Willis speak to Banker Watts.

"I hear tell," he said, "that they're exhibiting that stone thingamajig here. The one dug up in Cardiff."

"They are, indeed, Mr. Willis, and taking in money hand over fist." Mr. Watts cleared his throat. "Maybe I shouldn't mention it, but most of the takings go to your town."

"Dew tell!" Willis exclaimed.

"To a man named George Hall—cousin, so I'm told, to the one who dug up the giant."

"George Hall, hey? A scalawag as ever was. No respect for man or God. Not George. Pokes fun at everything."

"Including, I'll bet," Lossie whispered in my ear, "Mr. Jethro Willis."

"He don't deny being one of them agnostics like Ingersoll," Mr. Willis went on testily. "Lets on he despises folks. Says most people would rather be bamboozled than to see the truth. I heard him say tother day that it was easier to make people give credit to a farfetched lie than it was to a simple fact."

"Well," Banker Watts said shortly, "whatever his beliefs, he makes 'em pay."

"I hear tell," Lossie's father said, "that Barnum tried to buy it."

"So it's rumored," said Mr. Watts.

After the dinner was over, we repaired to the parlor, and there obese little Jethro Willis singled me out. "Orrin Applegate, hain't ye?" he asked.

"That's my name, sir," I answered. He was a crude man without elegance, and I wondered at his presence there.

"Her lawyer, ain't you?" he asked.

"I act for her sometimes."

"Rich woman, from what I hear."

"She seems," I said offishly, "to be in good circumstances."

"What's this about Dan'l Drew?" he asked in an oily whisper.

"I have no knowledge of Mr. Drew, sir."

"And wouldn't let on if you had," he said, nodding his bald head. "Naow listen," he said. "I come over from Binghamton to see if I couldn't pick up a mite of business from her. Be an advantage to her to spread her custom around. Hey?" His little, greedy eyes puckered up at me. "You're her lawyer. You got influence. If you was to swing suthin' my way, I'd see ye didn't lose by it." He twisted his head to look into the small library which Madam used as an office. "Hear she's got a safe in there chuck full of stocks 'n' bonds."

"I cannot," I said grandly, "discuss Madam's affairs with anyone."

"To be sure," he said wheedlingly. "To be sure. But don't forgit what I said. You won't lose nothin' by it."

I walked away from him and sought Lossie, but again she was the center of a group of men old enough to know better. She was queening it and had not so much as a glance for me. You would have thought she had been brought up to be a grand society lady with all the airs and gestures and coquetry. I wanted to walk up behind her and say, "Hey, there, your pa's just a salt boiler like mine. Come down off your high horse." But I didn't. I went over and leaned against the wall next the archway that gave into Madam's office, and through the portieres I heard talking. I had no intention to eavesdrop. I was down in the mouth and, I expect, sullen. So I just stood there, and in a moment I heard a low-voiced conversation. Madam was there and a man whose voice I did not recognize. I did not mean to pay attention, but words came to my ears spoken in a shrill squeaky voice.

The only thing which isn't safer when put in a sheath is a woman. ALMA DENNY

"The little fat fool from Binghamton's swallowed it, hook, line and sinker," he said.

Madam's reply was so softly uttered that I could not distinguish what she said.

"But," went on the skirling voice, "the Albany one is a cat of a different color."

"Shrewd and experienced," Madam said distinctly.

"Treated right," the voice said, "they're the easiest. They think they're so smart nobody'd dare try to put it over 'em. I calc'late," he went on, "we better give him the extry-special treatment."

"Nothing blatant," Madam said sharply.

"Smooth as silk" was the reply, and Oscar, the butler, strode through the archway, not noticing me, and headed for the rear of the house.

It was puzzling. It was not exactly a conversation one would expect to hear between a butler and his mistress, but it meant nothing to me. Madam was different from other people and you expected certain eccentricities from her. I dismissed the matter from my mind.

Perhaps half an hour later the doorbell sounded and I saw Oscar scurrying to answer it. Madam lifted her head as though listening, and then made her way across the room to where Horatio Dewitt was conversing with Lossie's father. She touched him playfully with her fan and said something that made him laugh. Oscar stood in the door looking about until he saw Madam, and then he went to her, in his hand a little silver tray on which rested an envelope.

"Madam," he said woodenly, "the messenger said this was urgent."

She took the envelope in her slender fingers and looked up at Banker Dewitt and shrugged. "You'll pardon me?" she asked.

"Certainly," he said politely.

The envelope was sealed with red wax, but she contrived to tear it open. She uttered a little exclamation, for it contained a stock certificate. From where I stood I could see that it had to do with the Erie Railroad, but her thumb covered the spot where the number of shares it represented was stamped.

"What a nuisance," she said. "But I'd best put it in my safe. Just some Erie bonds I had converted into stock."

"Naturally," Banker Dewitt said respectfully.

She turned lightly and the envelope with its broken seals dropped unnoticed to the floor as she walked away. Lossie's father saw it and stooped to pick it up. You could hear him suck in his breath. And then he was indiscreet, as he so often was.

"Gosh all hemlock!" he exclaimed. "Look at this!"

He held it up in his astonishment, and Dewitt could see the name and return address. The name was that of Daniel Drew!

"Get that out of sight!" snarled Banker Dewitt.

"Out of sight," said Lossie's father, who always would have his joke, "but not out of mind."

I felt Jethro Willis' beady eyes fixed avidly on my face. "Mr. Applegate," he said, "you was clost enough to see."

"To see what?" I demanded ungraciously.

"The return address onto that envelope," he said. "It'll be wuth money to me to know."

"Sir," said I righteously, "if you weren't three times my age I'd take you by the collar and throw you out of this house."

He sneered at me. "Uppity, hey? Mebby the day'll come when ye won't be so doggoned segacious with me."

Again I turned away, but I kept my eye on him. He worked his way to the dining room, where Oscar was superintending the clearing up of the room. Jethro walked up to him and spoke. Then, sneakily, he reached into his hip pocket for his wallet and extracted a bill. It was a yellow bill. He handed it to Oscar, who peered about him cautiously and then bent to whisper in Willis' ear. What had happened was apparent. The beady-eyed little banker had bribed Oscar to give him the name of Daniel Drew.

My duty was clear. I sought Madam Janeway and drew her aside.

"Madam Cissie," I said, "something just happened that disturbs me."

"So, very properly, you came to tell me about it," she smiled.

"That letter you just received," said I. "You dropped the envelope."

"How stupid of me," she said. "How horridly stupid."

"Mr. Dewitt," I said, "read the return address."

To this she made no reply.

"That little twerp, Jethro Willis, tried to bribe me to tell him what it was."

She touched my wrist and smiled at me. "I knew," she said, "that I could trust you implicitly."

"But," I said gravely, "I fear you cannot trust your butler."

"Oscar!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," I answered. "For a twenty-dollar bill he gave the information to Willis."

Again she patted my arm. "Don't worry," she said sweetly. "I'll attend to Oscar. Depend upon it, Orrin, he'll tell Mr. Willis nothing that will do him any good. You're a sweet boy." And then, "Lossie looks tired. Why don't you escort her home?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said, "I'll do just that."

TO BE CONTINUED

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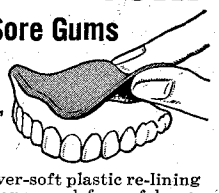

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Baseball's Hothouse

(Continued from Page 29)

Valmy Thomas, Felix Mantilla and Juan Pizarro. Sixty more Puerto Ricans were playing at various levels in the minor leagues.

Most of these ballplayers have emerged from the lowest-income class. An appealing thing about professional sport anywhere is that it offers a way out for the poor boy—the so-called "hungry athlete." In the United States this phrase has been overworked to the point of becoming a cliché. It recaptures its full meaning and flavor in Puerto Rico, where rapid economic progress is being made, but a number of people still have it very rough indeed.

For example, take nineteen-year-old Marcial Allen, center fielder of the Caguas club in the Puerto Rican League and a summertime farm player for the Milwaukee Braves. Before a game this winter I went down on the field with another visiting reporter, syndicated sports columnist Jimmy Cannon, to talk to Marcial.

We found him to be a round-faced, wide-eyed Negro youngster, brimming over with enthusiasm for his work. We had gotten interested in him upon hearing that he used to be a bat boy for Caguas. It turned out that this was only a small part of it. Conversing with Marcial in his limited English—since we *norte americanos* could speak no Spanish at all—we pieced together the background picture.

Marcial Allen grew up with no fixed home or family ties. At eight he had a bed in the house of an uncle, but was earning his own keep by shining shoes on the streets of San Juan. "I make five dollar, ten dollar a week."

At ten he began hanging around the stadium at the University of Puerto Rico, where they more or less adopted him, giving him odd jobs to do, and a place to sleep in the equipment room under the stands. They also saw to it that he got some schooling at night.

Later he attached himself as bat boy to the Santurce team in the winter league—Santurce is the biggest section of metropolitan San Juan, much as Brooklyn is the biggest borough in the City of New York. The boy's first baseball idol was Willie Mays, who came down to play for Santurce during the 1954–55 season.

When two of his other Santurce heroes, Roberto Clemente and Juan Pizarro, were sold to Caguas in 1957, Marcial Allen went along too. He was old enough now to make an impression in workouts, and before the season was very old, he graduated from bat boy to player.

At times during the interview Marcial Allen's whole face lit up, as when he spoke of the thrill it was to be a professional ballplayer ("I want this all my life"); the free steak dinners he got in the United States last summer every time he hit a home run at Wellsville, New York, in the Class D Pony League (he had eleven homers and batted .303); and the fact that he now is earning enough to help pay a sister's way through college, where she is studying to be a schoolteacher.

In the game that night Marcial Allen looked good both at bat and in the field. He has the handicap of being short—only five-seven—but you may be seeing him in the major leagues one of these years. If not, you surely will see some others like him—Puerto Rican boys with a passion for the game of baseball and the material rewards it can bring.

A majority of the big-league teams now have resident scouts in Puerto Rico, and others have begun looking for suitable representation. Money talks in signing up prospects here, just as it does in the United States. However, it also is important to have an agent who, in the broadest sense of the term, speaks the natives' language.

An individual who has figured in more important signings than anyone else is Pedro Zorrilla. A large, hearty man of Spanish extraction, Zorrilla got some of his education in the United States, but his roots are in Puerto Rico. He has wide contacts and friendships all over his home island and neighboring Caribbean sectors.

Zorrilla is a onetime ballplayer who owned and operated the Santurce club from 1939 until 1957, when financial difficulties forced him to sell out. This season the new owner brought him back to Santurce as general manager. Zorrilla now scouts exclusively for the Giants, but as a clubowner he did business with various teams. He was a middleman in the 1953 deal which brought the Giants Ruben Gomez, who had earlier been signed by the Yankees and then allowed to slip away; the 1954 acquisition of Bob Clemente by the Dodger organization; the 1956 signing of Juan Pizarro by the Milwaukee Braves.

Pedro Zorrilla also was one of the first to see the potentialities of catcher Valmy Thomas, who was born in Puerto Rico, but grew up and learned his baseball in the Virgin Islands. The Giants recently traded Thomas and Ruben Gomez to the Phillies for Jack Sanford. The ballplayer in whom Zorrilla takes the greatest and most possessive pride, however, is Orlando Cepeda.

"Do you want to hear the true story of Orlando Cepeda?" Zorrilla asked a few weeks ago. "I have read many accounts in newspapers and magazines. Some of them are fantastic.

"I was a good friend of his father. I used to play ball with him in the old days. Five years ago the father was in very bad health. He came to me and said that he was handing his son Orlando over to me. He said that he had not long to live and wanted to be sure that the boy got his chance in baseball.

"Orlando was then sixteen. At fifteen he had to have an operation on his legs, which were crooked. Even today he still has a little limp. Nobody seems to notice it in the United States, but we who know him can see it."

Anyway, the youthful Cepeda was already good enough at sixteen to wear a Santurce uniform and get in an occasional game. In 1955 his father died. That spring, when Orlando was seventeen and a half, Pedro Zorrilla took him to the Giants' minor-league base at Melbourne, Florida, along with three other candidates—shortstop José Pagan (slated for Triple A ball this coming season); shortstop Al Cruz Rodriguez (still in the low minors); and pitcher Francisco Zayaz (no longer with the Giant organization).

Cepeda did not exactly bowl them over at Melbourne in 1955. In fact, the Giants' veteran scout, Tom Sheehan, says today, "There wasn't a single one of our Class D managers at Melbourne that year who wanted Cepeda for his ball club. How

The Perfect Squelch

Alicia was a snob. One of her favorite tricks was to appear at social gatherings dressed for an occasion of an entirely different nature, and then to explain that she was wearing her very special costume because she had to dash off to an important affair elsewhere. Hostess after hostess found this little stunt disconcerting. Few rebelled openly, for Alicia did manage to maintain contacts with society notables.

There came a day, though, when Alicia appeared at a set luncheon half an hour late and fully arrayed in hunting togs. From her costume, it was not evident whether she was going shooting, riding or what, but she most certainly was not dressed for a luncheon. With all eyes upon her, she explained breathlessly to her hostess that a noted sportsman had invited her out with him.

"Why, Alicia, I didn't know you were such a good shot," the hostess replied. Alicia admitted that she really didn't shoot.

"Then you ride?" a guest asked. Alicia replied, "Well, not exactly."

"Oh," said the hostess, "then you just go along to retrieve?"

Josephine B. Hoffman

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wrong can you get? But Jack Schwarz, our assistant farm director, is a stubborn Dutchman. He got a friend of ours to take Cepeda at Kokomo, which wasn't even in our farm system." The record shows that before going to Kokomo in the Mississippi-Ohio Valley League that year, Cepeda played twenty-six games in the Appalachian League at Salem—also unaffiliated with the Giants.

Once started, Cepeda had a sensational climb through the minors. Meanwhile, he was making a name for himself back home as a winter performer in the Puerto Rican League, where Pedro Cepeda used to star. The island's fans had called the father by the nickname of Perucho. Orlando became Peruchin, which means, in effect, Perucho, Jr.

Last year, of course, Cepeda headed the prize batch of rookies who boosted the Giants to an unexpected third-place finish in the National League. Stationed at first base—he has also played third base and the outfield—he hit .312, drove in ninety-six runs and had twenty-five homers. In a fan poll conducted by the San Francisco Examiner, he was voted the most valuable Giant, beating out Willie Mays by a sizable margin. He was the unanimous choice of the nation's baseball writers as National League Rookie of the Year.

Orlando Cepeda has a good-looking, light-brown face and a superb athlete's physique. He is six-two and weighs upward of 200 pounds. A bachelor, and decidedly popular with the opposite sex, he lives with his mother and a bookkeeper brother in a new suburban housing development in Bayamón, outside San Juan. His brother, incidentally, is really entitled to the "Peruchin" label, since he actually was named after the father.

Orlando's manner normally is lighthearted and bantering, but he can blow his top, as illustrated when Danny Murtaugh, the Pittsburgh manager, went for Ruben Gomez during a game last June twenty-fifth. Cepeda grabbed a bat and started to the defense of his fellow Puerto Rican and roommate. Willie Mays headed off Cepeda with a flying tackle, thus saving Orlando from anything nastier than a $100 fine by the National League.

As a ballplayer, Orlando Cepeda still has some fine points to master. He admits that the game is "more scientific" in the majors and that the pitching is tougher. "Up there they all good," he says. However, with his exceptional speed, co-ordination and strength, Cepeda has all the physical equipment to become a great star.

Puerto Rico and other Caribbean countries now serve a dual purpose in the talent operations of many big-league teams. The majors not only draw upon the area for new material but also use its winter leagues to speed the development of players. Hank Aaron, Bill Bruton, Bill Skowron, Brooks Lawrence and Junior Gilliam are among the many who have played in the Puerto Rican League on their way up. This winter the Santurce club has had Giant youngsters Jackie Brandt and Willie Kirkland in its regular line-up, along with natives Orlando Cepeda, Ruben Gomez and Valmy Thomas. The last two became Philadelphia property in December, as previously stated.

The Puerto Rican League is a five-club circuit. There are two teams in the San Juan area—the San Juan Senators and the Santurce Crabs—and one each in the smaller cities of Mayagüez, Ponce and Caguas. Each team plays a sixty-four-game schedule, followed by postseason playoffs. Their combined annual attendance—which has been on the increase this year—generally exceeds 500,000. The winner competes in the Caribbean World Series in early February against championship teams from Cuba, Venezuela and Panama.

I watched several Puerto Rican League games. The fans appeared fully as knowledgeable as in the United States, and also somewhat livelier and noisier. However, it wasn't until the ninth inning of a game at Parque Y. Solá Morales in Caguas that anything really out of the ordinary happened in the stands.

Caguas is the smallest city in the league, with a population of 70,000. It is back in the hills of east-central Puerto Rico—which doesn't put it very far back, since the entire island is only about 100 miles long and thirty-five miles wide. Still, the local team is nicknamed "Criollos," which translates roughly as "Hicks."

The big man on the club is American League veteran Vic Power—real name Victor Pellot—who hit .312 with Kansas City and Cleveland last year. A versatile performer, he can play almost anywhere in the infield or outfield. Many people in Caguas and elsewhere rate him ahead of Orlando Cepeda as Puerto Rico's finest baseball product.

It was around Power that the trouble centered that night. For eight innings the game had been a tidy pitching duel, with Juan Pizarro working for Caguas, and Chris Nicolosi for the visiting San Juan team. Going into the final inning, San Juan held a 2–1 lead.

Carlos Bernier, an outfielder who has played for the Pittsburgh Pirates, led off for San Juan with a walk. Then pitcher Pizarro deftly trapped him off first base. In the ensuing rundown, Vic Power thought he had tagged Bernier, but Umpire Bill Malesky didn't see it that way. Bernier was caught anyhow, but in the meantime Power had used some strong language to Malesky, who ordered Vic out of the game. Power put on a terrific scene before leaving, supported by Milwaukee's Felix Mantilla, the Caguas shortstop. The home crowd, which up to that time had been accepting defeat stoically enough, was aroused.

Play resumed, but they never did complete the game. In the last of the ninth, people in the bleachers began throwing everything from oranges to pop bottles at Carlos Bernier in center field. From the grandstand, fans were firing at the umpires—one bottle just missed the head of umpire Buzz Johnson, a U. S. Army lieutenant. Chief umpire Frank Walsh—from the Texas League, like Bill Malesky—signaled that he would declare the game a forfeit if the demonstration didn't stop.

He finally did exactly that. A number of spectators immediately leaped on the field, but police got the umpires off safely to their dressing room. Afterward disgruntled fans hung around outside—probably no more than 200 out of a paid attendance of 2316, but enough to create an ugly situation. In the end, police shepherded the umpires onto a bus with the San Juan players, and they all got out of town unhurt, but not before many bus windows had been smashed by rocks.

Manuel Morales, a Puerto Rican advertising man who is vice president of the Caguas club, said apologetically the next day, "You must understand that such a thing does not happen often. We are sorry when it does.

"It sometimes has been worse. Joey Jay, the Milwaukee bonus pitcher, was down here when he was only eighteen. He was picked to start an important game. He made one pitch, then left the mound. He said his arm was too sore for him to pitch any more. We had nobody warmed up to replace him. We lost the game by a big score.

"The fans were wild. They looked for Joey Jay everywhere. I had to hide him in my own house for the next two days. I told everybody he had already left town."

The Vic Power episode in Caguas took place on a Friday night. It happened that on Saturday morning I had an appointment with Julio Monagas, the government official who heads the Puerto Rico Sports Commission. I mentioned the mob scene I had witnessed.

He was disturbed. "This is not good," he said. "It's Pellot"—meaning Power. "This is the third time in ten days he has caused trouble. Monday morning I shall call the president of the league, Carlos Garcia de la Noceda, and say, 'What are you doing about it?' "

It proved unnecessary for Monagas to make that call. On Sunday the league president announced that he had fined Power fifty dollars and warned him that any further incidents would bring stiffer penalties.

The government doesn't actually run the professional league, whose teams are privately owned. However, it built the 7500-to-12,000-seat stadiums they play in, and rents them to the ball clubs for a token dollar a year. So Julio Monagas, as the government's sports overseer, does not hesitate to give the pros advice and counsel.

"Yes, sir—that kid's certainly mechanically minded!"

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Monagas and his commission are chiefly occupied, though, with supervising a country-wide amateur sports program. The top sport on the list is baseball. In this former United States possession, which now has the status of a free Commonwealth, baseball is indisputably more the national pastime than it is in the United States itself.

Of the seventy-seven towns and cities in Puerto Rico, seventy-six have one or more government-built athletic fields featuring baseball diamonds. Sixty-three of the fields have lighting facilities for night play. There are organized leagues for boys and men of every age level, beginning with the "miniatures," or eight-year-olds. In Class A amateur competition—no age limit—some 375 teams were entered in last year's national tournament. Then there are twenty-four Class AA teams, organized into three regional divisions. Altogether, on this island of about 2,250,000 people, some 75,000 compete in baseball and more than 100,000 play softball.

Julio Monagas says, "In the smallest rural towns you will find that the boys know the stories of Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig and Joe DiMaggio. We distribute literature about baseball and show them movies of the great players."

The organized amateur program stops in mid-October, when the professional league opens, and resumes in February, after the pros are finished. Meanwhile, the town diamonds continue to be in almost constant use every weekend. This winter a Little League program has been operating in the San Juan area under the stewardship of the U. S. Navy's Rear Adm. Dan Gallery, commander of the Caribbean Sea Frontier, who has done much to extend the Little League movement to Puerto Rico in co-operation with local officials.

The Puerto Rican administration obviously considers baseball a wholesome activity. "Our governor, Luis Muñoz Marín, is a great fan," Julio Monagas says. However, officials are under no illusion that the sport can work miracles.

Asked whether he thought baseball did much to reduce juvenile delinquency, Monagas responded, "Very little. The real problem is in the home. The boy goes home, and the mother and father are not there."

Leaving extreme cases out of it, numerous Puerto Rican athletes do grow up under less than ideal circumstances. This should be borne in mind by those baseball people in the United States who are prone to criticize players from Puerto Rico and the Latin-American countries generally. Many baseball men say that Latin Americans are likely to be irresponsible and undisciplined—that they are playboys away from the field and don't always concentrate the way they should during games.

Of course, some of the raps at Latin-American ballplayers reflect sheer stupidity on the part of the critics. For instance, a few will sneer at these "foreigners" simply because they have trouble speaking English. When an American baseball man visits Puerto Rico, the natives don't scoff at him if he is unable to speak Spanish—which is usually the case. They patiently and politely converse with him to the best of their ability in English.

Baseball in the Caribbean area has a long history. Buck Canel, who writes and broadcasts baseball news from New York for Latin-American audiences, says that the sport was established in Cuba as far back as the 1870's. In Puerto Rico it is widely accepted that baseball was introduced by men of the United States armed forces when they occupied the island during the Spanish-American War in 1898. However, José Seda, the scholarly physical-education professor and baseball coach at the University of Puerto Rico, has a different version. Seda, who is a scout for the New York Yankees, says his research has established that even before the American landings the game was being played in Puerto Rico by young men who had gone to schools in the United States. Visitors from Cuba also helped to promote the sport.

In later years Puerto Rican baseball interest was stimulated by visits of outside teams. Alex Pompez, presently a San Francisco Giants' scout, brought his crack Cuban Negro team, the Cuban Stars, to Puerto Rico in 1916. In the 1920's and 1930's the island became a part of the Latin-American winter circuit traveled by such Negro players from the United States as Satchel Paige, Roy Campanella and Josh Gibson. Veteran local baseball men still refer to Gibson as the greatest hitter they ever saw.

During all this time, however, Puerto Rico was operating pretty much in a vacuum. In those days the only Latin-American country that had much contact with organized baseball in the United States was Cuba. This was due chiefly to Clark Griffith, the late owner of the Washington Senators, who imported his first Cubans when he was managing Cincinnati in 1911. As proprietor of the Senators, to whom he switched the next year, he eventually brought up Cubans by the score. Among the best of the Washington Cubans have been Mike Guerra, Willie Miranda, Roberto Estalella, Conrado Marrero and two current pitchers, Pedro Ramos and Camilo Pascual.

The Senators have never done much in Puerto Rico, although in 1939 they did come up with the first big-leaguer from another Caribbean country, Venezuela. This was pitcher Alejandro (Alex) Car-

... ...

Acceptance

By Herbert Merrill

I have, perhaps, loved overmuch
The place, the person and the day,
And cannot now abide the touch
Of time that takes them all away.
I have, perhaps, tried overhard
To bind quicksilver moments fast,
Stubborn enough to disregard
That nothing here can ever last.
I cannot catch the falling star
Nor cup the fire in my hand,
Forbid the wintertime or bar
The tide from covering the sand,
And I have learned at bitter cost
No man can find what he has lost.

... ...

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rasquel, uncle of the current Cleveland shortstop, Chico Carrasquel.

The first Puerto Rican to hit the majors was Hiram (Hi) Bithorn, a pitcher who signed with the Chicago Cubs in 1942 and won eighteen games for them the next season. In 1943 the Brooklyn Dodgers took on Luis Olmo, a pretty fair country hitter. It was José Seda, then working for the Dodgers, who brought Olmo to the attention of Brooklyn's farm boss, Branch Rickey, Jr. (now with Pittsburgh), and its scouting director, Mickey McConnell (now a Little League executive).

After World War II, under the direction of Branch Rickey, Sr., the Dodgers fanned out over the whole area. They began scouting Cuba, Puerto Rico and Venezuela on a regular basis. Operations were extended to the Dominican Republic and Colombia by Al Campanis, one of the few big-league baseball men who are fluent in the Spanish language. Campanis currently is the Dodgers' scouting director.

The Dodgers have developed quite a few Caribbeans, although, ironically, most of the best ones ultimately have been acquired by other clubs, such as Venezuela's Chico Carrasquel, Cuba's Chico Fernandez (Phillies) and Puerto Rico's Roberto Clemente (Pirates).

The Dodgers are still very much in business throughout the region. Their Puerto Rican scout, Ramón Monchile Concepción—also manager of Santurce—periodically conducts clinics and tryout camps. Last summer he signed, among others, a young pitcher named Mito Rivera, who received a $30,000 bonus contract.

The team that has enjoyed the greatest recent success in this area is the San Francisco Giants. Under president Horace Stoneham, the club has made it a point to cultivate Caribbean contacts. The Giants last year had Cepeda, Gomez and Thomas from Puerto Rico; Felipe Alou from the Dominican Republic; Ramon Monzant from Venezuela; and Andre Rodgers from Nassau in the Bahamas.

Other teams which are giving special attention to the Caribbean territory today are the New York Yankees, the Pittsburgh Pirates, the Milwaukee Braves and the Kansas City Athletics. For the Yankees, José Seda has signed eight boys from the Dominican Republic alone in the last two years. The Pittsburgh Pirates have thirty-four Latin Americans at various levels in their organization, including ten from Puerto Rico, where Francisco Coimbre is their scout. In addition, they operate a team in the Dominican Republic's winter league.

Milwaukee has close relations with the Caguas club in the Puerto Rican League, and employs the manager of another team—Luis Olmo, at San Juan—as a scout. Kansas City has scouts in Puerto Rico and in Panama, home of A's infielder Hector Lopez. There are half a dozen other Caribbean prospects in the Kansas City farm system.

Among the teams which have done the least in the way of Caribbean talent hunting are the Boston Red Sox, the Detroit Tigers, the Baltimore Orioles and the Philadelphia Phillies. All but the Red Sox say they now intend to do more. The Phillies' Jim Gallagher toured the entire area last fall for the express purpose of setting up a Latin-American scouting system.

To Puerto Ricans, it is a source of pride when native sons make good in big-time baseball in the United States. However, they are chiefly concerned with their own ball games. The amateur leagues arouse intense local interest, and events in the professional circuit—which is comparable to a Double-A league in the United States—are followed by fans throughout the island.

Most of the professional teams claim to lose money—one insider says that annual losses average about $25,000 per club. Some of the club owners have been very rich men, such as Don Alfonso Valdes, co-owner of the India Brewery, who operated the Mayagüez Indians for twenty years, then turned over the franchise gratis to a civic group. A majority of the present owners are not that wealthy. However, whenever one individual or group gets tired of it all, there always seems to be somebody else eager to take over.

To cut expenses, the number of major-league and Triple-A players—exclusive of natives—that each club may sign has been reduced from nine to four. Maximum player salaries have been cut from $1000 a month to $800, plus living allowances for players from the United States—$250 for married men and $200 for bachelors. Most major-league clubs are reluctant to have their established performers play winter ball anyway; Commissioner Ford Frick has been working to establish a more liberal policy for good-will purposes.

The Puerto Rican League is looking forward to a new 25,000-seat ball park the government has announced its intention of building at a cost of $3,000,000. This will replace the old Sixto Escobar Stadium, now used by the San Juan and Santurce teams, which has become sadly inadequate on such counts as parking and transportation and modern comforts. When the new stadium is ready—which probably won't be for a couple of years—it is generally believed that baseball attendance will shoot up.

In any event, Puerto Rican baseball today rests on a very firm understructure. There are thousands of kids down in the amateur ranks who would like nothing better than to become professional ballplayers. Each year more and more of them are doing it. This picturesque little island has made a definite place for itself on the baseball stage. In seasons to come its role should grow larger.

And Now, the Atomic Brain (Continued from Page 25)

ordinarily flow through it every day. Shutting the equipment down for several weeks while workmen tore it apart looking for the cause of the trouble would cost more than $100,000 in lost production, to say nothing of the labor expense.

"Even then," Doctor Webb said, "we couldn't be sure of locating the trouble. We knew from past experiences that occasionally the difficulty shows itself only while the equipment is running. Shut things off and you can't find it. Start the plant again and the trouble is still dogging you.

"This time we decided to 'see' what was going on while the equipment was operating, and for the seeing job we called on a small but powerful unit of cobalt-sixty, similar to those used in industrial radiography." The idea was, in effect, to X-ray the entire 100-foot fractionating tower from bottom to top, looking for the blockage in its complicated circulation. Instead of using X-ray film, however, the trouble shooter held a Geiger-counting device on the side of the tower opposite the cobalt radiation source.

Then one man, with the heavily shielded cobalt unit slung over his shoulder, started slowly up the narrow steps that spiraled around the tower. While he aimed the beam of penetrating gamma rays straight through the fifteen-foot width of the structure, another worker on a catwalk kept the counting instrument directly in line on the opposite side. They proceeded in this fashion, step by step, watching the meter for a reduction in count that would mean the rays had struck a plugged-up spot, more dense than the free-flowing areas of the system. But the needle scarcely flickered as they passed one level of the tower after another. At the halfway point, somewhat discouraged, they slipped the protective lead plug over the radiation port, lashed the instrument to the stair railing and knocked off for lunch.

They returned to their toil in the afternoon and, to cut short the story of a long climb, found nothing until they reached the topmost level, or tray. Here the radiation count suddenly dipped. Here, at last, was the nest of plugged-up pipes.

"Having located the trouble, the remedy was fairly simple," Doctor Webb explained. "We remembered having put an ammonium compound into the system about a week before as an anticorrosive agent. We figured that it had reacted with chloride in the oil to produce ammonium chloride, which had condensed and caused the blockage. So we raised the temperature in the top tray by about a hundred degrees, boiled off the gunk and had everything running clear and smooth again.

"It is not easy to place a monetary value on everything that isotopes do for the petroleum industry," Doctor Webb remarked, "although we are one of their largest users, in research as well as in operations. But in this trouble-shooting assignment it was easy to prove an immediate payoff. It had taken two men, with a few hundred dollars' worth of isotope equipment, just eight hours to do a job that saved the company about one hundred fifty thousand dollars." Not bad for a day's work.

The Whiting, Indiana, story can be matched by many others from a good-deeds list that steadily grows longer and more varied. In addition to the brainy atom's jobs for industry there are its more familiar, but still expanding, contributions to medicine, both as a sharp diagnostic aid and as a radiation source of unusual flexibility. When you add the countless new research leads which isotopes are opening up in agriculture, biology and chemistry, it is apparent that the world has at its command an exceedingly versatile servant.

Reports I heard at the Second International Conference on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy, at Geneva last fall, indicated that more than sixty nations are now using isotopes in one way or another. While technical training is necessary to employ them to the best advantage, heavy capital investments are not. A pamphlet published by the New York State Department of Commerce titled Atomic Energy for Small Businesses, tells how you can start an atomic testing program for less than $1000 and set up a small atomic laboratory for from $5000 to $10,000.

And yet, in spite of their economy and utility, isotopes are not being harnessed to the world's work nearly as fast as they could and should be, in the opinion of those who know them best. Dr. Willard F. Libby, the scientist member of the United States Atomic Energy Commission and himself a prolific inventor of isotope uses, believes the lag is due mainly to failure of the public to appreciate the isotopes' capabilities and to lack of imagination in finding tasks for them.

"I think there have been few occasions in the world's history," he told the 6300 scientists who assembled in Geneva from sixty-seven nations last September, "when such a wealth of opportunity for technological development existed as exists now in the application of isotopes and radiation to industry, agriculture and medicine."

The gentle atom not only offers dollar gains to American industry; it also can be an effective weapon in the cold war between the East and West to win friends among the uncommitted countries of the world, including those usually considered underdeveloped.

"Real urgency for accelerated isotope development," says Dr. Paul C. Aebersold, director of the AEC's expanded Office of Isotopes Development and head of this activity since its inception in 1946, "arises from the keen international competition in developing all peaceful uses of atomic energy. As agents of good will, radioisotope techniques represent unique, useful tools for solving problems of other countries. The Russians are giving us good competition in all areas. In some—metallurgy, for example—it would appear that they have done more than we have."

Dr. A. V. Topchiev, general secretary of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, reported at Geneva that isotopes were being used in twenty Russian steel mills, including the Kuznetsk, Magnitogorsk and Stalingrad works. Isotope studies of the flow of molten steel and the kinetics of slag formation have made it possible, he said, "to reduce the duration of the melting process in open-hearth furnaces by twenty to forty minutes and therefore to raise their capacity by five to ten per cent." In a separate paper, engineers of the Kuznetsk plant said this shorter melting time "led to an output increase of 75,000 tons a year, with money savings of 1,000,000 rubles per year." The Russians have also used isotopes to make improvements in blast-furnace technology that resulted in a 10-to-20-per-cent increase in production.

All three major atomic powers—the United States, England and Russia—are producing isotopes in large variety and quantity, both through direct "cooking" in atomic reactors and by chemical sifting of the "ashes" from the spent fuel elements. England claims to be the biggest exporter of isotopes, and both the United States and Russia tossed off large figures at Geneva to indicate the industrial scope of their isotopes program. Doctor Libby repeated an estimate he has used many times, namely that isotopes are contributing $500,000,000 a year to the United States economy "through improved products, improved processes and increased productivity." Doctor Topchiev put the corresponding figure for Russia at between 1,200,000,000 and 1,500,000,000 rubles for the year 1957. At the official rate of four (Continued on Page 85)

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(*Continued from Page 83*) rubles per dollar, this would be from $300,000,000 to $375,000,000.

On a strict cost-accounting basis, these figures are probably on the high side. The United States total is admittedly a projection from sampling reports, and a solider picture will be provided by an actual census of industrial isotope users now being completed for the AEC by the National Industrial Conference Board in New York. This is a nongovernmental organization engaged in research in economics and management practices, with wide support from business, labor, educational and public groups. The conference board has found that 825 concerns are using isotopes in 1353 plant locations and are spending about $35,000,000 a year for this atomic equipment, although it has not yet given a figure for over-all saving. Whatever the actual figure may be, the conference-board staff members in charge of the survey, G. Clark Thompson and John J. McMahon, agree with the AEC that it is only a fraction—less than 10 per cent—of what it could be if industry were fully aware of the possibilities.

To sharpen industry's awareness, the AEC, in its new Isotope Development Program, is offering additional training courses in the day-to-day uses of radiation, supporting research in university and industrial laboratories aimed at finding new applications, and in general spreading the good word about the proved uses of isotopes.

The word "isotope" literally means "same place" and refers to the existence of several forms of the same chemical element, all occupying the same position on the periodic table. When an isotope differs from the common variety only in atomic weight—as, for instance, heavy hydrogen—it is called a stable isotope. Other isotopes are distinguished by an internal instability of their atoms, which makes them explode at intervals to give off rays of energy. These are the radioactive isotopes, or radioisotopes, for short. More than 100 varieties are now being produced, and 900 kinds could be made.

Isotopes differ in the kind and intensity of their radiation; some give off beta rays that travel only a few millimeters, others produce gamma rays that will penetrate six inches of steel. Their half lives—the interval in which 50 per cent of the atoms will have exploded, given off radiation and changed to another element—are even more varied. These range from three ten-millionths of a second for polonium-212 and seven and two-fifths seconds for nitrogen-16 through twenty-five years for strontium-90 to 4,510,000,000 years for uranium-238. There is a breath of infinity here, because half of the remaining atoms explode in the next half-life period, and this is repeated, the radiation gradually diminishing, but never, theoretically, disappearing completely.

Industry uses radioisotopes in three ways: (1) as gauges, to measure thickness, density or fluid levels in tanks and pipes, (2) as strong radiation sources, equivalent to radium or X ray, but cheaper and more flexible, and (3) as tracers or "tagged atoms."

The most popular atomic tool in industry is the thickness gauge. Norman E. Walters, of the Curtiss-Wright electronics division, estimates that about 4000 gauges, representing a total investment of $30,000,000, are in use in this country today. Their principal producers, in addition to Curtiss-Wright, are Industrial Nucleonics Corporation, United States Radium Corporation (which makes isotopes for the gauges), Ohmart, of Cincinnati, Tracerlab of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and Nuclear of Chicago. Most of the gauges are employed in the manufacture of continuous sheet stock, such as paper, plastic films, sheet steel, coated fabrics, roofing paper, and so on. The object here is uniformity, not only for the sake of quality but also to conserve raw material, reduce rejects and thus keep production costs down.

The tires on your car were probably built from plies of fabric coated with rubber under the sharp eyes of an isotope gauge. Too little rubber permits friction between the cords. Too much would increase tire heatup on the road. The gauge assures just the right amount and thus prolongs tire life. Also it may save a tire factory up to $250,000 in a year, as Mr. Walters can show you from his book of "case histories."

Similar gauges maintain the even density of paper, including the sheet on which this magazine is printed. Here it guards against thin spots that would tear in the presses or allow printing to show through from the other side. In the past the principal method of checking on uniformity, Herbert Church, of the New York & Pennsylvania Company's mill at Lock Haven, Pennsylvania, explained to me, was to snip out small samples from various locations across the web, weigh each sample and compare the weights. This was a tedious, time-consuming and costly procedure.

Today a "weight profile" is drawn by the atomic gauge, the heart of which is a thimbleful of radioactive material—an isotope of strontium, krypton or thallium. The amount of radiation getting through the paper to a counting device on the other side is inversely proportional to the mass or density of the paper at that point. Noting the deviations from the standard density or "basis weight," the operator can adjust the flow of paper pulp across the width of the machine. In many plants the gauge is hooked up to control instruments which make the adjustments automatically. Thus the atomic brain becomes the key instrument in the production operation.

The No. 2 industrial use of isotopes, as a radiation source, brings them into competition with X-ray machines. But coming in small packages and requiring no electric power, the isotope cameras can get into corners too tight for X-ray apparatus. Some models are fitted with a long flexible hose, up to 100 feet in length, which can be inserted into a narrow pipe or an inaccessible part of a casting to be examined for flaws. The pellet of isotopes is driven through the hose by compressed air and is then sucked back again into its protective housing after the X-ray pictures are made.

Of tremendous potential value to industry and to chemistry in general is the peculiar ability of radiation to loosen chemical bonds and to stimulate new reactions. This catalytic property has been known for some time and used to some extent in the case of ultraviolet radiation. But its broader application, to the vulcanization of rubber, for example, has been retarded by high cost. Recently, however, Bernard Manowitz of the Brookhaven National Laboratory at Upton, Long Island, and others have observed that a small, inexpensive dose of gamma radiation will trigger off chemical reactions which are then carried along by ordinary chemical energy. Polymerization—the building up of smaller molecules into long, complex ones—can be initiated this way, Mr. Manowitz said, and it will then proceed for months.

Most unusual of all the isotopes' talents is their performance as a tracer, an attribute that has also been the most productive of new information in many fields of science. And although tracer work has mushroomed in the years since atomic reactors began to cook up isotopes in large batches, the principle predates the Atomic Age by three decades. It was discovered in 1912 by Prof. George Charles de Hevesy, who won the Nobel Prize for this and subsequent isotope contributions and who just last month came to New York City to receive the $75,000 Atoms for Peace Award. This is given by the Ford Motor Company Fund in memory of Henry and Edsel Ford.

Doctor de Hevesy, a Hungarian now living in Sweden, was a young man in Ernest Rutherford's laboratory in England, in 1911, when Rutherford set him to the task of chemically separating radium D from lead. De Hevesy was unable to do it, and he finally concluded that radium D was actually another form of lead—in short, an isotope—differing from common lead only in atomic weight and in its radioactivity. He then reasoned that it should be possible to add a small amount of the radioactive lead to ordinary lead compounds and follow the lead through chemical processes by measuring its radioactivity. The story is told that de Hevesy, in one of his first tests, tagged the boardinghouse meat with a pinch of radioactive lead when it was served on Monday and then proved the same meat was reappearing all week, winding up in hash on Friday.

Closet, Shared

Our closet's a problem,	what's
you'll have to agree;	left
She takes what she needs;	is
	for
	me.

Glen Pritchard

De Hevesy's pioneer experiments set the stage for a science that expanded rapidly once the nuclear reactors made isotopes generally available. What makes them so useful as a research tool, of course, is that neither heat nor cold nor pressure nor chemical reactions can destroy the radioisotopes' identity or hide their presence from the sensitive radiation-counting devices or photographic films. This is why they can be used as luminescent labels—atomic flashlights—to signal the movement of various substances through hitherto obscure pathways of plant, animal and human physiology, and through complex industrial processes.

Again we turn to the petroleum industry for an illustration. As every car owner knows, engine knock is often due to carbon deposit in the cylinders. If serious enough it can damage the pistons. Both the automotive industry and the fuel manufacturers are constantly striving to eliminate carbon fouling. The Esso Research and Engineering Company, at Linden, New Jersey, annually spending $1,000,000 in isotope-and-radiation research, decided to send tagged atoms into the engine to find the cause and cure of knock.

The offending carbon obviously came from one or more of the several hundred hydrocarbon compounds of which gasoline is composed. The problem was to determine which were guilty. The method, as Dr. James F. Black, of the Esso research laboratory explained, was to label a suspected compound with radioactive carbon-14, burn the test gas in an engine for a period of time, remove the cylinder head, scrape off the carbon and count the radioactivity. If the count from the deposit was proportionately higher than the count from the gasoline at the start, this indicated the labeled compound was adding more than its normal share of carbon deposit.

After tagging and testing several hundred hydrocarbon compounds in this way, a task that took three years, Doctor Black and his associates were able to pin the blame on a few high-boiling, aromatic compounds. Changes in the refinery methods then reduced the concentration of these components and produced a cleaner-burning gasoline.

Commenting on the value of this piece of atomic research, which paid off in sales of better premium fuels, Doctor Black voiced a sentiment I heard many times from scientists and engineers using isotopes, "We couldn't have done it in any other way. Isotopes were absolutely essential."

Because it is also possible to detect infinitesimal amounts of radioactive material rubbed off a metal surface, isotopes have been ideal for making accelerated wear tests on many articles. One of the earliest applications of this kind was the measuring of piston-ring wear, as a guide to producing better lubricating oils to reduce that wear. S. W. Ferris, then of the Atlantic Refining Company, obtained a patent in 1941 on a method that employed isotopes produced in the cyclotron. With the building of atomic reactors, isotopes have become so plentiful that piston-ring and other wear tests are now made routinely by many companies.

Not all the atomic tracer jobs are as complicated as the carbon-analysis and piston-ring assignments. A few years ago a farmer near Windgap, Pennsylvania, complained that his well water had an oily taste, which he blamed on leaks from a nearby fuel-oil pipeline. The line led from a slate quarry that had been converted to oil storage by Esso Standard Oil of New Jersey, and the company agreed to investigate. It happened that the company, in anticipation of such a complaint, had tagged the heating oil going into the reservoir with a small amount of tritium—radioactive hydrogen. When they now tested the farmer's well, the telltale clicks from the tritium were heard on the counter. This proved their oil was getting into the well, and further searching revealed the leak in the pipeline.

Lest the farmer worry about the radioactivity which the test introduced into his well, the oil company explained that only .003 of an ounce of tritium gas was put into the 200,000 barrels of fuel oil in the quarry reservoir. When diluted, this was less than the amount of natural radioactivity in a piece of beefsteak, and by the time it mixed with the well water it was less than that.

Another leaky-pipe problem confronted the members of a suburban church in Tennessee a few years ago—just three weeks before the Christmas program. Since the pipes were imbedded in the concrete floor and water was welling up in a dozen places, the question before the men of the parish, who called a committee meeting about it, was, "Which spot conceals the leak?"

Tearing up the floor to find out would cost $1500, even if the men did the work themselves. The solution, as related in the New York State Department of Commerce booklet on Atomic Energy for Small Businesses, was proposed by a nuclear chemist. What he did was to drain the water system, shut off the outside supply and attach a large water can to the inlet valve via a length of plastic garden hose. Then, as he let water flow

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from the can into the church pipes, he injected a small shot of radioactive iodine into the hose with a hypodermic needle. Another man, with a Geiger counter, followed the radio-iodine as it flowed through the pipes under the floor, and at a spot where the count was unusually high he scratched a mark.

When the floor was opened at that point, a small hole was discovered in the water pipe. A plumber repaired it, the concrete was patched, the isotope-labeled water flushed out and the regular supply turned on again. The job had cost ten dollars and four hours of time—the plumber was in a generous mood—and the Christmas pageant went on as scheduled.

This particular radioactive service for the Lord occurred, appropriately, in the atomic city of Oak Ridge, Tennessee. But Oak Ridge has no patent on the technique. Although not ready for the average plumber, it has been used by trained people to find many serious leaks in industrial piping.

The search for the knocking compound in gasoline and the case of the oil in the farmer's well involved the deliberate placing of radioactive substances into petroleum products. But normally all petroleum compounds are so radiation-free that use can be made of that fact alone in another detective project—the tracking down of Los Angeles smog producers.

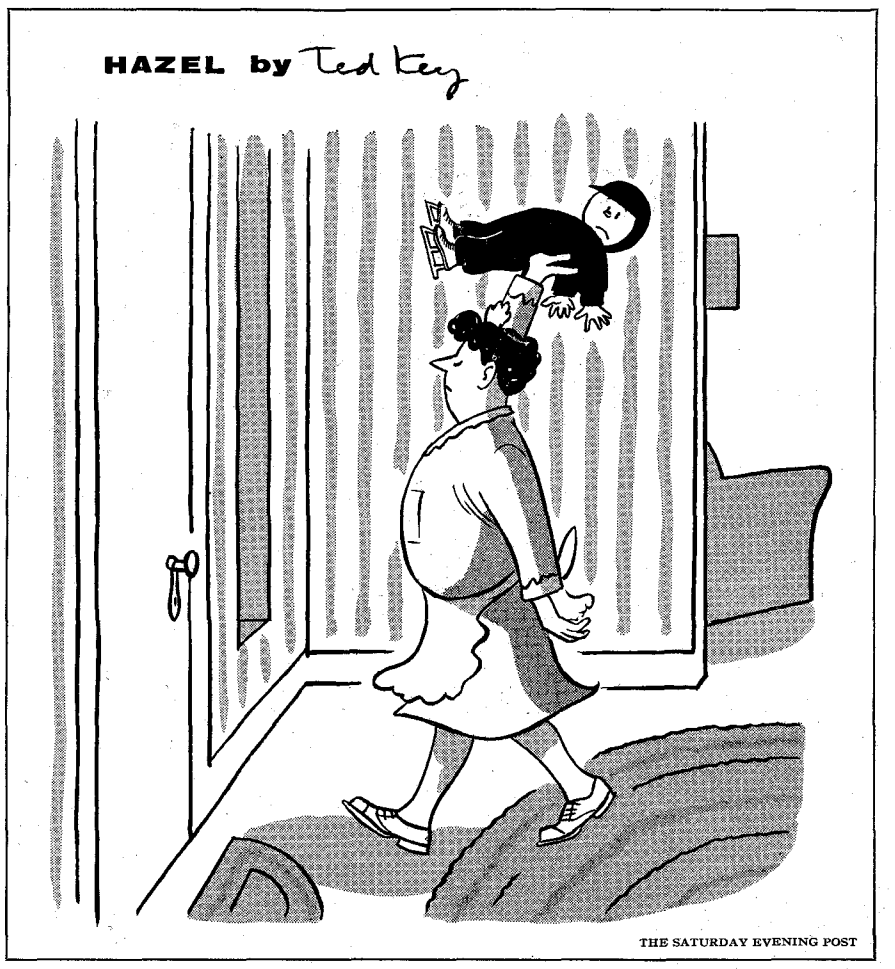
The key clue here is natural carbon-14. It is produced by the action of cosmic-ray neutrons, which transmute nitrogen atoms in the air to radioactive carbon. The latter, combined with oxygen, is taken up as carbon dioxide by living plants and animals. And since carbon-14 has a half life of 5500 years—its radioactivity falling off 50 per cent every 5500 years—some of it is still present in wood, charcoal and bone many times that old. Doctor Libby, of the AEC, made use of this phenomenon in devising the method of radiocarbon dating now used to determine the age of archaeological finds. The lower the count the older the relic.

Now it is known that the major offenders in the smog area are trash incinerators, various industrial plants, including refineries, and automobile exhausts. One problem is to determine how much each contributes to the smog at different times and places. To do this, carbon compounds in the smog samples are chemically separated and then given a radioactivity count. Those high in carbon-14 are presumed to come from incinerators, which burn paper, wood and other carbon-containing trash, mostly of recent date. Carbon compounds with a very low count, on the other hand, are tentatively ascribed to refineries, oil-burning industrial plants or automobile exhaust. This is because petroleum is so very old that virtually all of its natural carbon-14 has decayed away.

It would be a mistake to infer from these random case histories that isotopes are as easy to follow as tracks in new snow. In most problems the isotope tracker must screen out background radiation, or allow for it in reading and interpreting the count on his instruments. And he must know the characteristic gait of the horse he's trailing—that is, the intensity and half life of the isotope.

But these are skills which scientists all over the world are learning. They are learning, too, that all the atomic talents we have discussed in these articles—power, radiation and the tagging of atoms—can be brought to bear upon agriculture and health problems, which are made more acute by the world's population explosion. Atomic power plants are being considered for irrigation and water-desalting projects. New water supplies are being sought through tracer studies of underground streams, a project which Israeli scientists are now carrying out. By labeling mud, sand and pebbles the British are measuring the rate of silting-up of the Thames; their techniques are being followed by many other countries in the study of river dynamics and offshore bar formation.

Radiation is being used experimentally, instead of canning or refrigeration, to preserve food. If the problem of off-flavors can be solved, this method should greatly improve the distribution of perishables and reduce the malnutrition that still occurs a few hours' flight time from overwhelming food surpluses. Radiation sources are also being employed to increase the number of mutations in seeds, in the hope of evolving more productive, more disease-resistant varieties. A few successes have been reported—a type of oats resistant to stem rust, a Swedish barley with a stiffer straw, a wheat in India that appears to be superior.



Work of this kind is being carried on in many countries, and plant breeders and geneticists are also sending seeds or plants to the Brookhaven Co-operative Radiation Mutation Laboratory, at Upton, Long Island, for an evolutionary speed-up in a special "gamma farm" set up there.

Exposing the seeds or trees to radiation is only the first step in a long procedure, however. "The most difficult part of the process," as Prof. Yoshio Hiyama, of the Tokyo University agriculture faculty, remarked to me in Geneva, "is to pick out the mutations and keep them going to see whether they are good for our purposes or not, and to make sure that in gaining one good property you have not lost others. Fruits and vegetables seem to be getting bigger and bigger, but I don't know that they are necessarily better."

Isotope-radiation sources are being used to kill fungus and weevils in grain, and the Soviet scientists have reported an odd application in the culture of natural silk. The silkworm must be killed after he spins his cocoon, but before he eats his way out of it and cuts the long silk winding into useless short lengths. Traditionally this death sentence for a willing worker has been carried out with heat or vacuum. The Russians have now found that radiation from a small cobalt source kills the worm with less damage to the silk, permitting it to be unwound easier, with less breakage. With one cobalt unit they can treat ten tons of cocoons a day.

No less imaginative is the United States Department of Agriculture's "atomic fly factory" at Sebring, Florida, where cobalt units are sterilizing 50,000,000 male screwworm flies per day. The sterile males are then released to find and mate with females, who mate only once and therefore die without reproducing. With this ingenious technique our Government and the Netherlands Antilles officials eradicated the screwworm, a very destructive cattle pest, from the island of Curaçao in 1954. The "fly factory" is now mass-rearing and radiating enough males to bring about race suicide of the species throughout Florida and adjoining states.

Finally, atomic tracers, by more sharply outlining the metabolic pathways in plants and insect pests, are yielding useful information about fertilizers and insecticides. Burma, typical of the underdeveloped nations striving to pull themselves upward with the help of the atom, is particularly interested in what it can do for her agriculture. One of the atom's first assignments there will be to tackle a mystery in the Burmese rice fields.

Prior to World War II, Burma raised enough rice to make her the world's largest exporter of it—3,000,000 tons a year worth $48,000,000. Today she can produce enough to export only half that amount. She is planning to increase the output by reclaiming 2,500,000 acres of paddy land now lying idle. But her agricultural scientists are puzzled by the poor performance of nitrogen, phosphate and potash fertilizers, as compared with reported results in other countries. They believe the chemicals are washed out by the flood waters before they can nourish the plant. Why this should happen is not understood, and they hope by labeling fertilizers with radioisotopes to learn more about fertilizer behavior and perhaps to develop compounds with greater staying power.

Hand in hand with more and better food goes better medicine. To be realistic, advances in medicine have been largely responsible for the population increases that now put such heavy pressure on the food supply. But the humanitarian approach is to control population by positive measures rather than by withholding medical knowledge. Hence, the thinking atoms continue to serve in the investigation, diagnosis and treatment of human disease. Reviewing this broad field at the Geneva conference, Dr. Richard H. Chamberlain, professor of radiology at the University of Pennsylvania, noted that "practically all organ systems and parts of the body are now accessible to study in dynamic form through the medium of isotopes, and frequently the information is unique, irreplaceable by any other means."

His statement referred to such applications as the localization of tumors of the brain and liver, the testing of new blood-vessel growth in skin grafts and the diagnosis of defects in the heart. And the radio-iodine "cocktail" for diagnosing and treating hyperthyroidism "still remains the outstanding achievement accomplished with the principle of metabolic localization," Doctor Chamberlain said. Radio-iodine is also being used to study endemic goiter in Russia, Venezuela, Taiwan and Egypt, according to papers presented at Geneva by scientists from those countries.

Whenever atoms split, heat is given off. In the multimillion-dollar power reactors the heat makes steam that turns generators that produce electricity. Now a new invention, announced last month, permits heat from a thimble-size capsule of isotopes to generate electricity directly without a steam cycle. This is the midget atomic battery, named Snap III, developed for the AEC by the Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company of St. Paul and the Martin Company of Baltimore.

The entire instrument weighs only five pounds and is no bigger than a cantaloupe. The capsule of isotopes is at the center, and as heat flows out through a spokelike arrangement of thermocouples, or semiconductors, electricity is produced. The power is low but long-lasting. Whereas the twenty-pound battery sent up in the Atlas satellite gave out in eighteen days, the twenty-pound isotope battery is expected to run for many months.

The first atomic batteries are for military purposes, but the AEC and the manufacturers see a number of civilian uses as well—power for navigation signals on the sea, boosters for subsurface communication cables and auxiliary power for various emergency tasks.

We have tried to indicate in these articles that the atom's workshop, whether it is employed as a power source, an industrial tool or an instrument to improve our understanding and use of other natural forces, is as wide as man's skill and imagination. If we can guide satellites into orbit around the earth, the moon and the sun, and if we can build stock piles of nuclear bombs large enough to destroy the entire human race—as the Federation of American Scientists recently asserted we have done—then we should be able to put enough human and atomic energy to work to preserve and improve life on this planet. International co-operation is apparently much more difficult to achieve than interplanetary hardware, but in the atomic field thousands of scientists are at least trying hard to bring it about.

Editors' Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Spencer on the peaceful uses of the atom.

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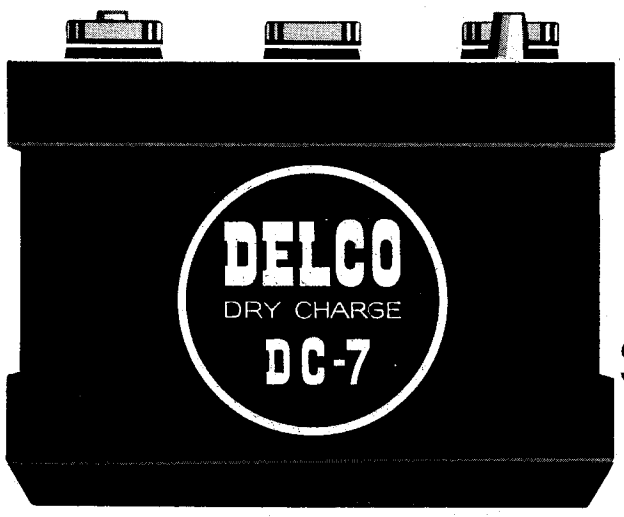

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Keeping Posted

The Arthur Murray Story

The Hoffmans are going skating: Robert, Clem, Nell, Betty and Bruce.

Betty Hannah Hoffman didn't know the Arthur Murrays (page 17) until she began working with the famous dancers. "But Kathryn Murray's New Jersey accent made me feel right at home—like me, she says 'cow' in two syllables, 'caow.'" Mrs. Hoffman grew up in Essex Fells, New Jersey, around the corner from a schoolmate who contributed to the Post last year (Jan. 18–Feb. 15) a very moving article series about herself and her family—Rough Road Home, by Melissa Mather Ambros.

Mrs. Hoffman, aware of Kathryn Murray's incredibly busy fifteen-hour day, marveled at the number of hand-written notes the dancing star wrote her during their months of work. "I discovered that Kathryn does her personal correspondence around five A.M., including letters to friends in the hospital." Arthur was hard to pin down for interviewing; his office door was always open and he was always out, roaming the studio. Finally, they all fled to the peacefulness of Bermuda. "There we got in some of our best work while Arthur, talking on his back on the beach, got sunburned arches"—which must be very helpful to a dancing master.

Betty Hannah Hoffman says she doesn't go for female authors using triple names, but she retains the Hannah, her maiden name, because it pleases her father. A graduate of Smith College, she was on the staff of the Ladies' Home Journal until the arrival of her oldest son, Clem, twelve, who later was joined by Bruce, ten, and Nell, three. From her home she has continued to do important magazine writing. Lawyer Robert Hoffman and his family live in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, where they raise sheep and weeds, have a fat mare named Streak, and a lethargic spaniel named Friskie.

Frustrating Entertainment

Richard Cooper, thirty-four-year-old New Yorker whose first Post fiction is on page 20, has a weird hobby. He is trying to learn to play an extremely intricate old Japanese game called Go, something vaguely like chess raised to the nth degree. Unable to find anybody who knows the game, he works away at an instruction booklet translated from the Japanese by somebody who couldn't speak much English. He has mastered the fundamentals, but he just can't figure out how the game ends. Recently he set about teaching his hobby to a girl, but when she became proficient up to the point where there is no end, she got married—to another man. This is not a good hobby for Mr. Cooper. He's single.

Richard Cooper.

Mr. Rockwell Carries On

Recently someone who was checking an old file of the Post noticed that the Keeping Posted page for December 19, 1936, carried a signed article by painter **Norman Rockwell**—it was his twentieth year with the Post, and the cover on that issue was his one hundred and sixty-first. "Twenty years is a long time," wrote Norman, "but all this is not a hail and farewell. I hope and pray that I shall make 161 more covers . . ." As this week's cover is No. 303, leaving him nineteen to go, the sixty-five-year-old young feller ought to make it. "Make it?" he exclaimed buoyantly over the telephone. "What I'm aiming at is four hundred. My doctor says my heart is twenty years younger than I am. I feel swell." Then his voice turned sad. "Come to think of it, I feel horrible." (It was announced here a while ago that he was scheduled to appear on Ed Murrow's Person to Person TV show, February sixth.) "Boy, am I scared! Only if I live through *that* will I hit four hundred covers."

Rockwell still says, as he wrote in '36, that the covers he likes best are often liked least by the public, and vice versa. When a wave of warm letters rolls in, it is so inspiring. "On the other hand, you just have to take it when the ax falls." Once he painted a man who had opened his front door outward (they open inward), and the man was looking at a thermometer which read twenty below while big snowflakes were falling (at that temperature snowflakes are small). "The public gave me much constructive criticism."

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"The Reds Booted Me Out of China"

For nine anxious months Jack Gee was the only non-Communist reporter stationed in the Red Republic.

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